



F. Hayman Inv. et del.

C. Grignion Sculp.

THE
Student,

OR, THE
Oxford, and Cambridge
Monthly Miscellany.

VOL. I.

----- *Flore sub uno*
Ceu gemina pastana rosa per jugera regnant CLAUD.
Δρεπων μεν
Κοροσας Αρετων απο πασαν. PINDAR

Oxford;

Printed for J. Newbery in St. Paul's Church Yard, London;
J. Barrett in Oxford; and J. Merrill in Cambridge.

MD CCL.



THE 9127
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER I. JANUARY 31.

— — — — — *volet hæc sub luce videri,*
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. HOR.

OXFORD:

Printed for J. NEWBERRY in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
LONDON; and J. BARRETT in OXFORD.
MDCCL.

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STUDENT

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Printed for J. Newbery in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
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To the
AUTHORS:
~~For the one, we consider as a hand on
the publick, and the other as an invasion of private
property.~~

TO THE
READER.

IN the course of this work particular care will be taken, that nothing be inserted indecent or immoral: and as we are determined to give umbrage to no Person or Party, all political Disputes and whatever is offensive to Good Manners will of consequence be avoided.

Our design being only to promote learning in general, we shall not confine ourselves to any particular subject, but occasionally comprehend all the branches of polite Literature. Each number will consist of such Originals in Prose and Verse, as we hope will prove agreeable to our readers.

And tho' we might with impunity comply with the common practice of preying indiscriminately on the labours of others, yet we shall not to our knowledge publish any thing that has been printed before, or without the consent of the respective

iv To the READER.

Authors: for the one we consider as a fraud on the publick, and the other an invasion of private property,

These considerations we presume will remove any prejudice which the Learned may conceive against our undertaking, and induce them not only to encourage, but assist us in the prosecution of it.

And as we must necessarily depend on the Publick for the Success of our work, we hope it will meet with their indulgence. No endeavours on our part shall be wanting to render it worthy their approbation; and we no longer desire their favour, than while we continue to deserve it.



THE

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
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MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

LEARNING of no PARTY,

Fros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
VIRGIL.

THERE are some perhaps, who at first sight may be startled at reading the name of OXFORD in the title, and fling down the book without enquiring any further into its contents. But if their curiosity should lead them to proceed so far as the preface, it is hoped their wrong impressions may by that be removed, and they may be tempted to go on.

OXFORD we know has for some time been used as a term of reproach, and become a bye-word amongst many. Pamphlets have been designedly written, and measures industriously pursued, to lessen her credit. Whether justly or not

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is foreign to our purpose at present to enquire. Let it suffice that we endeavour to convince the unprejudiced reader, that nothing in this undertaking is intended either in defence of, or against the University; nothing that in the least regards *Party*. And tho' this was slightly hinted in our preface, it was judged not improper to enlarge somewhat further on the subject.

A work of so extensive a design cannot possibly be sustained with equal spirit for any length of time without the assistance of the *Literati* in general. But how shall we desire or expect that assistance, if we engage in particular disputes? For these, tho' pleasing to some, would be irksome to others: whereas by pursuing a different method, we shall be sure to disoblige none. Our interest therefore, if no other motive, will force us to adhere strictly to our first proposal, that is, to abstain from all controversy that can give offence to any.

We would not suppose the most inveterate enemy to OXFORD so blinded with rage or bigoted to *Party*, as to deny her having some share of praise, some pretensions to encouragement. 'Twould be useless as well as pedantick to prove that *Learning is of no Party*; that the highest respect has always been paid to merit, tho' in persons of an opposite sect or opinion; that concord has subsisted, and a correspondence been maintained betwixt different *Literati*, at a time when their countries have been at variance with each other. Men are the same every where and in all ages. Genius is not confined to a particular soil, but will flourish in any ground or climate, if properly cultivated. It would therefore be as cruel to imagine no merit can be lodged in one place, as it is arrogant to believe it all centered in another.

Nothing has more advanced the quick progress of knowledge than that harmony and benevolence, which have constantly united men in the pursuit of it. Hence societies have been formed, and academies instituted, with free admission to persons of all ranks and persuasions, whose superior

rior excellence intitles them to it. For whatever contributes to the general good, ought always to meet with a general encouragement.

Not to dwell any longer on this subject; we entirely rely on that candour which is inseparable from good taste and sound judgment. But tho' we may have little to fear, we have much more to hope, from the *Learned*. Their assistance will greatly enhance the reputation of our work, and will not we presume be a discredit to themselves. CAMBRIDGE more particularly demands our application, as she is engaged in the common task of promoting a liberal and learned education. Nor is it to be doubted but that we shall meet with such reception, as is due to a *sister university*.

Our design has already been sufficiently explained, and the publick will be able in some measure to judge of the execution by the specimen exhibited in this number. We hope our correspondents will be particularly careful not to send us any thing that has been *printed before*. All compositions that agree with our proposals will be thankfully received, and inserted the first opportunity.

The result of our labours 'tis impossible to foretell: but whatever our success may prove, we declare by that AUGUST NAME prefixed to our title, for which we have the highest veneration, that nothing shall be published by us that can reflect a dishonour on OXFORD, and that we will sooner desist from our design, than depart from this just resolution.

OXFORD, January 31,

1750.

X.

The STUDENT intends in a future number to give a particular account of HIMSELF.

The

The SPEECH of JOHN FELL, D. D. *Bishop*
of OXFORD,

At his Triennial Visitation in the Year 1685.

ALTHO' the lapse of three years since we met last do of course occasion our meeting at this present, my desires to see and speak with you in our great and common concern offer a most forcible inducement.

I need not tell you in what condition the Church now is, assaulted by the furious malice of Papiſts on the one hand and Fanaticks on the other, and, amidst the machinations of those who are zealous for a sect or party, more fatally attempted by the licentiousness and sloth of those who are indifferent to any or opposite to all. When these unhappy numbers are subducted, it is lamentable to think how few the remainder are, what scanty gleanings are left to God, amidst the plenteous harvest which the Devil makes.

To this calamity there can come but one accession; That the torrent of impiety should bear down all resistance, and at once countenance the disorders of the profane and the despondency of the good, and thereby leave no sort of men untainted; and this I fear is in a great measure our case.

If at any time I press my Brethren of the Clergy, to labour the reduction of the Dissenters, I am told, they are perverse and proud, and will not hear, will not be treated with. If I require a constant diligence in offering the daily sacrifice of Prayer for the people, at least at those returns which the Church enjoins, the usual answer is, they are ready to do their duty, but the people will not be prevailed with to join with them. If I call for Catechizing, it is said the Youth are backward and have no mind to come, and parents and masters are negligent to send them. If I insist on frequent Sacraments, the indevotion

of

of the people is objected ; they are not willing to communicate or they are not fit. And so when the Minister has thoroughly accused his flock, he thinks he has absolved himself, his Church becomes a *Sine-Cure* ; and because others forbear to do their duty, there remains none for him to do.

But, my Brethren, do we think in earnest, that excuses of this kind can serve the turn, or that they will be admitted by the Almighty when he comes to judge the world ? That our account for immortal Souls, the price of the blood of the Son of God, committed to our trust, will be so easily dispatched ? At the great day of reckoning we shall find the contrary of this ; if our people be negligent, we are the more obliged to industry, if they are indeavour, we ought to be more zealous, if they are licentious, we ought to be more exemplary : where Sin abounds, Grace should much more abound. Nor let Man say, the people will not be prevailed upon : how know we what will be hereafter ? They who resisted one attempt may yield unto another, or if they yield not to a single instance, they may to many and more pressing ; they who come not into the vineyard at the first or second, no not at the ninth or tenth hour, may be prevailed with at the eleventh or last : and as God Almighty is not weary, but stretches out his hand all the day long to a stiff-necked and gainsaying people ; so must his Messengers continue their endeavours, must preach the word, be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with long suffering and doctrine. As bad as times are, they are not worse than they were at the first planting of the Gospel, yet then tho' no magistrates assisted, nay with all possible violence opposed, tho' heathenism, vices and heresy, tho' men and devils set themselves against the truth with all their force and resolution, the courage and virtue of the Clergy then prevailed ; and if we would live as exemplary, labour as faithfully, and die as readily for our professions as they did, we should not want the same success.

In the mean time this we know, events are in the hands of God, but duty is in ours. When we have done all that we can, we have done all that is required, and our gracious God will expect no more; if our labour be lost to our unhappy flock, it shall not be lost to us; and tho' we save not others, we shall save our own souls at the great day.

Of WIT and GOOD NATURE.

In a LETTER to EUGENIO.

DEAR SIR,

I Am obliged to you for the opportunity you have given me of contracting a friendship with FLORIO. He brought me your letter, but let me advise you for the future to be more frugal of your recommendation. It is at any time sufficient to prejudice me in favour of a person who may have no other claim to notice: and you but throw *a perfume on the violet*, in giving it so lavishly to one whose own merit demands so much respect and esteem.

My intimacy with FLORIO has confirm'd me in an opinion I have long entertained, that GOOD NATURE and WIT are designed by Providence as Companions, and that it is an offence against her operations when they appear divided from each other. We may see that dissatisfaction in each of them, when thus disunited, which is in a state of absence and separation. WIT grows peevish and morose, GOOD NATURE becomes languid and spiritless.

Vivacity of Genius without the benevolence of an affable disposition is often prejudicial to its owner, and as it is naturally satirical, disgustful to his friends. It sparkles amiably under the veil of GOOD NATURE: that heavenly quality

quality softens, and improves by that alleviation, the delicacy of its Rays, and preserves its Vigour, while it adds to its Reputation. We revere it in such a situation as we do the sun, which at once demands our admiration by its brightness and preserves us by its influence. When attended by a morose disposition, we may compare it to a comet whose appearance we indeed admire, but dread the effects of a phenomenon so disgusting to nature.

Malicious WIT is impaired by its own vivacity. It may make us feared in the vigour of our age and understanding, but all mankind will rejoice at the decline of so pernicious a faculty.

GOOD NATURE, tho' imperfectly amiable, is more desirable for its own sake than *WIT*: it wants indeed force and fire, but its useful excesses will always recommend it: especially as its general fault is a profusion of ill-bestowed benefits, not the prosecution of an unjust war with inferior abilities. It is at least inoffensive where it is not beneficial, and meddles not with arms which it wants strength to manage.

FLORIO is happy in both these qualifications. *WIT* and *AFFABILITY* are united in his mind: as the one brightens, the other softens his conversation; his benevolence endeavours to correct, or at least alleviate those blemishes which his quick apprehension so readily discovers; and seems to turn that superiority his vivacity gives him, to the benefit and improvement of that slow disposition and languid faculty which it excels; and the employment his *WIT* most delights in is to find out some latent spark of merit in every body, to countenance that benevolence which his *GOOD NATURE* inspires him with.

You will not be apprehensive of my deviating from the constant friendship I have had with you, by the engaging character I have given of *FLORIO*; but remember that the greatest proof I can give of my reliance on your impartiality is thus freely praising to you the excellence of

another. Besides I should think I robbed your generous temper of its due, if I did not communicate to you perfections which afford you so much pleasure when you observe them in others, and yet you are wilfully blind to them in yourself.

I am, Yours, &c.

BENEVOLO.

The SPEECH of an old OAK to an extravagant young HEIR as he was going to be cut down.

— *gemitus lachrymabilis imo*
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad aures.

VIRGIL.

PRODIGUS was left by his father in possession of a large estate well conditioned, but by his continued extravagances had greatly impaired it. At one time particularly a considerable sum was wanted; the only resource left was to fell a sufficient number of trees that grew in a wood near the mansion house. Among the rest an old venerable OAK was mark'd out to fall a victim to his owner's necessities. The youth stood by with a secret satisfaction, while the labourers were preparing to give the fatal stroke. But lo, a hollow murmuring was heard within the trunk, and the OAK (or, if you will, the HAMADRYAD that inhabited it) spoke distinctly in the following manner.

My young Master,

Your great grandfather planted me when he was much about your age; and tho' he intended me perhaps for the use of his posterity, yet I cannot help repining at my present usage. I am the ancientest tree in all the forest, and have largely contributed by my products to the peopling
of

of it: I therefore think some respect due to my services, if none to my years. Tho' I cannot well remember your great grandfather, I with pleasure recollect with what favour your grandfather used to treat me. Your father too was not neglectful of me: many a time has he rested under my hospitable shade when fatigued with the sultry heat of the weather, or sheltered himself from an unexpected shower. You was always his darling; and if the wrinkles of old age have not quite obliterated it, you may trace your name in several places cut out on my bark: for this was his constant amusement whenever with me.

Nobleness of descent I know signifies nothing in a tree, or else I could boast of as noble sap in me as any tree in England: for I came from the same stock with that Oak which is so famous for the preservation of King CHARLES. I have often with pleasure supplied your whole household with leaves, and with pride I can tell you, that you yourself have worn some of my broadest and most flourishing, properly gilded, on that occasion.

But I don't mention this as an inducement for you to spare me: I could fall without regret, if it were to do any real service to my master. If I were designed to repair your old mansion house by supplying the place of my rotten predecessors, or to furnish materials for your tenants plows, carts and the like, I could still be useful to my owner. But to be trucked away for vile gold, which perhaps is to satisfy the demands of some honourable cheat, to be subservient to luxury, or to stop the importunities of some profligate madam, is more than a tree of any spirit can bear.

Your ancestors, I fancy, never thought of what havock you would make among their woods. 'Twas a pleasure to be a tree while they lived: we old ones were honoured and caressed by them, and young ones were continually springing up around us. But now we must all fall without distinction, and the rooks in a short time will not find a branch to roost on. Yet why should we complain? All

your

your old country friends are equally neglected : your farms and your manors have almost all followed you to London already, and we must take the same journey. Indeed while your father was contented to wear a plain drugget, this was needless ; but my young squire's coat must be laced, and 'tis but reasonable we should pay the expence. For what is a tree worth while standing ? And what signifies who comes after you ? Why should an heir pinch himself or grudge any expences, while there's a bit of timber on the estate ?

You know an old tree loves to prate ; and therefore you will excuse me, if I have been too free with my tongue. 'Twas not I assure you to preserve my old trunk, which must otherwise soon decay of itself, that I opened my mouth : I was in hopes that advice from an oak might make more impression than any animate being can give. My brothers of *Dodona* you may remember were often consulted ; and why should a *British* tree be denied the free liberty of speech ?

By this time I fancy you are heartily tired of my harangue, and wish me to return to my dumbness again. I will not detain you any longer than to make one petition. You will I am afraid have too much reason to remember me when I am dead and gone ! all I beg of you now is, if I must fall, to send me with the rest of my brethren to *Plymouth*, to be thence transported to one of his majesty's docks, Whatever ship I have the honour to be employed in, they may depend on my firmness and integrity : in a word I shall fall with pleasure, if I fall to serve my country.

The reader I suppose would be glad to know what was the consequence of this speech. He will doubtless imagine it had such an effect on the mind of the young fellow, as induced him not only to spare the old tree, but to reform his evil courses. Shall I tell him the truth ? Why our *PRODIGUS* heard all that was said without any concern, and

as soon as the OAK had done speaking, he order'd his workmen to proceed. When immediately, as VIRGIL has it,

— ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim: illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat;
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.

Æneid. II. 627.

Or as Doctor TRAPP better expresses it,

— — — — — It is hewn
With strokes of axes and repeated steel
To overturn it: oft it nods, and shakes
Its leafy top, still tottering; 'till at length
Subdu'd by wounds it groans its last, and torn
From the high ridge with cumb'rous ruin falls.

C.

Of INTELLECTUAL PLEASURE.

IT is observed in the life of the famous Dr. MORE, that by a constant adherence to one temperate and regular course of diet and exercise, he fitted and prepared his body to be an assistant to his mind in contemplative studies: 'till at length the evil tendency of nature was almost entirely subdued, and his appetites were no otherwise perceived by him, than by their admonitions for his necessary corporal refreshment, and their assistance of his elevated conceptions. His passions were refined by his virtues, his virtues were strengthened by his passions: the vivacity of his imagination gave life to the solidity of his judgment, and in the same manner, his corporal functions coincided so willingly with the rectitude of his thoughts, that the body never led the mind

mind astray, nor did the mind need to exert a painful sovereignty over the body.

Perhaps the author of this account may have carried the point too far: but tho' such an union of intellectual and sensual pleasure may not be found in extreme perfection, it is certainly probable and even actual in a degree. So close an union must have been designed by providence for wise purposes and happy effects: and even in this life the energy of religion, the prevalence of custom, and the watchfulness of a well-disposed mind may produce such an harmony in the human frame, as may soften the cares of this life, and lift both soul and body into most delightful foretastes of a better. Our bodies are no other than temples of the Divine Grace, where, if good thoughts and pious intentions be the assistant priests, and the fire of devotion still kept alive, (tho' perhaps not always vigorously burning) the Almighty Being will condescend to inhabit, corruption and carnal affection shall vanish in the brightness of his presence, and the body purified and illuminated shall assist the soul in her sublime speculations and righteous dealings: and if the body must be thought an incumbrance by that spark of divinity still longing for releasement, it will be such an one, as will by the weight it adds to the zealous traveller encrease his merit and double his reward.

Intellectual Pleasure is in vain pursued, 'till the passions and appetites are brought under proper restraints. The thinking faculty can have no true satisfaction in examining, comparing, and surveying her own attainments, 'till the prospect within is cleared from the disagreeable views which vice and depravity raise: 'till these are removed, she flies from her own reflections: science but encreases her dismay, and solitude (the nurse and parent of true speculative felicity) but gives light to the shocking scene.

To

To look on our bodies as enemies to our peace, would be ingratitude to the wise and good author of them : to cherish them as friends or indulge them as favourites, would be destructive of our own spiritual advantage. They are in short such as we ourselves make them : it is in the power of temperance, attention, and resolution to correct them into promoters, and of luxury, negligence, and instability to sooth them into destroyers of our real happiness.

The senses are the wings of contemplation : we *see* the present operations of providence, we *hear* the mighty works of God to them who lived in the days before us, we *feel* his mercies to ourselves, and the very means by which we observe his goodness are the immediate gifts of it.

In pursuance of this union of sense and understanding we are to take proper care of our health, in justice to both these faculties ; but particularly that we may enjoy the contemplations of the latter in their full perfection. Sickness and pain disturb and cloud their beauty, and distract the sobriety of reflection. If God should see fit to afflict us with weakness and anguish of body, he will undoubtedly make allowances for the disturbance they occasion ; but we have additional guilt to account for, if by our own debaucheries or want of care, we throw ourselves into a state of torment or dispiritedness, and consequently into an incapacity for religious duties ; embittering with pain of our own procuring those last moments in which we have the greatest occasion for tranquillity, to call to our sober and serious reflection the things in which we have offended.

The AUTHOR of this is desired to favour us with his further correspondence.

A LETTER to a YOUNG GENTLEMAN
on his entrance at the UNIVERSITY.

DEAR SIR,

I Am very glad to find by your father that you are so agreeably settled at ——— College; and that you have there made so good an acquaintance. All your friends, I assure you, observe with great pleasure, what unusual instances of favour your merit and good behaviour at *Westminster* have already entitled you to: they don't doubt but you'll thereby be animated and encouraged to persevere and advance as much as possible in your new and severer studies, by which you will obtain fresh laurels, and answer their ample and just expectations.

Your known good disposition, and the careful hands you are put into, make it, I dare say, unnecessary for me to offer you any advice: and yet from my regard to your welfare I cannot forbear suggesting a caution or two at your first setting out; which indeed were in my time much wanting among the more sprightly young gentlemen, especially of your college.

From the superior figure such make at their first admission, from the facility they find in themselves above their cotemporaries in reading and relishing the classics as well as in composing politer exercises; from thence they are too apt to conclude themselves compleat scholars; and either to give up all future application towards further attainments, or at least to employ the greatest part of their time upon pleasure, reserving only such a short portion of it for study, as will be sufficient to save common appearances, and make them merely keep pace with the less quick but more plodding youth of their own standing.

The former of these errors has often prov'd fatal to many a fine genius at his first setting out in the University;

sity; who has had the mortification to find himself outdone by such as at first he infinitely surpassed and even despised. But this I believe seldom happens at present; at least I am sure it betrays too much self-sufficiency for me to suspect it can ever be your case.

The latter false step, tho' somewhat less pernicious, is however more common, and has hindered many bright youths from making a figure in the learned world, and from being of eminent use to themselves as well as their country. Instead of employing their singular talents closely to their studies, and in making progressive advances in the spacious field of useful knowledge, they meanly content themselves with vulgar attainments, and making only a common figure in life. And so they devote the chief part of their time (that might have turned to so glorious an advantage) to nothing but indolence or pleasure, to trifling amusements, or perhaps (which is worse) to a loose conversation.

But no present pursuits I persuade myself either of ease or pleasure will draw you into such inglorious and groveling sentiments. Your laudable ambition and industry will, I hope, ever keep pace with the quickness of your parts; and you never will suffer others to outdo or even equal you in any branch of study, who are known to be your inferiors in apprehension and capacity.

To be eminent in any of the learned professions requires a close application as well as strong sense: and as you are blessed with a happy share of the latter, we trust you will never be wanting in a due cultivation of the former qualification.

To pass for a *good middling scholar* at OXFORD is too mean a character for one of your spirit to be satisfied with. You must aspire to a much higher title, which will give you a claim to the favour of your friends, and reflect a credit on them for their well-placed affection and confidence. But besides the certain pleasure and profit of it to yourself, this

will also be the best means of securing you from such absurdities in behaviour as sprightly geniuses are most exposed to and ofteneft undone by.

I don't suggest this, dear fir, from any suspicion of your temper or conduct, of both which I have the highest opinion at present. It purely arises from what I have too often seen and lamented in other ingenious youths at their first setting out: and this I apprehend is the only rock you can possibly split upon, or that can prevent your being eminent as well as useful in your future profession.

Nor would I be understood by this caution and advice, as if I expected you to commence a mope or bookworm at the University. Innocent amusements and chearful company at proper intervals are as necessary to the mind as exercise is to the body: they not only fit us for study but also accomplish us for a more decent appearance in life; and to me there is hardly any thing more insipid than a *meer scholar*.

All I desire, dear fir, is this. As you can prepare yourself for and pass through your private lectures so much sooner and with so much more ease than many of your fellow collegians, and have consequently more spare time than others upon your hands, I would not have you devote it, as is too common, to mere pleasure or amusements, but to such useful scholar-like pursuits as your more experienced friends in college will be pleased to encourage you in for further improvement, without interfering with any of your stated lectures or other academical exercises.

I need not say any thing more to one of your discernment and discretion: perhaps I have already said too much: but give me leave to add one more caution concerning the choice of your acquaintance. We insensibly imbibe and give into the manners of those with whom we converse: You ought therefore to be constantly on your guard in this point; for this will determine your future reputation in the University. Your vivacity of temper will naturally lead you into company;

pany ; your agreeable behaviour and sprightly conversation will make you courted and caressed by persons of all dispositions. It is therefore in your own option to determine, whether you will associate with the good or the bad, the studious or the indolent, the virtuous or the profligate.

In every college there is a set of idle people called *Loungers*, whose whole business is to fly from the painful task of thinking. These are ready to catch at every young fellow at his first admission, and imperceptibly teach him to saunter away his time in the same idle spiritless manner with themselves. Whomsoever these *Remoras* of a college adhere to, they instantly benumb to all sense of reputation or desire of learning. But you have not much to fear from this quarter: your quick parts and lively disposition will easily defend you from these triflers, whom you must despise for their dull taste and slow apprehension.

There is another set still more dangerous, who assume to themselves the name of *jolly fellows*, and ridicule every body who has the folly to be sober. These you may be sure will endeavour to draw you aside with the bewitching allurements of the bottle ; and as cheerfulness makes up a part of your character, you may perhaps be led to mistake their noise for mirth, their pertness for wit, and their drunken frolicks for gayety and humour. Dear sir, do but keep yourself clear of these and such like bad company, and your own good sense will direct you in forming a proper acquaintance.

I know your good nature will readily excuse the liberty I have taken in presuming to give you advice. If any thing I have said can assist you in directing your future conduct, it will be the highest satisfaction to,

DEAR SIR,

Your very affectionate friend, &c.

A CRITICISM on a passage in HORACE.

To the STUDENT.

S I R,

I Have sent you some thoughts on a passage in HORACE which has not been hitherto rightly understood, to be inserted if you please in your first miscellany. If things of this nature are included in your design, I shall occasionally transmit some other observations.

There seems to be an inconsistency in the character which HORACE has given of his favourite ARISTIPPUS in one of his Epistles. The passage thus stands in all the editions which I have had the opportunity to consult:

OMNIS Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res;
Tentantem majora, FERE præsensibus æquum.

Lib. I. Epist. 17.

Is not the word FERE a diminution of the philosopher's character? Or indeed does not the latter part of the sentence contradict the former? For *Si omnis Aristippum decuit color, &c. tum præsensibus non fere sed omnino æquus fuit.*

No notice of this contradiction (for such I think it appears to be) is taken in any edition of our author; and I know but one writer who was aware of it, and endeavoured to reconcile it by reading thus,

Tentantem majora, SED ET præsensibus æquum.

This alteration of FERE into SED ET is too bold to be admitted. We should be cautious of changing a classic's words,

words, if an easier remedy can be found. All that is required in this place is to regulate the pointing:

Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res;

Tentantem majora ferè, præsentiis æquum.

This at once will remove the absurdity, and perhaps improve the sentiment.

I am yours, &c.

J. O.

To the STUDENT.

Jam quid ego et populus mecum quid sentiat, audi.

HORAT.

S I R,

I Have read your proposals for an *Oxford Monthly Miscellany*, and have sent you my thoughts, which I hope you'll accept as they are meant. Your work I believe will prove very agreeable to some learned readers of a more refined taste; but give me leave to tell you that won't do alone. If you don't take occasion sometimes (notwithstanding your advertisement) to treat of *Politicks*, to vindicate or condemn the conduct of our ministers, *always stedfastly adhering to the truth*, your readers and your purchasers, believe me, will make but a very small number. *Party* I say, *Party* is the thing that will certainly recommend you. And if you confine yourself so much as you propose, you must expect to be encouraged by none but Academical Pedants and Would-be-wits. I advise you to declaim against the glaring vices of the age, such as luxury, gaming, masquerading, and the like. You may at other times cry out against the

the mismanagement of the stage, and call it the nursery of obscenity, profaneness, and immorality. Then again you may give us extracts from history, abridgements of books in all arts and sciences, news foreign and domestick, and (to please the old women) choice receipts in cookery and physick. By this means your work will be *universally* read and admired by all sorts of persons. I could say a great deal more on this occasion, but you know the proverb, *a word to the wife*, and therefore no more from

Your humble servant,

JOSHUA MEDLY.

If you come into my scheme I can be a very large contributor.

We thank our *Correspondent* for his kind advice, but assure him we shall strictly adhere to our first design; and desire him and others to send us nothing but what is conformable to it.

ELEGIES

ELEGIES.

In imitation of TIBULLUS.

ELEGY the FIRST.

The COMFORTS of a retired LIFE.

— — — *me silva cavusque*

Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

VIRGIL.

LET the pale miser view with eager eyes
In glittering heaps his hoarded treasure rise;
Let trumpets rouse the hardy wretch to arms,
And banish sweet repose with dire alarms.
In humble poverty securely blest
No cares distract me, and no fears molest.
Nor selfish avarice taints with mean desires,
Nor thirst of fame to perilous action fires.

Hail, tranquil poverty, the muse's friend,
Whom health, and peace, and sober joys attend!
My lowly cell affords a calm retreat,
Scorn'd by the rich, nor envied by the great:
My lowly cell can all my wants relieve:
What more have gaudy palaces to give?

From restless folly free, and noisy strife,
How sweet the comforts of a country life!
Now can I with a little live content,
And laugh at fools on wealth and business bent:
Now can I shun the dog-star's scorching heat
By purling streams beneath the cool retreat.

A rustic now, each wanton branch I curb,
 Each budding flow'r I tend, each springing herb.
 Now the sharp goad I bear with patient hand,
 And chide the ling'ring ox along the land;
 Now in my bosom sooth some straggling lamb,
 Pining with grief, and bleating for his dam.
 My little herd, ye rav'ning wolves, forbear;
 Ye thieves, learn pity, nor my fold ensnare:
 Fly hence, and to some wealthy churl away,
 Where numerous flocks afford a larger prey.

Vain self I would not wish, nor stores require
 Of harvests hoarded by a careful fire.
 Give me, kind heav'n, with pleasing labours spent
 To rest my wearied limbs in sweet content.
 Give me, but oh! how fruitless is my pray'r!
 Some fond, consenting, easy, love-sick fair.
 With her the live-long hours I'd prattling waste,
 Act o'er each amorous wile and courtship past:
 Or when the wintry south tempestuous blows,
 Lock'd in my circling Arms I'd grasp her close,
 And lull'd by drizzling show'rs securely doze.

Be wealth his prize, who tempts the treacherous waves,
 Scorns the loud tempest, and the whirlwind braves.
 All gold should perish in its native mine,
 E'er for my absence my kind girl should pine.
Peru's rich mountains would too dearly buy
 One pitying tear from her, one tender sigh.

Be arms, ye dauntless champions, your delight,
 Go tempt the dangers of the vigorous fight;
 On hostile fields *Britannia's* rights maintain,
 Or vindicate her empire o'er the main.
 Me gentler *Love* in soft resistless chains
 A willing slave to beauty's pow'r detains.

Renown,

Renown, vain phantom, I to others leave :
The hours with you, my DELIA, to deceive,
All honour I resign : now, faucy fame,
Call me a coward ; I glory in the name.

O may I dying view that lovely face,
And seal my parting with a fond embrace !
Then shalt thou eager catch my fleeting breath,
Then grasp my faltering hand benumb'd in death.
And when the sable train of mourning friends
In dismal pomp my breathless corps attends,
Wilt thou not then hang madly o'er my bier,
And wash my grave with many a gushing tear ?
Yes, thou wilt weep : I know thy tender breast
With all the softness of thy sex possessest :
But, lest my restless manes you offend,
Beat not that bosom, nor those tresses rend.
Taught by thy grief what virgin will not mourn ?
What youth not pitying thee will thence return ?
For ev'ry heart shall feel the common woe,
And ev'ry eye with streams of sorrow flow.

Then let us now the present hour improve
With mutual joys, and waste it all in love.
Death soon will come, his head in darkness vail'd ;
Then, while the fates permit, to pleasure yield.
Dull sluggish age creeps on with silent pace,
And steals unnotic'd on our short-liv'd race.
Dim burns the lover's flame, or quite expires,
When aged wrinkles suit not warm desires.
How vile, when doating grey-beards idly prate
In fond endearments with a hoary pate !

Whilst our hot blood with youthful ardour boils,
The streets we scour, and mix in midnight broils.

Bold and expert in VENUS' soft alarms,
 A harmless warfare ours, and pointleſs arms.
 Go, ye ambitious, be in fight renown'd,
 Display your banners, and your trumpets ſound;
 Be crown'd with laurel, the proud victor's claim,
 Heap wealth on wealth, and deathleſs be your fame.
 If DELIA deign to ſhare my poor retreat,
 Kind heav'n can add no more, to make my bliſs compleat.

B. T.

If this is approved by the publick, the AUTHOR will occaſionally oblige us with more ELEGIES in the ſame ſtyle and manner.

CHORUS *at the end of the ſecond* ACT
of the HECUBA *of* EURIPIDES.

I.

YE breezes mild and gentle gales,
 Whoſe breath propitious fills the ſwelling ſails,
 And bids the veſſel ſwiftly glide
 Thro' angry ſeas, and ſtem the ſtubborn tide,
 O whither, whither will ye bear me hence
 To haughty pow'r a ſlave and lawleſs infolence?

II.

Will ye alas! in *Doric* lands
 Subject me to ſome proud *Greek's* ſtern commands?
 Or waſt me to the fertile coaſt
 Of *Pthia*, where in wand'ring mazes loſt
 The ſam'd *Apidanus* rolls his ſilver floods
 Thro' meads of verdant hue, and ſhadowy darkling woods?

Or

III.

Or must I to the isle repair,
 Select and sacred to LATONA fair,
 Where verdant laurels never fear
 And lofty pines their blooming branches rear;
 To join the youthful choir's united voice,
 And sing of DIAN chaste, whose care the bow employs?

IV.

For lofty *Athens* must I part,
 To shade the curious vest with nicest art,
 To paint MINERVA's glorious car,
 Adorn the tapestry with scenes of war,
 Or point the forked bolt with flaming rage,
 On *Titans* hurl'd, that durst heav'n's awful king engage?

V.

See, blazing fires from hapless *Iliou* rise,
 While clouds of circling smoke obscure the skies,
 O dire distress ! why only am I left,
 Of children, parents, brethren, all bereft ?
 Why thus reserv'd a prey to proud domain,
 Far hence in foreign lands to drag the galling chain ?

B. T.

*An ADDRESS to an ELBOW-CHAIR
 lately new cloathed.*

MY dear companion and my faithful friend,
 If ORPHEUS taught the list'ning oaks to bend,
 If stone and rubbish at AMPHION's call
 Danc'd into form, and built the *Theban* wall,
 Why

Why shouldst not thou attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful heart resound thy praise ?

True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau ;
Yet what are trappings and external shew ?
It is to real worth I make my court,
Knave are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.
Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;
The safe retreat of ev'ry lurking mouse,
Out-cast, despis'd, the lumber of my house.
The velvet, that adorn'd thee heretofore,
Had lost its lustre, and was now no more.
'Tis thus capricious fortune wheels us round ;
Aloft we rise, then tumble on the ground.
Who can escape the wanton harlot's spite ?
Each archer aims, but few can hit the white.

Yet, yet e'en then my honest soul was mov'd ;
I knew thy worth, — my friend in rags I lov'd.
I lov'd thee more, not like a courtier spurn'd
My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.

With conscious shame I freely must confess
That in my youthful days I lov'd thee less.
Where vanity, where pleasure call'd I stray'd,
And ev'ry foolish appetite obey'd.
Now by experience taught my bliss I place
In thee, and lodge me in thy soft embrace.
Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
And patiently what heav'n has sent endure ;
From ev'ry biting care and business free,
Not fond of life, but yet content to be ;
Mark well my fleeting hours, regret the past,
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,
And all the malice of the storm defies;
With ease of body blest and peace of mind,
Pities the restless crew he left behind;
Whilst in his cell he meditates alone
On his great voyage to the *world unknown*.

O D E to P I E T Y.

In the person of a young CLERGYMAN.

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo. HOR.

I.

HENCE, ye irreligious, hence,
Foes to reason and to sense!
Hence the crew whose abject minds
Tyrant superstition binds!
Seeming hypocrites, that cloak
Heart prophane with pious look!
Atheists, that with scoffing pride
God's creative pow'r deride!
Puritans with solemn face,
Whining cant, and sly grimace!
Hence of ev'ry appellation,
Ev'ry sect, and ev'ry nation!

II.

Come, O come and dwell with me,
White-rob'd nymph, sweet PIETY:
With heav'nly grace inspire my breast,
Such grace as once those saints posselt,
Whose eloquence each hearer charm'd,
And with religious rapture warm'd.
Such TILLOTSON, whose reason shines
Manly in his polish'd lines;

BEVERIDGE,

BEVERIDGE, in whose thoughts we see
 Nature's sweet simplicity;
 SOUTH, who only knew to fit
 Sense severe with poignant wit;
 Mildly-charming ATTERBURY;
 BENTLEY, with a pious fury;
 And many a sage, whose silver tongue
 Was oft with strong persuasion hung.
 Then teach me, nymph, their heav'nly art
 To charm and to inform the heart.
 So on this earth a deathless fame
 Shall crown my ever-honour'd name,
 And I in perfect bliss divine
 A faint among the faints shall shine.

Trinity Sunday, 1748.

S. A.

HORACE Book II. ODE XII.

Imitated, and address'd to lord * * * * *

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantia, &c.

I.

O F battles won and kings in chains
 Let other poets sing,
 To nobler themes in nobler strains
 More lofty sweep the string.

II.

Too harsh are those for me: my youth
 A gentler goddess warms,
 To sing of innocence and truth,
 To sing LICINIA's charms:

LICINIA;

III.

LICINIA, chearful, easy, gay,
Amid the virgin throng,
Who blushes not to join the play,
The jest, the dance, the song.

IV.

O say, what hearts thy beauty fires,
When in the dance you move ;
When heav'nly gracefulness inspires
The tenderness of love ?

V.

Would you, my lord, for all the ores
Arabia's mines contain,
For all the yellow waving stores
That gild fat *Phrygia's* plain ;

VI.

For these, for all that's rich or rare
'Twixt *Ganges* and the *Rhine*,
Would you from bright LICINIA's hair
A single braid resign ?

VII.

While on her neck it loosely plays,
(Her neck tow'rd you reclin'd)
While every look and gesture says
She's going to be kind ;

VIII.

Now glowing with disorder'd charms
Majestically coy ;
Now springing eager to your arms
To snatch the hasty joy.

B.

A REFLECTION on the Year 1720,

By one of the south-sea directors.

— *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.* VIRGIL.

THE clouds grew big, the thunder roll'd on high,
 And missive fires swift darted thro' the sky;
 The winds impetuous swept the ravag'd plain,
 And dreadful tempests ruffled all the main;
 The sea in mountains rais'd her foaming waves;
 Wide gap'd the deep abyss, our watry graves;
 Devouring harpies hover'd in the air,
 And all around one scene of black despair.
 On our devoted bark the tempest bore,
 And threaten'd ship-wreck on a savage shore;
 In vain the pilot did his art essay,
 The rudder broke, the sails all torn away;
 No creek, no friendly port, no shelter near,
 Nor angry heav'n our ardent pray'rs would hear;
 We, hapless, bulging on a rocky coast,
 But for some pitying God had been for ever lost.

Now to that God my grateful voice I raise,
 To speak my earnest thanks, and sing his praise,
 To him I owe my life and little store,
 My present ease, and this indulgent hour.

Near P—— village stands an ancient seat,
 Far from the guilt and envy of the great.
 Hither remov'd from business, care, and strife,
 Blest with content I lead an happy life;
 To wife and children, (rescued from the storm)
 The kindest offices of love perform.
 To her, the faithful friend in my distress,
 For ever I'll my gratitude express
 In dearest acts of lasting tenderness.

To

To these I virtue's steady precepts teach,
With generous principles their minds enrich;
To fly from base corruption's gilded bait,
And rather to be good than rich and great;
To serve their country and their country's friends,
Nor prostitute their votes to servile ends.

Here on the Thames I oft with pleasure gaze,
Whose silver stream in rich meanders strays
Thro' flow'ry meadows and delightful plains,
Where Ceres' bounty glads the lab'ring swains,
There distant hills adorn'd with lovely groves;
There shady walks to feast our mutual loves;
Here bleat the sheep, and there the cattle graze;
And shelter'd birds sing their harmonious lays.
The varied scene does nature represent,
As she appear'd when man was innocent.
Here is a welcome to a faithful friend,
With whom my days in tranquil ease I spend,
Talk o'er our troubles past, and my whole thoughts unbend. }

Thus blest on silken wings life flies away,
Nor wish I now, nor dread my latest day;
For by the change I only can remove
From fading joys below to endless joys above.

W. C.

The M O D E R N T R A V E L L E R.

FROM the grand tour, thro' Paris, Florence, Rome,
The travel'd youth returns accomplish'd home.
Learn'd in each goût, and vers'd in ev'ry fashion,
He comes to teach and to adorn the nation.

With smartest airs he sparkles thro' the town,
 And views with scorn the academick clown;
 A modern wit, extremely read in french,
 Can sing, and dance, and dress, and swear, and wench.
 Accomplishments like his demand esteem;
 He knows the world,—ay, and the world knows him.

*On seeing the LADIES at CRUX-EUSTON
 WALK in the Woods by the GROTTO.*

Extempore by Mr. POPE.

AUTHORS the world and their dull brains have trac'd,
 To fix the ground where paradise was plac'd.
 Mind not their learned whims and idle talk,
 Here, here's the place, where these bright angels walk.

August 25, 1733.

INSCRIPTION *on a GROTTO, the work of nine LADIES.*

By the same.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
 This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
 The glittering emblem of each matchless dame,
 Clean as her soul, and spotless as her frame;
 Beauties which nature only can impart,
 And such a polish as disgraceth art.
 But fate dispos'd them in this humble sort,
 And hid in desarts what would charm a court.

ORATIO

ORATIO HABACUCI PROPHETÆ.

Habacuc. Caput III.

AUDISTIS? an me vox trepidum metu
Lufit JEHOVÆ? O define triftium
Tandem minarum; parce, judex,
Parce, parens hominum, precamur.

Te, Rex, superbis vertere credimus
Clades triumphis, fcimus ut arduæ
In tesqua descendens Idumæ
Præcipiti per inane lapfu,

Summo Pharanis constititeris jugo:
Latè coruscis ridet honoribus
Diffufus æther; terra circum
Numine plena tuo refulfit.

Te peftis anteit lurida confpici,
Te mors, & omnis copia febrium,
Flammæque majestatis index
Cinxit apex radiis acutæ.

Tu menfor orbis, tu mare turgidum
Signare certis limitibus potens,
Tractusque terrarum patentes,
Et liquidi spatia alta cœli.

Tu diffipatas fulminis impetu
Gentes fugâfti, regnaque triftia,
Montesque nutârunt fupini,
Te folidas quatiente rupes.

Tu

Tu bellicosâ corripis manu
Arcum, et pharetrâ fulgidus aureâ,
Æternus incessu patebas,
Perque humeros sonuere tela.

Vidi Sabœæ versam aciem retrò,
Vidi paventes Æthiopum duces,
Cæcosque castrorum tumultus,
Et trepidum Madianis agmen.

Quâ motus irâ, quâ rabie ferox,
Ignara fisti flumina dividens
Pontumque, junxisti frementes
Acer equos volucremque currum?

Præcelsa viso te juga montium
Summis tremebant verticibus, tibi
Plaudebat assurgens aquarum
Diluvies, dominumque rauco

Agnovit æquor murmure: te stupens
Multo decorum lumine constitit
Sol ipse defixus, nec ausa est
Luna vago properare cursu.

Te grande genti præsidium tuæ
Sensit remotis barbara finibus
Tellus, & irato profani
Sub pedibus cecidere reges.

Magnum ista terrorem Ifacidis cohors
Collecta ritu turbinis intulit,
Aufique dementes triumphos
Ifiaci procures Canopi

Sperare :

Sperare : sed quid Memphis inhospita
Auctore fidens Apide, quid Phari

Contra Jehovah possit hostis
Cum sceleris duce fraudulento?

Ipse ipse rubri mænia gurgitis
Spumosa raptim transfiliit Deus,
Curruque sublimis secundo
Per tumidas equitavit undas.

O quàm minaci murmure territas
Perstrinxit aures? hauriit intimas
Frigus medullas, cor recenti
Subfiliit trepidum pavore,

Torpenſque labris lingua trementibus
Adhæſit. O quis, quis procul ultimis
Me ſiſtet oris, et futuro
Proteget eripiens tumultu?

Si nulla verno flore ſuperbiat
Ficus, nec uvæ purpura lividos
Ornet per autumnum racemos;
Termite ſi ſterili virentes

Fallant olivæ; raraque pascuis
Armenta deſint; ſi ſegetes ager
Mendax recuſet, non carebit
Laude Deus ſolitâ, mearum.

Tutela rerum. Non alio duce
Montes in altos tollar, & ocyor
Cervo triumphantes catervas
Effugiam per acuta belli.

O D E G—K—

Adversæ valetudinis causâ ULYSSIPPONEM adituri

Ad clarissimum virum G— P—

ARBORES ortæ meliore cœlo,
 Dulcibus manat quibus unda gemmis,
 Quæque Arabs parcè pretiosa solers
 Balsama mittit,

Et salutares ubicunque terræ
 Crescitis plantæ, lacerum potentes
 Suavibus succis renovare pectus,
 Ritè valete.

Non ego vobis medicandus ultrâ
 Spiritus ducam trepidos anhelans,
 Nec graves Euros metuam, asperique
 Frigoris ictum.

Me vocant auræ zephyrique molles,
 Ætheris circum placidè nitentis
 Suavis aspectus vocat, et salubre
 Undique cœlum.

Ducar in sylvam Cypreamque myrtum,
 Fructuum cernam novus aureorum
 Copiam, missus patria, Fadique
 Fluminis hospes.

Tu meis clarè celebrandus olim
 Vocibus vivas valeasque, lumen
 Publicum, præsens patriæ levamen
 Mox ruituræ.

E N D of the first Number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER II. *February 28, 1750.*

Of the ARABICK LANGUAGE.

THE great and almost general pursuit of *Oriental* Learning in this University, the encouragement it meets with, and the light of late thrown upon the *Hebrew* Bible by it, have afforded a very sensible pleasure to all those who have the honour of God and religion at heart. But it has been at the same time a matter of some surprize to see with what warmth and violence one, and that an eminent branch of it, has been exclaimed against; I mean the study of the *Arabick* Language.

This has been so much depreciated and argued against by some who have been of true service to the world by pressing the importance of the *Hebrew*, by defending the *Mosaic* institutions

stitutions from the low cavils of infidels, and above all by inculcating with so much pious and necessary zeal the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, that the *Arabick* Language should hardly be thus publickly recommended without some previous apology.

One would be apt to imagine at first view from the opposition that is made to this language, that its defenders had some black design in promoting the further knowledge of it. But for ought I see to the contrary, they are as good Christians as the most violent *Anti-Arabians*, and that with them they believe the inspiration of the Old Testament; only they would propose to the world another *Sister Dialect* as an additional improvement to the *Hebrew*: which whether it be the same now as it always was, or whether it be not changed from the *Samaritan*, as some have asserted, I shall not take upon me to determine. The *Phil-Arabians* think that, as theirs is still a living language, it may be made very instrumental in illustrating the present *Hebrew* text; since so many of the Radixes, which are lost in the one, are still preserved in the other.

The high antiquity of it is much disputed: the present *Hebrew* Professor has been imagined to banter and deceive his audience by seeming to lay some stress on the account which *Ebn Shodna* and *Abulfeda* give of the original of their name and language. But he is not single in this particular: *Pococke*, *Bochart*, and others before him, have placed it as high. * *Primus* (says Dr. *Pococke*) *qui post confusionem Babyloniam dialecti Arabicæ fundamenta posuerit, fuit Yarus Kahtani filius. Hic omnium Arabiam Felicem incolentium parens perhibetur. Is est Jerah Joctani filius. (Gen. C. x. V. 26.) Hujus et Jothami fratris posteræ Arabes genuini dicti.* Now *Jerah* by a very small alteration allowable in different dialects

* Vide WALTON's Prolegomena. p. 93. BOCHART. Phaleg. L. ii. C. 15, 19, 30.

is *Arab.* 'Tis true the posterity of *Ismael* are *Arabs*: but then they are particularly called *Arabes adscititii, fuit enim Ismael ortu et lingua Hebræus*. And his descendants are to this day particularly distinguished by the name of *Wild Arabs*.

As to the opinion that the *Arabick* is a language of but about 1100 years standing, it is rather too trifling to be seriously argued. For as * *Mahomet* found most of his laws already prepared to his hands by the long pre-continued observation of them, so he certainly found a language, which may have been improved in and since his time; for there were before him many excellent poets, historians, and philosophers. There is mention made of some *Arabians* at *Jerusalem*, men perhaps of some trade and consequence, who amongst others were witnesses of the effect of the Holy Ghost's descent upon the Apostles and Disciples. *And they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and begun to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven. Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language.—Parthians and Elamites—Cretes and ARABIANS. Acts ii. 4, 5, 6, 9, 11.* Nor can it be proved, that these *Arabians* did not speak the same language that their children do now. *Mahomet* was, in himself too illiterate to attempt a thorough reformation: he brought them indeed from idolatry or the worship of the stars, for they were *Sabæans*, and by his courage and insinuating address procured to himself followers, and was thereby the better able to carry on his schemes. But surely an alteration in language is not necessarily connected with a reformation in religion. And that we in these western parts of

* Vide *Millii* dissertationem primam de *Mahommedismo* ante *Mahommedem*.

the world were not sooner acquainted with the *Arabick*, was not owing, as is alledged, to *their* stupidity or the novelty of the tongue itself; but is rather to be accounted for, partly from the little commerce that subsisted between them and us thro' their distance from us, and partly thro' the want of learning in our own countries. *

The most violent *Anti-Arabian* cannot but acknowledge of what service this language is in explaining those words but once used that occur in the Holy Bible. Nay if we even look into the derivation of many of those words that frequently occur, and whose Radixes are still pretended to be preserved in the *Hebrew*, how forced are they, and often how contrary to the construction of the word. Some instances of which we have in *Ockley's Introduction to the Oriental languages*, p. 119. And many more may easily be brought by any one, who is but a little conversant in these studies. From what *Hebrew* Root for instance will you derive the famous word SHILOH? To go no farther, most of those words that we meet with in the first chapter of *Genesis*, have their power still preserved, and are to be derived from words of the same signification in the *Arabick*.

The *Hebrew* Bible is the only pure *Hebrew* now remaining. Words therefore of a dubious or obscure signification are to be determined by the analogy they bear to other dialects. And where can we better apply ourselves in these cases than to the *Arabick*, which still retains so many of them unchanged and uncorrupted.

The *Hebrew* language boasts of the uniformity and easiness of her *Grammar Rules*: but with much greater reason may the *Arabick* pride itself on that score; there being fewer exceptions to general rules in that, than in any other

* Perhaps this argument, when fully considered, will, if it proves any thing, prove too much. About the year 1610 Pope Pius's Bull informs us of the neglect of all Oriental learning, even in the several Universities of Europe.

language whatever. The three quiescent vowels with their several canons may at first startle and perplex the learner,—*Hoc opus, hic labor*,—but they may be mastered by time and industry. And tho' the attaining what is called a perfect knowledge of it may be attended with some trouble and difficulty, yet that should not deter us entirely from applying ourselves to the study of it.

In magnis voluisse sat est.

Every one cannot expect to be a second *Pococke*. Enough may easily be attained to illustrate and explain the *Hebrew*: and he has little pretensions to the name of a scholar, who will not be at some pains to acquire that character.

Far be that character from those, who thro' the affectation of mere polite learning despise others, who think it worth their while to employ themselves in these studies. To such censurers one may answer in the words of the learned *Reland*. An ergo nulla est utilitas linguæ *Arabica*, ut multi opinantur? Non, dicam. Ergo stultissimi fuerunt illi viri, qui ei addiscendæ & promovendæ tam sedulam navarunt operam *Pocockius, Bochartus, Erpenius, Golius, Hottingerus* et alii.

Many of the ancient Latin and Greek authors, which are lost to us, are preserved in the books and libraries of the *Arabians*. Several of our medicinal and chemical terms, as Elixir, Syrup, Rob, Julap, and others, together with that common expression Adept, are derivable from the same words in *Arabick*. *

The copiousness of this language is another no small recommendation of it, one word being often so full and expressive as to denote a whole sentence. But it would exceed the bounds of our *Miscellany* to enlarge upon every favourable circumstance.

* Vide *Hunt de Antiquitate, &c. Linguæ Arabica*.

We of this University have the greatest encouragement to excite in us a love for this study. We have the benefit of a most learned Professor to apply to, who is as willing as he is able to instruct us. We have besides the advantage of a noble collection of *Arabick* books and manuscripts given us by our great patron and benefactor Archbishop *Laud* and others.

I shall conclude with those well known words of Dr. *Pococke*,

Meritò vobis commendatum reddat linguæ *Arabicæ* studium vel unus hic ejus usus, quo *Hebraicæ* tam feliciter ancillatur. Quàm latè pateat per totam humanioris literaturæ *Encyclopædiam* ejus usus, fatebuntur multi, qui quid ullâ ex parte *Theologiæ* studiosis conferat, planè dubitant. Ego verò, si quid sentiam, *Theologo* adedò utilem existimo, ut si textum *Hebraicum* aliquando penitiùs excutere necessarium ducat, eâ sine manifesto veritatis præjudicio, ne dicam dispendio, cære non possit.

Oxon. February, 1750.

† * †

RELIGION the Basis of TRUE HONOUR.

HONOUR, like *Happiness*, tho' universally discoursed of, has never yet been justly defined. It is a kind of *Chameleon*, which assumes a different colour in different situations. In a woman it is chastity, and in a soldier valour. While we endeavour to ascertain its properties, it rises in a new shape: we are going perhaps to draw its picture from the heart of an hero, and it catches our eyes in the delicacy of a *Clarissa*: till at last wearied with observing its operations thro' so many characters, we give up the pursuit without ever losing sight of the game.

I own it an arduous undertaking to attempt fixing this volatile spirit; to venture upon a subject where so many have
been

been bewildered; and to attempt in an essay the nature of a science which is the darling of the polite and gay, and has been long an ænigma to the learned and contemplative.

How much shall I disappoint the men of gallantry without reason, of daring without courage, of nice punctilio without common decency,—the women of exactness in their play-debts without charity to their neighbours,—and all the other votaries of *false* HONOUR, when I presume to affirm, that the principle of *true* HONOUR is——RELIGION.

When HONOUR is established upon this foundation, it strikes its root into the very centre, and extends its branches to heaven. Its ornaments are intrinsically valuable, and its essential properties lovely and engaging. The solid excellencies of virtue are adorned with all the graces that affability and true politeness can bestow; and those graces of affability and politeness are confirmed and made durable by the more important excellencies of virtue.

To prove that *real* HONOUR has its rise from RELIGION, we need only consider those points in which the nicety of it is allowed to be more particularly conspicuous: and if these are all naturally contained in RELIGION when improved to their highest perfection, it must necessarily follow, that RELIGION certainly comprehends HONOUR in its most refined state; or in other words, that HONOUR is then most real and illustrious, when it has RELIGION for its basis.

Among the efforts of HONOUR there is none more universally admired than the noble fortitude of the hero, who maintains his post against the united force and artifice of his enemy; who prefers his character of intrepidity to the preservation of his life; and tho' many opportunities might offer of retaining the one by abandoning the other, chuses rather to fall valiantly in the station where his military duty has placed him, than to lengthen out a life without glory, and gradually fall into oblivion, even sooner than into his grave. Such a behaviour is undoubtedly brave: it has HONOUR for
its

its constituent, and justly exalts the name of the person who can exert it.

But how mean does even this behaviour appear, when laid in the scale against the resolved and uniform *Christian*, firm against persecution, wary against temptation, and superiour to contempt! who maintains the post his Creator has given him, not against *men, spears, chariots, and horses*, not against human policy and perishable weapons, (for these are scarce worthy of being mentioned as important circumstances in his warfare) but against *thrones, dominations, and powers*; against a vicious world; and the legions led forth by the prince of darkness; against lusts and passions, against pleasures more formidable than danger, and more insinuating than the wiles of the most refined statesman. How much greater is his *Fortitude*, how much more exalted his principles of HONOUR.

Is it justly believed that HONOUR is amiably and nobly exerted, when the innocent and beautiful virgin preserves by unshaken resolution the native innocence of her heart; when neither persuasion nor deceit, neither force nor negligence can influence her to violate the unspotted temple of her bosom?—More, much more justly should that principle of RELIGION be applauded, which preserves that original purity of the soul in which she delights; which flourishes against more than a lover or a ravisher; against every corrupt inclination, against the depraved appetites which nature herself implants; against even the appearances of vice; and which is itself the parent and cause of every virtue which she defends.

Is APICIUS esteemed a man of *strict* HONOUR, because he is punctual to his promises; because he is scrupulous in paying his debts, and rigorously just in discharging the duties of his station?—The *pious* man certainly has a much greater claim to that character in so diligently acting the part he owes to creation, and in the most refined sense paying his debts to nature, while he considers that the universe has a

claim

claim to the industry of each individual, and that he was sent into the world to advance the felicity of it.

The duke DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT calls HONOUR *the good sense of pride*. But it surely is giving it a much higher encomium to say it is *the picture of RELIGION*; a transcript of her excellencies without her name affixed, and whose value is alone derived from its resemblance to that original;—a beam of her light which will penetrate into hearts not purified enough to imbibe all her rays; a polish which prepares the human breast for reflecting her power more strongly when it shall be more enlarged.—That HONOUR in a word is a well cut jewel which exhibits different dyes, but all beautiful, in different positions; but that RELIGION is the sun which gives every one of them its colour and radiancy.

New Experiments concerning the TORPEDO.

To the STUDENT.

S I R,

THE various and contradictory accounts, which authors have given of the *Torpedo* or *Cramp-Fish*, induce me to send you a faithful description of this animal, with the wonderful effects it has on human bodies. I had an opportunity of trying the experiments at *Surinam*, a colony once belonging to the *English*, but exchanged with the *Dutch* some years since for *New York*, situated in *South America* about six degrees north latitude.

IN the month of *January* 1745, I arrived at *Surinam*, being sent for by his Excellency Mr. J. J. MAURICIUS from *Barbadoes*; his lady and himself at that time labouring under a disorder, which required my assistance as a surgeon

in concert with others of that colony. While I was there, some *Indians* came one evening to *Paramaribo*, which is the chief city, and brought with them a living *Torpedo*. This animal was about an ell long, in shape not much unlike a large eel, but more flat, with a head considerably bigger, and a dark list down his back. He was kept in a wide shallow tub, and covered with about three inches of water. On my coming to the side of the vessel, he presently dropp'd down close to the bottom, and seemed to contract himself, as if he was enraged.

I then attempted to touch him with my fore finger, having stretched out my arm, and at the same time I steadfastly kept my eyes fixed upon him to observe what motions he might make. Immediately to my great surprize and confusion, as quick as lightning, my elbow received such a strong repelling force accompanied with such anguish that I thought my fore arm would have fallen off. But what is very wonderful, the fish never stirr'd, and my finger was scarce within an inch of touching him. It is proper to mention, that the painful sensation did not last above a minute, because some have asserted that the anguish continues many hours.

The next experiment I made with an iron hoop taken off from an old *Madeira* wine pipe. When streighten'd it was near six feet long. With this I attempted slowly at arms length to touch the *Torpedo*; but before I could reach him, the iron twirled out of my hand with a resistless force, as when a learner is in fencing disarmed of his foil by a master of that science.

An accident like this happen'd some years ago to the Honourable Admiral *Fitzroy Lee*, who was then on the coast of *Guinea*. As he was returning to his boat, on a sudden one of the boat's crew fell backward, and the oar leapt out of its hold with a considerable spring. The poor sailor complained of a pain in his elbow, and every one was greatly surprized at so uncommon an accident. On examining what could be the cause of this Phenomenon, it appeared, that the sailor

some few days before had split the blade of his oar, and had mended it with a piece of old iron hoop.

These two cases overthrow the false notions of those who assert, that the *Torpedo* can have no effect on the human frame, where there is an intervening body. Several gentlemen planters have assured me, that in angling the rod has frequently leaped out of their hands. As the hook is made of iron, this may easily be accounted for from what has been before related.

I tried the same experiment with a common flick, but my arm felt no pain, though I moved the fish about the tub with it. *

What is something more extraordinary and worth our notice is, that if a woman under her natural healthy evacuations should by accident touch this fish, they immediately cease, and the person falls into great anxiety succeeded by a jaundice or dropsy, and sometimes both, frequently terminating in a short time in death. Mr. MAURICIUS had an *Indian* woman, who languished some weeks and at last died by such an accident.

Notwithstanding this fish can thus disturb and shock the animal machine, it is, when dressed, very delicious food, and frequently to be met with at the tables of planters, especially those on *Commowini* river. Indeed they take out a slice down each side the back bone, before they dress it.

On enquiring what was the method used in taking these

* Mr. Walter in his relation of Lord Anson's voyage, speaking of the *Torpedo*, says, "that the same effect (i. e. numbness) will be in some degree produced by touching the fish with any thing held in the hand; since I myself had a considerable degree of numbness convey'd to my right arm through a walking cane, which I rested on the body of the fish." Book II. chap. xii. page 362. octavo edition. This account, tho' seemingly contradictory, may be reconciled with the above, if we consider that Mr. Walter's walking cane had doubtless an iron spike or socket ferrel at the end of it.

animals, I was told, that the *Indians*, as soon as they discovered where they are, immediately seize them by their back and grasp them with great force, which defeats all their electrical energy or spring.

To conclude, if observations on different animals &c. agree with the design of your *Miscellany*, and the many avocations, which my profession subjects me to, will give leave, you shall be welcome to draw out of my journals thro' many nations whatever may be of service to you or amusement to the publick.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

TOWER-HILL,
February 6, 1750.

D. INGRAM.

We are greatly obliged to Mr. INGRAM for the favour of his letter, and shall think ourselves honoured by the continuance of his correspondence. Just accounts of any thing new and uncommon, when given by persons of undoubted veracity, cannot but excite the attention of the reader, and are of real service to the publick.

The Curious may see a distinct concise account of the *Torpedo* from different writers, together with the causes of its surprizing effects variously enumerated, in CHAMBERS'S *Dictionary* under the word *TORPEDO*: to which we rather chuse to refer our readers, than stuff our *Miscellany* with extracts from other authors.

On the LEARNING of OXFORD

Tradesmen and College Servants,

From my ground-floor in ——— OXFORD.

I Cannot but be sensible how gracious a reception I have met with from the *learned*, not only in the University, but also in this City. There is not a *tradesman*, I dare say, of any note among us, who has the least connection with the *gown*, but is a subscriber to my monthly labours. As self-adoration is an idolatry peculiar to scribblers, I cannot help feeling some emotions of transport, when I hear the *towns-men* whisper one another, as I go by, *That's HE, that's the STUDENT.*

This respect I have the vanity to attribute to that profound *learning* diffused from the *colleges* into every quarter of the *town*. A *tradesman* of OXFORD is no more like another *common* tradesman than some collegians are like other men. Our very *scouts* and *bed-makers* have a knowledge superiour to *ordinary* servants: our menials are dignified with *latin* appellations: our butler must be *promus*, our cook *coquus*, the porter at our gate *janitor*; in short our whole *domus* is distinguished by such very learned titles.

To return to the tradesmen, the very *sign-posts* express their taste for learning and superiour education. Our *merciers*, *milliners*, *taylors*, &c. &c. &c. have shewn their nice judgment in the *art of designing*, by the many curious emblematical devices that so eminently adorn the entrance to their shops. How sublime are the signs of our innkeepers! the *angel*, the *cross*, the *mitre*, the *maidenhead*, with many others, are too well known to need mentioning. A *tooth-drawer* amongst us denotes his occupation by an excellent poetical *distich*; a second with great propriety stiles himself *operator for the teeth*: and my printer who sells

JAMES'S

JAMES's fever powder, GREENOUGH's tinctures, HOOPER's female pills, and the like, exhibits to our view in large golden letters over his door the pompous denomination of *Medicinal Warehouse*. Nor are we at all surprized to see written in in this learned University, tho' over a female bookseller's door, BIBLIOPOLIUM MARIAE &c.

Not to dwell too minutely on *externals*, every tradesman with us is a mathematician, or philosopher, or divine, or critick, and what not? But they are all to a man particularly famous for their skill in *arithmetick*. For my own part I never dealt with one yet, who was not thoroughly practised in *addition* and *multiplication*.

I know an *alehouseman* (he sells an excellent pot of ale) who has made several experiments in *electricity*, but without a *machine*: I know a *grocer* a profound reasoner and speculative moralist; a *bookbinder* deeply read in Geography, Chorography, &c. and a *glazier*, a great mathematician, who has *squar'd the circle* several times *all but a little bit*. A *barber* has published a *cutting* poem lately, which is universally admired, and is *all his own making*.

It is not to be doubted but that our OXFORD *booksellers* are excellent *criticks*. They can tell you the character of a book by only looking at the title page. My own in particular is so fine a judge of composition, that he begs me not to send any thing to the press, till it has been submitted to *his* correction. Besides I know he has a strong desire to commence author himself: but his *singular modesty* will not permit him to own it. He has therefore prevailed with me to erect a small box with a slit in his door to receive the contributions of those writers who chuse to be concealed. As I know the man's vanity will oblige him sometimes to put in *his* mite, I desire the reader, when he meets with any thing particularly dull, to suppose it written, not by *me*, but my *bookseller*.

I have often heard two *learned* tradesmen *chop* *logick* together on the most sublime topicks. Once in particular I was

present

present at a very important dispute, when a *shoemaker* (a very honest fellow) affirmed to the general satisfaction of his audience, *that the world was eternal from the beginning, and would be so to the end of it.* At another time the discourse turning upon *politics*, a *mercet*, (no small man, I can assure you) *wonder'd what a duce we would have.* I'm sure, says he, *there's not a happier island in England than Great-Britain; and a man may chuse his own Religion, that he may, whether it be Mahometism or Infidelity.* A little while ago I lent my *Smith's Harmonics* to my Musick-master, who has since return'd it, assuring me, *that it is not worth a farthing; for 'twould teach me the Thievery may hap, but as for the Practicks, he'll put me into a betterer method.* I could produce many more such instances which I have glean'd from their conversations; but these will be sufficient to convince the world that no subject is too high, no point too intricate for their exalted capacities.

Nor is the thirst of knowledge less prevalent among the lower order of college servants. T'other day I caught my *bedmaker*, a grave old matron, poring very seriously over a Folio, that lay open upon my table. I ask'd her what she was reading? *Lord bless you, master, says she, who I reading? I never could read in my life, blessed be God; and yet I loves to look into a book too.* My scout indeed is a very learned fellow, and has an excellent knack at using *bard words*. One morning he told me, *the gentleman in the next room contagious to mine desired to speak to me.* I once overheard him give a fellow servant very sober advice, not to go astray but be true to his own wife; for *Idolatry* would surely bring a man to *Instruction* at last.

I cannot conclude better than by giving a specimen of an *Oxford* tradesman's poetical genius, in an extract of a letter from my *taylor*, who (in the college phrase) *put the dun upon me.* In my answer I advis'd him to *peruse* PHILIPS's description of a dun in his *splendid shilling*; to which he made me this reply.

 ***** But now to that which, you
 say, breaks all friendship, a dun, horrible monster! I have
bruise'd PHILIPS, tho' in some places too hard. As to the
 appellation, I cannot think it rightly apply'd,

For I
 Ne'er yet did thunder with my vocal heel,
 Nor call'd yet thrice with hideous accent dire;
 But only with my pen declar'd my dread,
 What most I fear'd, the horrid catch-pole's claw.

But you,
 Whom fortune's blest with splendid shilling worth,
 Ne'er fears the monster's horrid faded brow,
 Fed with the product of blest Alb'on's isle,
 With juice of Gallic and Hisperian
 Fruits, that doe chearful make the heart of man;
 Thus sink my muse into the deep abyss,
 As low as Styx or Stygia's bottom is.

N. B. *I have paid him.*

Thus have I taken some pains to do justice to that profound erudition and extensive knowledge, which elevates all OXFORD above the common rout of mankind; and which evidently proves the necessity and advantage of an University education. For if *townsmen* by our influence are so enlighten'd, what must we *gownsmen* be ourselves?

The STUDENT.

A MODERN HISTORY.

Communicated in a Letter from a Gentleman in LONDON,

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

PERMIT me to take up a few pages of your succeeding number with the relation of an incident I was a witness to last night. Let it not fright the gravity of the STUDENT, when I tell him it happen'd at the Masquerade: were *Masquerades* and *Students* things incompatible, it would not have happen'd at all.

I have many reasons for wishing it particularly to appear to the world in your work: I only think it worthy the notice of the publick as the act of a *Student*: I would plead in favour of a *Student* against a too rigid father: and I would alarm other *Students* by example against the first steps of an ill thing, the utmost consequences of which may not appear till much too late to be remedied.

I need not give you the initial letters of the name of the hero of this story, when I tell you, he is the gayest and best natured fellow among you; the delight of every body that knows him; and that he is unlucky enough to be the son of an old *French Debauchee*, who sent him two years ago to your University, with the pious resolution of making atonement for the sins of a generation of pick-pockets, by breeding him a clergyman.

None are so apt to suspect the actions of others as those who have been blameable themselves. The cautious father, who persuaded himself that his own happiness depended upon his son's virtue, was upon the watch, while he liv'd with him, on every the slightest occasion; and when he parted with him to your community, consign'd him to the care of the most rigid man he could find in it.

H

If

If the *Roman* method of giving children an aversion to vicious habits, by exposing slaves made infamous by them to their view, had any reason in it, my friend CHARLES (for I shall not spare his Christian name) has had an example always before him of such a kind, as ought to make virtue very amiable.

The best measures however don't always succeed. One of the first people I made out at last night's *Masquerade* was CHARLES. He acknowledged the bold venture he had made to get to it, and frankly gave me for the reason of it, that he had hitherto known no pleasures but those of study, and was determin'd for once to try, by way of experiment, what there was in those of the other kind, which he saw most people of his age so absolutely devoted to.

My young friend knew so little of the world, that he had persuaded himself every woman, who came to a place of this kind, was to be had; and he had determined to single out the best that he could meet with, and either under the character of an absolute rake, or that of an humbler lover, to carry her off. Determin'd not to be disappointed in this scheme, he had enter'd the room in two dresses, that of a sportsman underneath, but cover'd with a common Domino, and ornamented with an hat render'd very singular by a glittering button.

As I did not chuse the honourable office of pointing out a mistress to my friend, I no sooner heard his intentions than I left him. CHARLES hunted the room in vain two hours: at length a female figure coming up to a person just by him, and saying some very lively things in broken English, he enquired, as soon as the person spoken to was left alone, who she was. On being informed that it was the eminent *Mademoiselle Brilliant* the principal woman of the late *French Comedy*, he determined within himself that an actress could not be overburthen'd with virtue, and resolv'd upon making her the business of the night.

He

He singled her out, attack'd her, and as he was well acquainted with the spirit and genius of the nation she belong'd to, he threw so much familiarity (not to say impudence) into his address, that the Lady grew displeas'd, and when he press'd her to go out with him, whisper'd him in the ear, that he was by far the sauciest fellow she had ever convers'd with. She broke from him with this reprimand, which was deliver'd very seriously, and avoided him for half an hour. 'Twas in vain that she told him with a severity he could at that time by no means comprehend, that she *was satisfied about him*: he kept up his pretensions, and in fine, when somebody, that had join'd them, press'd a familiarity with the Lady, he very modestly told him, that he had engag'd her for that evening.

It was not till his delivering this civil speech, that he found the person he was addressing was in good earnest angry with him. He very narrowly escap'd the heaviest blow, that ever was given by a female hand, in return for it, by getting out of the way; and now perfectly convinced, to his great astonishment, that his Lady was not to be carry'd that way, he threw off his Domino, lent his hat to the first man he met, and told him the button in it would be his credential to *Madame Brilliant*, whom he pointed out at a distance, for any thing he should chuse to demand of her: then putting on a cap he had in his pocket to compleat his new figure as a sportsman, he watch'd his opportunity for a new attack.

As little of the world in general as CHARLES knew, he was not so absolute a *Student*, but that he was sensible a man never could come in so good a time to a lady in the character of a lover, as when she had just discarded an old one; and if he could assume a character contrary to that of the late dishonour'd favourite, his contrariety to him would be construed into a sort of merit. Full of this well conducted scheme the lover waited at a distance, while the young fellow, to whom he had lent his hat, and who had observed the wearer of it to have been before in great familiarity with

the lady he had recommended him to, went up to her with great ease and freedom. Black Dominos are much alike; the hat was the only remarkable thing about CHARLES; and this stranger's impudence, added to that token, left no room to the Lady to doubt his being the same who had affronted her in it before. She did not wait his speaking, but, as his lips open'd, pull'd off her own mask to give him a sight of her face with one hand, while she gave him a blow with the other that laid him on the ground.

CHARLES was so eager to reap the advantage of this quarrel, that the Lady's mask was scarce adjusted, when he stepped over the vanquish'd rival, and address'd her in his new shape with all the tenderness imaginable; swore an inviolable affection to her, and begg'd her, as she saw he was no stranger to her, to accept of him for the remainder of the evening as her guardian (a post he would maintain at the hazard of his life) against that fellow, whom, he added, he had seen affront her several times that evening before.

The Lady was strangely confounded with the freedom and warmth of this attack, till she perceiv'd the trick, and found out her old lover in his new form. She was not a little mortify'd at having punish'd somebody else in his stead; but she determin'd from this moment a more certain revenge upon him. She let him believe he perfectly impos'd upon her, never gave him the least ground to suspect her knowing him, and listen'd to the soft things he said to her with great pretended pleasure.

He prais'd her wit and sprightliness; told her how doubly charming good-natur'd things were, when deliver'd in such imperfect English as she spoke: he prais'd her eyes, and almost devoured her hand with kisses. She suffer'd all the violence of his love with an unwilling coyness, and at length pretended a passion for him that rais'd his vanity to the clouds. The Lady's whole business was now to get her lover out of the room; but there was some difficulty in this. A woman's modesty could not propose so gross a thing; and CHARLES

had

had seen so much of her resentment against too great liberties, that he as much fear'd as wish'd to propose it. At length the Lady seem'd so perfectly enamoured with him, that he thought there could be no danger in saying any thing to her; and with a faltering voice propos'd their *seeing what weather it was*. The Lady drew back, and after a silence of a few moments told him with a sigh, she understood him very well; but that he had ask'd her the only thing she could have refused him.

An acknowledgment like this gave the lover courage to redouble his attacks; the Lady told him, she dar'd not,—for she fear'd, he would not like her face when he saw it.—CHARLES thought it was now pretty plainly all over; he told her, he should continue to think her the charmingest creature in the world, tho' she had no face at all; and with a thousand squeezes by the hand and gentle pressings of her bosom, he at length carried her off, just as the gentleman, who had received the favour of a blow by proxy, had brought up the officer, who attended upon duty, to seize the lady who gave it him.

The rapture of our eager lover, as he conducted his mistress to the door, is not to be described to you. She lisped a thousand endearments to him, as they came toward the head of the stairs; but very unluckily, as she was ogling him with great tenderness in that dangerous situation, she missed the first step, came down the flight at once, and hurt her leg at the bottom against the pole of a chair. The lover flew down almost as fast to help her: he was reaching his hand with great tenderness to take her up, when he heard her utter herself in a very different tone of voice from the piping treble he had till then been entertain'd with, and in very plain English declare with a tremendous oath that she had broke her shins.

CHARLES was strangely confounded at this metamorphosis: he would have left his mistress, but in vain: she seiz'd him by the arm, and leading him to the next lamp pulled off

off her mask, and shewed him the face, not of *Madame Brilliant*, but of — HIS FATHER.

CHARLES fell upon his knees, and with eyes swoln with tears, striking his breast with great contrition, implored his pardon for the first fault he had committed, and that but an intentional one. He pleaded however in vain: the old gentleman assur'd him he would disinherit him, turn him out of doors, and write to *Oxford* to have him expell'd the college.

This is his history; and he is now with me. I don't pretend to justify him in an ill intent; but I think the circumstances of the story ought to plead his pardon, as they will leave no room for suspicion of his falling into the same fault again. If you can make his peace at college, he is ready to return: as to his father, he never did any thing he ought in his life; so that I expect nothing from him: but if you can get this little slip overlook'd, I will support him as he ought to be among you.

I am,

S I R,

Your humble servant,

London, Feb. 23, 1750.

R—.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to the STUDENT.

READERS too long, with specious tales deceiv'd,
Whate'er the garret-wit invents, believ'd.
Stretch'd on his bed the starving scribbler lies,
And to the cobweb'd roof converts his eyes:
High on the ceiling various forms appear;
Here cities sack'd, and comets blazing there;
Madrid and Paris in a corner stand,
And future navies crowd the empty strand.

With these too long the world has been amus'd,
For when we most are pleas'd, we're most abus'd;
As spices and ragoûts delight the taste,
Our strength yet weaken, and our courage waste.
But WE invite you to substantial meat,
No foreign cook'ry,—'tis an English treat;
The same which grac'd our fathers' healthy board,
Long since by Athens and by Rome ador'd;
Where knowledge decks, wit seasons the repast,
To please each learned and politer taste.
Nor let the ladies here despair to find
Some light digestive sonnet to the mind.
We too have bards to trip th' enamel'd mead,
Thro' mazy groves the pensive lover lead,
To talk of darts, flames, roses, and of lillies,
And softly sighing sing their secret Phillis.

This coming too late for our first number, we are obliged to omit several lines.

An HYMN to the CREATOR.

I.

GOD of my health, whose bounteous care
 First gave me pow'r to move,
 How shall my thankful heart declare
 The wonders of thy love!

While

II.

While void of thought and sense I lay,
Dust of my parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd me into birth.

III.

From thee my parts their fashion took,
And e'er my life begun,
Within the volume of thy book
Were written one by one.

IV.

Thy eye beheld in open view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, that rising grew
Beneath thy plastick hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

VI.

The soul that moves this earthly load,
Thy image let it bear,
Nor lose the traces of the God,
Who stamp'd his image there.

N. B. *The two other Hymns by the same AUTHOR will be inserted in our next numbers.*

An EPISTLE to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE

On his first coming into POWER.

— — — *Quæ censet amicus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit* — — — HORAT.

THO' strength of genius; by experience taught,
Gives thee to sound the depth of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind;
And rule the secret springs that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, WALPOLE, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can ought of use impart; tho' void of skill,
And win attention by sincere good-will:
For friendship sometimes want of parts supplies;
The heart may furnish, what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone o'er swelling tides
To grace old Ocean's court in triumph rides,
Tho' rich his source, he drains a thousand springs,
Nor scorns the tribute each small riv'let brings;
So thou shalt hence absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or where thou canst not like, excuse;
For no mean interest shall profane the muse,
No malice wrapt in truth's disguise offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds which on their fortune wait,
Pleas'd with the shew (tho' little understood)
He only seeks the power, to do the good;

Thinks, till he tries, tis godlike to dispose,
 And gratitude still springs where bounty sows;
 That every grant sincere affection wins,
 And where our wants have end, our love begins:
 But those, who long the paths of state have trod,
 Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
 Which cram'd, yet craving still, their gates besiege,
 Tis easier far to give than to oblige.

This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
 The chief perfection of the statesman's art;
 To give to fair assent a fairer face,
 And soften a refusal into grace;
 But few there are that can be truly kind,
 Or know to fix their favours on the mind.
 Hence some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
 And while they make the fortune, lose the friend,
 Still give unthank'd, still squander, not bestow,
 For great men want not what to give, but how.

The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
 Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
 Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
 And measure by their interest, not their parts.
 From this mistake so many men we see
 But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;
 Hence discontent and fresh demands arise,
 More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
 All feel a want, tho' none the cause suspects,
 And hate their patron for their own defects.
 Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
 And when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
 May sell their favour at too dear a rate.

When

When merit pines, while clamour is prefer'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd ;
When no distinction, where distinction's due,
Marks from the many the superiour few ;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last, because they must ;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys ?

The man who justly o'er the world presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides ;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives from importunity, or chance ;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate and loud,
Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask :
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow :
From hence so few are skill'd in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, but neglect our hearts ;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
They lift us tow'ring on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights, by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun ;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate.
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues that make great men rise ;

But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues, but their place.

Such to oblige how vain is the pretence,
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By which superiour pow'r is still imply'd,
And while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride;
Slight is the hate neglect or hardships breed,
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

Since so perplext the choice, whom shall we trust,
Methinks I hear thee cry?—The brave and just;
The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
Who serves thee for affection, not for gold.

We love the honest and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave;
No shew of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man who contradicts the publick voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects:
One worthless man that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends.
And since no art can make a counter pass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimick brass,
When Princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.

Be thine the care true merit to reward,
And gain the good,—nor will that task be hard;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half a friend.

Him

Him no mean views or haste to rise shall sway
 Thy choice to fully, or thy trust betray;
 Ambition here shall at due distance stand,
 Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand.
 Besides if failings at the bottom lie,
 We view those failings with a lover's eye;
 Tho' small his genius, let him do his best,
 Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
 His friendship is not to be bought or sold;
 Fierce opposition he unmov'd shall face,
 Modest in favour, daring in disgrace;
 To share thy adverse fate alone pretend,
 In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend.
 Here shed thy favours in an ample flood,
 Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good;
 Nor think that good alone to him confin'd,
 Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
 The brave to cherish, and the good to grace,
 Long shall thou stand from rage and faction free,
 And teach us long to love our king thro' thee;
 Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
 And make him tremble, when he strikes the blow;
 While honour, gratitude, affection join
 To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline.
 (Illustrious doom!) the great when thus displac'd,
 With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
 In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
 The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
 (Excluding that were satyrizing you)

But

But yet believe thy undefining friend,
 When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
 Tho' both have weight, when in the balance cast,
 Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
 And check the growth of folly and deceit,
 When party rage shall droop thro' length of days,
 And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
 Then future times shall to thy worth allow
 That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

Thus far my zeal, tho' for the task unfit,
 Has pointed out the rocks where others split.
 By that inspir'd, tho' stranger to the Nine,
 And negligent of any fame but thine,
 I take the friendly but superfluous part;
 You act from nature, what I teach from art.

REFLECTIONS *in* SICKNESS.

I.

TILL now, my SOUL, this earthly load
 Was healthy, sound, and strong;
 My even spirits gently flow'd,
 Smooth roll'd life's tide along.

II.

My eyes with ardent brightness shone,
 My cheeks gay roses grac'd,
 My nerves retain'd their wonted tone.
 With active vigour brac'd,

But

III.

But now how chang'd! my fabrick reels
Scarce equal to the weight,
My heart with rapid motion feels
Each pulse disorder'd beat.

IV.

Dim roll my eyes, my visage fades,
My hollow cheeks decay,
Each part the dire disease invades,
And nature pines away.

V.

To day the gaudy flow'r we view
In blooming beauty rise,
To morrow, touch'd with baneful dew,
It languishes and dies.

VI.

Turn then, my SOUL, thy thoughts to God,
Who made this brittle frame,
For life depends upon his nod,
And health is in his name.

VII.

'Tis HE, HE only can restrain
My blood's impetuous tide,
HE who repell'd th' encroaching main,
And bad its rage subside.

VIII.

HE can resume (whose will be done)
That breath his bounty gave;
Nor ask I, if my sands are run,
One moment from the grave.

My

IX.

My fated taste dull pleasure palls,
 And all my fancy cloy's;
 Why should I dread the voice that calls
 To solid endless joys?

ZENŌ.

The C O U R T *of the* L I O N.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

A Lion, worn with length of years,
 Indulg'd unusual doubts and fears:
 Though once reputed mild and sage,
 Suspicion haunts his gloomy age.
 His subjects' different thoughts to sound;
 He sent his royal mandate round;
 Without excuse his writs import
 A general rendezvous at court.
 His tyrant rage each savage fear'd,
 The day was fix'd, the beasts appear'd.

Far in a forest's awful shade
 The royal brute his den had made;
 About the cavern scatter'd lay
 The fragments of his mangled prey;
 The offals rotting on the ground
 Infected half the country round.

The furlly bear, unus'd to think,
 Stopt close his nose t' avoid the stink:
 His saucy niceness much displeas'd,
 And guards th' offending victim seiz'd.

The

The ape, to prove his judgment sound,
Swore heav'nly perfume breath'd around :
As ill his flattering lie succeeds;
Beneath the lion's paw he bleeds.

The king roll'd round his fiery eyes,
At length the trembling fox he spies.
Approach, he cry'd, say, what dost think ?
Is here a perfume or a stink ?
My liege, I strive in vain to tell,
A cold has quite destroy'd my smell.

Flattery too gross offends the wise,
And saucy truth the great despise ;
But each his wary art commends,
Who neither flatters nor offends.

The DISINTERESTED LOVER.

I.

I'VE wonder'd which, when poets sing
Transporting DELIA's praise,
They most endeavour to obtain,
The *Lady* or the *Bays*.

II.

One might suppose, a face so fair
The hardest heart would move,
And that those features would inspire
All who behold with love.

III.

Young STREPHON sung in noblest strains,
And DELIA was his theme,
But he, the laurel crown obtain'd,
Despis'd the matchless dame.

IV.

O STREPHON, STREPHON, could you then
 Thus act so mean a part,
 And disregard th' united charms
 Of nature and of art?

V.

Could then that more than mortal face,
 That love-commanding mein,
 Those sparkling eyes and ruby lips
 With breast unmov'd be seen?

VI.

Could thirst of glory make you thus
 So gross a fault commit,
 As to despise th' intrinsic worth
 Of beauty join'd to wit?

VII.

We all, I own, are fond of fame,
 And candidates for praise,
 But let me only DELIA have,
 And take who list the Bays.

T. N.

On a Young Lady taken ill at an Assembly.

AS mortals languish, when the rays of light
 By envious clouds are hid from human sight,
 So when inclement heav'n had cast a shade
 On CÆLIA's charms and graces, lovely maid,
 A sudden anguish seiz'd each generous breast,
 And in her wound a double part confest.
 No more with gaiety the dance goes round,
 No more we mind attractive musick's sound.

But

But when the Gods in pity to our pain
Sent her again to cheer the youthful train,
Our former strength and sprightliness return,
Our souls transported with new raptures burn.
May then, ye deities that guard the fair,
This beauteous nymph be your peculiar care!
Let no intruding fears her mind molest,
Let no disorder break her pleasing rest!
And when she's wafted to your nobler sphere,
Grant her for ever to be happy *there*
With angels, whom in charms she equal'd *here*.

}

D. D.

The LOVER's *midnight* SERENADE.

I.

SEE, madam, see, your shivering lover lies
Before your door, neglected and forlorn,
The sport of raging tempests and your scorn,
Both unrelenting enemies:
And can you still so cruel be,
These hardships to behold, and yet not pity me?

II.

Hark, how the north-wind blusters 'gainst the doors,
Hark, how among the bending trees it roars;
See, how the earth is cover'd o'er with snow,
And like your heart is frozen too:
Away with this disdain, away,
For what is my case now, may be yours another day.

K 2

Alas!

III.

Alas ! will nothing your compassion move ?
 What, tho' with gifts I never brib'd your love,
 Nor sigh'd, nor swore, nor languish'd; nor look'd pale,
 Yet let my constancy prevail :
 What shall I do ? I cannot sure
 These heats and colds of love for ever thus endure.

On an EPIGRAM.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
 Of poetry and such things talking,
 Says RALPH, a merry wag,
 An epigram, if smart and good,
 In all its circumstances shou'd
 Be like a JELLY BAG.

Your simile, I own, is new,
 But how wilt make it out, says HUGH ?
 Quoth RALPH, I'll tell thee, friend :
 Make it at top both wide and fit
 To hold a budget-full of wit,
 And point it at the end,

The first ODE of ANACREON.

Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας——&c.

OF trumpets, drums, guns, and the bold bloody battle
 My high sounding musick most loudly should rattle,
 But alas ! my poor fiddle too weak would it prove,
 And can play to no tune but the soft tunes of love.

T'other day with new catgut my fiddle I strung,
 Then Britons strike home most heroickly sung ;
 To squeeze out high notes tho' my fiddle-stick strove,
 My fiddle still tweedled and tyweedled of love.
 A scraper from beauty no more will I rove,
 But tune up my fiddle to sonnets of love.

M.

RICHARDUS FIDDES S.T.P.

De BARKING ESSEXIA

SEDGWICKE HARRISON M. D. et PRÆLECTORI

HISTORICES CAMBDENIANO.

VATES tuarum quid potiùs canet,
Amice, laudum? quo priùs ordiar?
Quid fumet æternos loquendum
Musa tibi meditans honores?

Vir plurimarum scilicèt artium
Musam fatigat prae nimio imparem
Fulgore, confunditque virtus
Attonitum numerosa vatem.

Dicetne, quercus inter & ilices
Vel ad loquacis murmura rivuli
Non indecorum te recessum
Degere, nec citharâ carentem,

Ducentis omnes immemorem lucri
Simulque famæ, quæ tamen impigra
Per rura secretaeque valles
Te petit & decorat fugacem?

At forsan urbem sollicitus petis,
Cautè revolvens, quæ latet utilis
Venis metallorum potestas,
Quæve graves fugat herba morbos:

Curesve

Curesve (acutâ ne pereat febre)
Tuo poetam de grege nobilem,
Et integrum Musis redones
Oxoniis Genioque vatem:

Oris colorem five refuscites,
Flammæque ocellis restituas Chloes,
Quæ te renascentes medentem
(Ah caveas!) perimant tuendo.

Ast o! rapacis mox fuga temporis
Tollet genarum purpureum decus,
Nymphamque, teque unâque amores
Nil miserans rapiet vetustas.

Non sic obibunt, historicus labor
Quotquot beavit, tuque vetas mori
Donasque cœlo, sed silentis
Effugient tenebras sepulchri.

Nam nocte dignos furripis eloquens
Caliginosâ, præmiaque arrogas
Vitamque virtuti, et bene acti
Perpetuas breve tempus ævi.

Dum voce pingis pleniùs aureâ,
Queis crevit olim Roma laboribus,
Et edoces, quanti Quirites
Pacis erant mediique belli;

Ut cuncta sermo vividus exhibet!
Ut audientum leniter admoves
Vim mentibus gratam, atque tecum
Corda potens animosque volvis!

Quisquis

Quisquis fideli sentit imagine
Romam vetustam, nunc medio sedet
Sequax senatu, nunc tremendi
Tutus adit per acuta belli.

Sic blandiorem dum tetigit lyram
Sciens modorum ritè Timotheus
(Quali, inter umbras tu reclinis
Et fluvios, moderare curas)

Languet procaci vir Macedo sono,
Hauritque totum corde Cupidinem,
Et Thaidem præponit orbi
Crine nigram niveamque collo.

Vates sonabat mox Phrygios modos
Majore bellum pectine concinens,
Ad arma cessans en! ad arma
Exilit, impatiensque amoris

Prorumpit heros; mens trepidat novo
Lymphata motu; jam galeam rapit
Crists minacem, jam vibrato
Exitium minitatur ense.

Nullus furori terminus obstitit,
Per saxa rumpit, per medios celer
Amnes et obstantes catervas,
Dum domitum sibi subdit orbem.

ARBORI PULLENIANÆ.

ARBOR ô, montis viridans aprici
Quæ super nutas juga culta, salve!
Ruris ô nostri decus, atque lasso
Dulce levamen!

Floreas, nec te feriat securis
Sæva, sed longum patulis in ævum
Protegas ramis veneranda feros

Arbor alumnos.

Ut tuis tandem recubem sub umbris,
Nitor acclivem superare collem;
Te recens orto vagus et cadenti
Sole reviso.

Hinc genis ardens roseis venustas,
Ingenî felix micat hinc acumen,
Seu levis musæ vaco, tetricasve

Cogor in artes.

B. T.

E N D of the second Number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER III. *March* 31, 1750.

To the S T U D E N T.

S I R,

AS the following anecdote contains a remarkable circumstance belonging to the *English History*, if you think it worthy a place in your *Miscellany*, it is at your service. It may be necessary to inform your readers, that it is a transcript from the hand-writing of the famous Mr. LOCKHART, author of the *Memoirs of Scotland*; and that the original manuscript was inserted in a blank leaf of a volume of Lord CLARENDON's *History of the Rebellion*, to which author the introduction to the story particularly refers.

Yours, &c.

ANECDOTE relating to King CHARLES the Second.

IT is very strange, that amongst so many dangers, to which King CHARLES II. was exposed, and from which he was surprizingly and miraculously delivered, neither this, * nor any other author I have met with, takes the least notice of one of a very extraordinary nature, which happened to him in *Holland*, and which was as follows.

The King, when at *Brussels*, being desirous and resolved to see his sister the Princess of *Orange*, but withal under a necessity to make the journey with the utmost secrecy, did communicate his design to no person whatsoever. He ordered — FLEMING (a servant of the Earl of *Wigton*) who was in his service, and of whose fidelity he neither then nor ever after did doubt, secretly to provide a couple of good horses, and have them ready at a certain place and time of the next ensuing night by his Majesty appointed: that FLEMING with these horses should remain alone till he heard from the King.

At the time appointed, the King (having gone to bed, and afterwards dressed himself, and privately gone out of a back-door, and leaving only a letter to some one of his servants in whom he confided, with an account of his having gone from them for a few days, and with directions to keep his absence as secret as possible under pretence of being indisposed) came to the place: there he found FLEMING with the horses as he had directed. He then acquainted FLEMING of his design of going to the *Hague*; and not regarding the hazards he might be exposed to, away he went with this slender equipage and attendance, travelling through the most secret by-ways, and contriving it so that he came to

* Meaning Lord CLARENDON.

the *Hague* by six in the morning, and alighted at a scrub inn in a remote part of the town, where he was confident none would know him under the disguise he was then in. He immediately sent FLEMING to acquaint his sister where he was, and to leave it to her to contrive the way and manner of his having access to her, so as not to be known.

FLEMING having dispatched his commission in a very short time (less than an hour) was no sooner returned to the King (finding him in the room where he had left him, and where he had been still alone) than an unknown person came and asked of the landlord, if two Frenchmen had not alighted at his house that morning? The landlord replied, that indeed two men had come, but of what country he knew not. The stranger desired him to tell them, he wanted to speak to them; which he having done the King was much surprized, but withal inclined to see the person. FLEMING opposed it, but the King being positive, the person was introduced, being an old reverend-like man, with a long beard and ordinary grey cloaths; who looking and speaking to the person of the King told him, he was the person he wanted to speak to, and that all alone, on matters of importance. The King believing it might perhaps be a return from his sister, or being curious to know the result of such an adventure, desired FLEMING to withdraw; which he refused, till the King taking him aside told him there could be no hazard from such an old man, for whom he was too much, and commanded him to retire.

They were no sooner alone, than the stranger bolted the door (which brought the King to think on what might or would happen) and at the same time falling upon his knees, pulled off his very nice and artificial mask, and discovered himself to be Mr, DOWNING (afterwards well known by the name of Sir GEORGE, and ambassadour from the King to the States, after his restoration) then envoy or ambassadour from CROMWELL to the States, being the son of one DOWNING an independent minister, who attended some of

the parliament-men who were once sent to *Scotland* to treat with the Scots to join against the King, and who was a very active virulent enemy to the Royal Family, as appears from this history. *

The King you may easily imagine was not a little surprized at the discovery. But DOWNING gave him no time for reflection, having immediately spoke to him in the following manner : That he humbly begged his Majesty's pardon for any share or part he had acted during the rebellion against his Royal interest ; and assured him, that tho' he was just now in the service of the Usurper, he wished his Majesty as well as any of his subjects ; and would, when an occasion offered, venture all for his service ; and was hopeful, what he was to say would convince his Majesty of his sincerity : but before he mentioned the cause of his coming to him, he must insist that his Majesty would solemnly promise to him not to mention what had happened and he was to say, to FLEMING, or any other person whatsoever, until it pleased God his Majesty was restored to his crowns, when he should not have reason to desire it concealed ; tho' even then he must likewise have his Majesty's promise, never to ask or expect he should discover how or when he came to know of his being there.

The King having solemnly engaged in the terms required, DOWNING proceeded, and told, that his master the Usurper, being now at peace with the *Dutch*, and the States so dependant and obsequious to him that they refused nothing he required, had with the greatest secrecy, in order to make it more effectual, entered into a treaty, by which among other trifling matters agreed to *hinc inde*, the chief and indeed main end of the negotiation was, that the States stood engaged to seize and deliver up to the Usurper the person of his Majesty, if so be at any time he should happen, by chance or design, to come within their territories, when re-

* Lord CLARENDON'S.

quired thereto by any in his name ;—and that this treaty, having been signed by the States, was sent to *London*, from whence it had returned but yesterday morning, and totally finished yesternight betwixt him and a private committee of the States. He represented his master's intelligence to be so good, that a discovery would be made even to himself (*DOWNING*) of his Majesty's being there ; and if he neglected to apply to have him seized, his master would resent it to the highest, which would infallibly cost him his head, and deprive his Majesty of a faithful servant. And being desirous to prevent the miserable consequences of what would follow, if his being here was discovered, he resolved to communicate the danger he was in, and for fear of a future discovery he had disguised himself, being resolved to trust no person with the secret. He then proposed that his Majesty would immediately mount his horses, and make all the dispatch imaginable out of the States' territories. That he himself would return home, and under pretence of sickness, lye longer in bed than usual ; and that when he thought his Majesty was so far off, as to be out of danger to be overtaken, he would go to the States and acquaint them that he understood his Majesty was in town, and require his being seized in the terms of the late treaty. That he knew they would comply, and send to the place directed : but on finding that his Majesty was gone off so far as to be safe, he would propose to make no farther noise about it, lest it should discover the treaty, and prevent his Majesty's afterwards falling into their hands. The King immediately followed his advice, and he returning home, every thing was acted and happened, as he proposed and foretold.

The King having thus escaped this imminent danger, most religiously performed what he had promised, never mentioning any part of this story, till after his restoration, and not then desiring to know how *DOWNING*'s intelligence came, (which he never discovered) tho' he (the King) often said it was a mystery, for no person knew of his design till
he

he was on horseback, and that he could not think FLEMING went and discovered him to DOWNING. Besides he so soon returned from his sister, he could not have time, DOWNING having come much about the time FLEMING returned.

I have heard this story told by several, who frequented King CHARLES's court after the restoration; particularly by the Earl of *Cromartie*, who said, that next year after the restoration he, with the Duke of *Rothes* and several other Scots Quality, being one night with the King over a bottle, they all complained of an impertinent speech DOWNING had made in parliament, reflecting on the Scots nation, which they thought his Majesty should resent so as to discard him from court, and withdraw his favour from him. The King replied, he did not approve what he had said, and would reprove him for it; but to go farther he could not well do, because of this story, which he reported in the terms here narrated, which made such an impression on all present, that they freely forgave what had pass'd, and *Rothes* asked liberty to begin his health in a bumper.

Two Passages in TULLY's Tusculanæ Disputationes corrected.

UT enim corporis temperatio, cum ea congruunt inter se, e quibus CONSTAMUS, sanitas: Sic animi dicitur, cum ejus judicia opinionisque concordant.

Tusculan. Disputation. L. iv. C. 13. Edit. Davis.

TULLY is here giving a distinct description of what he calls *sanitas corporis* and *sanitas animi*. The former, (says he) is, *Cum ea congruunt inter se, e quibus*—What? Not surely CONSTAMUS, for that includes the whole man, whereas TULLY, in this branch of the sentence, evidently confines himself to the body only. The true reading therefore seems to have been CONSTAT, and so I am inclined to think Dr.

Davis

Davies would have printed it, had any of his MSS. warranted the alteration. For the quotations from *Stobæus* and *Plato*, which he gives us in his note upon the place, do, I conceive, very clearly point out the necessity of such alteration. But be that as it will, the reading now offered is supported by a very valuable MS. of the *Tusculanæ Disputationes* lately in the possession of Dr. Shippen Principal of *Braze-nose* college, in which the whole sentence runs thus: *Sicut enim corporis temperatio, cum ea congruunt inter se, ex quibus constat, sanitas: Sic animi dicitur, cum ejus judicia opinionisque concordant.*

In *Olivet's* edition the sentence is thus read and pointed; *Ut corporis est temperatio, cum ea congruunt inter se, e quibus constamus: Sanitas sic animi dicitur, cum ejus judicia opinio- nesque concordant.* But *constamus* will as little agree with this text as with that above.

In the same Book C. 37. we have the following passage: *Cum multa in conventu vitia collegisset in eum Zopyrus, qui se naturam cujusque ex forma perspicere profitebatur; derisus est à cæteris, qui illa in Socrate vitia non agnoscere: ab ipso autem Socrate sublevatus, cum illa sibi signa, sed ratione a se dejecta diceret.*

The latter part of this passage is manifestly corrupt; and various have been the conjectures of the critics, in order to restore it. Some, instead of *signa* read *ingenita*; others *innatas*; a third sort *insita*; or *insita naturæ*. Each of these alterations, it is confessed, is perfectly agreeable to the sense of *Cicero*; but then they all of them depart too far from the MS. Copies; to be hastily admitted. That which comes the nearest to them is the conjecture of *Monsieur Boubier*;—*Cum illa, sibi si qua inessent, ratione a se dejecta diceret.* But this emendation is exceptionable on another account, as it puts an evasive answer into the mouth of *Socrates*, instead of a plain acknowledgment of his natural propensity to the vices charged upon him. For that some such acknowledgment was made,

is evident from *Cicero's* affirming of *Zopyrus*, that he was *ab ipso Socrate sublevatus*.

If the foregoing corrections be deem'd unsatisfactory, the following one is submitted to the reader's consideration. Some of the MSS. in this place read *vitia inesse*, others *signa inesse*, others *signa* only, without *in esse*. From whence it seems to be no forced or improbable conjecture, that *Tully* really wrote, *Cum illa sibi signa inesse, sed vitia ratione a se dejecta diceret*. In favour of this reading it may be observed, that every word of it may be found in some MS, and that the whole yields a sense perfectly clear and consistent. It is, I think, necessary, in order to avoid obscurity, to read *signa* and *vitia* in the latter part of the sentence, as they answer to *forma* and *vitia* going before, tho' there is no single MS, that I know of, which has both the words.

REMARK on a passage in HORACE.

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

AS none of the commentators seem to have done justice to one of the most delicate passages in HORACE, give me leave to offer my sentiments.

In the 26th ode of his third book, the poet intreats *Venus* to chastise *Chloe* for her arrogance:

*O, quæ beatam, Diva, tenes Cyprum et
Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive,*

Regina, SUBLIMI FLAGELLO——

TANGE Chloen SEMEL arrogantem.

*O Goddess, &c. raise thy SCOURGE ALOFT, and give the
haughty Chloe——What?——ONE gentle TOUCH.*

The conduct of this strophe is admirable. He solemnly invokes a Goddess, and vows severe revenge. The elevated stroke is impending,

impending, and we are in pain for the fair criminal; when by an unexpected but natural turn, the relenting lover drops his vengeance, and desires to have her——*tenderly treated.*

A modern translator (a gentleman of the birch) renders it:

*On scornful Chloe lift thy wand,
And scourge her with UNPITYING hand.*

But HORACE was a man of too much gallantry, ever to be guilty of such a piece of barbarity to a lady.

I am, &c.

J. R——N.

To the S T U D E N T.

S I R,

YOU will be able to judge by *this* of my *following* letters; which, being upon a subject of the highest concernment to man in all his pursuits and engagements, will not, I hope, be unacceptable to the generality of your readers, to whose improvement in useful and polite knowledge you seem to have generously devoted your labours.

THE prevailing Iniquity of the times is upon record, as what has been a general observation in almost every age of the world, of which we have hitherto had any accounts. But that the present generation should (as we are told it does) very far surpass all preceding ones in this, is, I think, not strictly true; at least common appearances are against it, and do strongly declare the contrary. I can easily conceive, and as readily acknowledge, that certain circumstances may conspire in accelerating this pernicious destructive progress more under one period than another; yet to say, that Vice should have so infected all orders of men, and was

Numb. III.

M

now

now grown to such an enormous gigantic size, as to be incapable of spreading further or rising higher, seems to be a complaint peculiar to these our days; and, I am apt to believe, rather flows from a hasty impatient spirit, than to be the result of a cool dispassionate enquiry into the various occurrences of human life. In which charge if there be any thing of truth, as some perhaps may think there is, (or whence should it be so frequent in the mouths and writings of men?) it is owing to the little of real RELIGION remaining in us: since, when this once gradually loses its force and energy, an insolent contemptuous neglect of all social duties immediately begins to appear amongst individuals, which ever encreases and diffuses itself wider, as the other declines and gives way; till one finally quitting its hold of the human mind, the other takes full possession, and the whole man becomes corrupt and abandoned. For, notwithstanding the mighty wonder-working power ascribed to Moral Principles, they cannot in fact avail any thing, but when they are grounded on, and, as their influences are enlarged, refined and supported by a belief in a God and Providence: reason clearly pointing out, and common history of nations abundantly exemplifying it, that the wickedness and, its immediate consequence, misery of every distinct particular kingdom, will be greater or less according to the different degrees of Irreligion in it, or rather in proportion to the various impressions it makes upon the members thereof. But what will surprize every intelligent person, is, that men should be publicly taught, how they might live securely either in or out of society, if there were no superiour invisible Agent, taking cognizance of actions, and resenting them, as they agree or disagree with the Rule of Right; and that the political establishment of Religion, or an union of religious with civil society on terms mutually agreed to by their respective sovereigns, is a direct manifest invasion of mens natural rights; injurious in a high degree to their temporal interests; with much more to the like purport and effect.

effect. Those doctrines, tho' but lately sprung up, yet grow and thrive so well amongst us, and meet with such distinguishing tokens of esteem and applause, as if the reality of them were of the last importance to mankind, eminently beneficial to the cause of publick virtue, and admirably well fitted to further the views and promote the ends of civil government. But whatever be the opinion of some moderns, very differently thought the wise and great among the ancients, whose first and continued concern seems to have been the making provisions to preserve a reverence for the system of worship openly profess'd amongst them; the outward actions of men being ever found conformable to the religious cast of their minds. Of this they were thoroughly sensible, and fram'd their institutes accordingly.

Now to confute these doctrines, the method I shall observe, and the course I design to take in the following letters, is to lay before the reader a chain of argumentation founded on certain, plain, universally acknowledg'd principles, and from thence to deduce such conclusions, as will irrefragably prove the absolute necessity of the sense of a Deity's animadversion to the reducing and continuing the world of mankind in order; in some cases exciting them to action; in others to restrain them from it; as circumstances shall require. And I will endeavour to remove an objection usually offered on this head, which is, that human laws, prudently drawn up and equitably executed, will seasonably serve in the room of Religion.

I thought it might not be amiss to say thus much by way of introduction. When I see this in your *Miscellany*, you shall hear further from

Your well-wisher, &c.

R——•

To the STUDENT.

Dear Mr. STUDENT,

I Depend upon seeing the underwritten in your next Number, and am

Your very affectionate Brother,

Trin. Coll. Cambridge,
March 8, 1750.

CANTAB.

FIDDLING *considered, as far as it regards*
an UNIVERSITY.

—*inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.* HORAT.

AS the following dissertation may possibly hurt the sale of *Rosin and Catgut*, it is proper to premise, that it does not proceed from any malicious design against Mr. *Lamborne* or his fraternity, but merely from a principle of promoting the welfare and honour of the University.

I suppose I may advance, without being reckon'd a Prig, that the real business of young fellows admitted into this learned body, are laborious pursuits after knowledge, and studies as well important as severe. Must we not therefore with some concern see so many *Students*, who are equally destin'd to the common task of learning, debauch'd by *Sound*, neglecting LOCKE and NEWTON for PURCELL and HANDEL, and instead of *Philosophers* commencing (O ridicule! O shame to common sense!) downright FIDDLERS.

There are many inconveniences which naturally arise from this pernicious practice, many habits which stick so fast, as never after to be shaken off; some of which I shall take the freedom to enumerate in general, without making any particular application.

And

And first I shall observe that an *Academical SCRAPER* is in great danger of becoming an incurable *PEDANT*; I mean a *Pedant* in *Fiddling*: and *fiddling Pedants* are surely the worst of *Pedants*; as their whole conversation is entirely made up of an unintelligible jargon of *musical* terms, which they ostentatiously produce in all companies.

In the next place, 'tis certain that *FIDDLING* frequently turns the *sober SCHOLAR* into a *pert COXCOMB*. To support the elegance of a *FIDDLER*, a *white Hand* is absolutely requisite, this being the same to a *FIDDLER* as *japan'd pumps* are to a *DANCER*: and as *DANCING* centers in the *toes*, so does *FIDDLING* in the *fingers*. To the *white Hand* I must add a *Sleeve* cut in the most jaunty fashion, as the *Sleeve* in *FIDDLING* is more eminently distinguish'd than any other part of the dress. Not but the *whole apparel* of a compleat *FIDDLER* ought to be of the gayest and genteelest order. When I mention'd the *white Hand*, I forgot to observe, that your *FIDDLERS* of *fortune* often display a striking decoration on the little finger, call'd a *Brilliant*, which is said to have sometimes a surprizing effect on the *female* part of the audience. I could here too take notice of the *Ruffle*, which, if it be *lac'd*, or curiously *work'd*, will, as it waves with the motions of the *Fiddlestick*, denote the player to be a *FIDDLER* of *some rank and consequence*.

But of all the various qualifications requisite to compose a true *FIDDLER*, *Impudence* is the most notorious. As *FIDDLERS* are men who entertain the publick, Mr. *Student*, they think themselves entitled to the same degree of *Assurance*, which you *Authors* generally have. But this inference can by no means be allowed, as it pre-supposes *Scraping* at least equal to *Scribbling*. *FIDDLERS* therefore have no more pretensions to extraordinary *Impudence* than other common men, tho' they are so vain as to arrogate it to themselves.

Again, since *Musick* and *Poetry* are *Sister-Arts*, our *University FIDDLERS* are very apt to mistake their talents, and commence *Dabblers* also in *Rhyming*; tho', 'tis true, their ambition

bition never soars beyond a *Love-song*, a *Ballad*, or a *Catch*; and indeed, to do them justice, the *words* and the *notes* are in such a case excellently adapted to each other. An acquaintance of mine, (a good sensible man otherwise) after having *sweedled* away a considerable part of his time to no purpose, once in a despairing fit, after his return from the musick-meeting, burst out into the following *poetic pathetic* soliloquy:

At concerts lo! an expletive I stand,
 With stamping foot and gently-waving hand;
 Nor durst my passive *Bow* elicit sound,
 Left jarring dissonance I waft around:
 Untun'd, untortur'd too, the *Catgut* lies,
 And all the *Rosin's* grating force defies.
 Hail, *Rosin*, hail! thy truly-potent aid
 Owns every member of the FIDDLING trade:
 Hail, choicest gum! thy saving pow'r impart,
 Grant me a smatt'ring in the heav'nly art;
 Make ev'ry finger easy, light, and clear,
 Teach me true *time*, and harmonize my ear;
 Let——

But here my gentleman broke off in raptures, and resuming his late-discarded instrument, *grated harsh discord* to the grievous annoyance both of the *ears* and *teeth* of his poor disturbed neighbours.

To conclude,—I know not what the state of *Catgut* may be among you: but it would well become the prudence of our wise ALMA-MATER to prevent our young gentry, by some wholesome restrictions, from trifling away their time over *octaves* and *semi-quavers*, and neglecting *logick* for *airs*, or *syllogisms* for *cantatas*. In a word, brother *Student*, if this *scraping* Cacoethes, this *sol-fa-la* Infection be suffered to spread further in this place, our *books*, I expect, will be changed into *fiddles*, our *schools* will be turned into *musick-rooms*, and ARISTOTLE kick'd out for CORELLI.

From my Bookseller's, March 23, 1750.

I Need not, I believe, make any apology for presenting my readers with the following excellent lines by the ingenious Mr. BROWNE. They are designed to appear in a *Second Part* of his Poem entitled SUNDAY THOUGHTS, which is shortly expected from the press. But on account of their temporary relation to what has so lately alarm'd our metropolis, he has permitted us to give them a *more early* publication. They will however be read with much greater advantage in the Poem, where they are introduced as part of the author's reflections, in a religious contemplative walk, while he is taking refuge, during a thunder-storm, within the walls of a solitary ruin'd abbey.

Seasonable REFLECTIONS *on the two late*
EARTHQUAKES.

STILL rose the Morn. Security had lull'd
The flatter'd Sons of Vice in false repose.
Heav'n of its dread intent no portent gave;
Ah! too, too obvious in our general crimes.
Pleasure had lent to Time her silken wings;
And to her Syrens danc'd his wanton hours,
Thoughtless of change. Mirth wore her liveliest smile:
And Ease sat listless on AUGUSTA's walls.
When, instantaneous, Earth's huge cumb'rous mass
Heav'd with strange pang, and deep refounds her groan.
All at the signal rouze, but stretch them soon
In Folly's dallying lap, and hush their fear.
The Month her circle had in pastimes clos'd;
Again——another——a repeated shock,
A louder voice of Horreur more severe,
Starts the dead slumb'ers from their impious dream.

Where

Where fly the threaten'd wretches? where? where, *now*;
 For wish'd relief?—To suppliant *Penitence*?
 To fasts? to mournings? to the *House of Pray'r*?
 A posture due.—Ah! no; To *plays*! to *sports*!
 To midnight *revels*! nearest match'd in guilt
 To those of Fiends! the Jubilee of Hell!
 Hear it not, Strangers! our disgrace outbraves
 All parallel; in *two* amazing days,
 In *each*, an *Earthquake*! and in *each*, a *Ball*!

Has Man his hours in charge? important trust!
 All lent! all number'd! all with duty tax'd!
 In Sloth to rust? in Luxury to waste?
 To lose in sensual feculence at will?
 Like heedless gamesters, desp'rate in their play!
 What are their rank Amours, that dare the sun
 In day's broad eye? amid the numerous *stews*,
 Affronting with impunity our streets?
 Of shameless youth the *fashionable schools*!
 All *Order*, *Ties*, *Relation*, heav'n's wise Law,
 Made the Drol's laugh, and broke: for *Modes* of Sin.
 What are their Meetings at the swinish board
 Of boasted *Fellowship*? their roaring bands?
 But *Circe's* monsters, wallowing o'er their trough!
 What, their *Assemblies*, for politeness fam'd?
 Nurs'ries of Pride, and lewd Intrigue, and Fraud
 In lavish *play*; base lust of furtive gold!—
 Health, innocence, and precious minutes, lost!
 Immortal minds, amus'd o'er *painted toys*!—
 View it not, *Angels*! to enhance your scorn
 Of man, already in your sight too mean!

Oh!—BRITAIN!—oh!—maternal weeping land!
 These are thy *Christians*! sham'd by *Pagan* climes!
 These thy sad prospects! this thy hopeless race!
 Mature for ruin!—Should the dreaded blow

Seize them, immers'd in acts of daring sin!
 Should heav'n its scenes of horror *then* disclose;
 The yawning earth! sunk street! and cracking pile!—
 Hark!—tis at hand!—Prepare to meet thy God!
 Thy God, O *Britain!* thy tremendous Judge!
 Thy Judge *incens'd! Omnipotence in wrath!*
 A dreadful foe! he speaks—but spares the stroke.
Love wrests the vengeance from his lifted arm.
 O, timely, be attentive! hear, hear, hear
 His monitory voice! his awful, loud,
 Yet *gentle* call!—Mild Saviour! friend of Man!
 Pour in large streams thy soft'ning SPIRIT down
 To melt the *native rock* in *human hearts!*
 Dear, bleeding *Advocate!* our hapless state
 Commiserate, all gracious; bow thy ear
 Pitying, to suppliant dust! thy people's pray'rs,
 The matron's tears, our infants' helpless cries
 Invoke thee, “Oh, avert! avert our doom!”

To these pious and pathetic reflections it may not be amiss
 to subjoin, as communicated in a letter from *London*,

A MODERN CONVERSATION *on the same subject.*

I Went yesterday to pay a visit to Mrs. DAVENPORT, a
 widow lady of good fortune, who partakes of all the
 gaieties of the town, without entering into any of the vices.
 We were soon interrupted by an inundation of *visitors*,
 no less than five; old lady D—, with her daughter about
 twenty, and her son about eighteen, who was just come from
 an *Academy*, and had spent the last winter in town, in
 order (as his mother said) to attain a knowledge of the world.
 The other two were Miss LAURENCE, and Miss SMITH,
 near relations, who (as they were neither of them married)
 had lived in town together for above *twenty years*.

Our discourse naturally turn'd upon the *earthquake*, which was introduc'd by Mrs. DAVENPORT's asking Lady D——, if she had seen the Bishop of *London*'s excellent letter on that subject? The young gentleman would not give his mother time to reply, but utter'd the following words so fast that he was quite out of breath: "Yes indeed, I've read that excellent letter, as you call it, and think it's well enough to frighten poor ignorant old women and children, and keep up that superstitious dread of judgments, which makes people so easily priest-ridden. But for my part I have studied natural philosophy, and know the natural causes of these sort of things; and whether 'twas an earth or an air-quake, whether caus'd by nitrous particles in the earth or explosion in the air, I know there was no miracle in't, and 'twas only the voice of *nature*, not (as parsons would persuade us) the voice of *God*."

While this very learned speech was a making, the old lady gaz'd round for approbation of her son. Shock'd with the impiety of it, Mrs. DAVENPORT would have replied, when Mrs. LAURENCE rais'd her voice as loud as she could, "I wonder how folks can make such a rout about nothing. Indeed I was vex'd to be wak'd out of my first sleep, at that time o' the morning: but I've since been sufficiently diverted by the odd things silly people say about it." "As for me (says Mrs. SMITH) I was so found asleep, having set up the two nights before at *Brag*, I neither heard nor felt it: but I've so much curiosity to know how it was, I could almost wish to have been awake at the time.

"Pray, my dear, (says Lady D—— to her daughter) tell the ladies your witty device on the earthquake." Why, (cries Miss in a rapture) I advis'd my aunt BROWN, who is very fond of routs, to invite her acquaintance by desiring their company at her *quake*, he, he, he. It took mightily; for, you know, ev'ry body is quite tir'd of the names of *routs*, *drums*, *hurricanes*, *tempests*, *whirlwinds*, and the like."

After

After this very fashionable dialogue, the company broke up in a hurry, having, as they said, fifty visits more to pay that evening. When they were gone, Mrs. DAVENPORT, in her usual sensible manner, express'd her surprize, that any woman could breed up her children in such impiety; and added, that if the reputation of *wit* and *humour* were thus to be gain'd, she should think it a disgrace to attain it.

To the STUDENT.

Mr. STUDENT,

I Am verily persuaded your scheme will never take, and your work never be crown'd with success: and that for two reasons. The first is because of the *Title* you have honour'd it with: the second (which indeed flows from the first) because you have not sufficiently engaged the LADIES in your party. Consider how odious you make yourself to them, by that very ridiculous title you have assum'd——
The STUDENT! A name of all others most scorn'd by 'em, and that indeed very justly: for if thou art a very Student, a mere Book-worm, I congratulate thee on the glorious calling; and ere I begin an acquaintance, beg leave to shake hands and bid thee adieu. But I am willing, dear Brother, to think better of you: I am of opinion, (and prejudice goes far) you are a man *arm'd at all points*, a very honest gallant fellow; and if so, I doubt not you'll admit the truth of what I have urg'd, and by your matter make amends for your base title. This leads me to the second thing I design'd to object against you: (mark how according to exact method we men of *Cambridge* reason) I said, you had not engag'd the LADIES in your party. Your discourses are not enough adapted to their taste: and they it is who make things run, they it is who give grace and glory to every performance; for whatever proceeds from the lips of a SOPHY who shall

dare to contradict? Mark those wise fellows of yore, who call'd themselves SPECTATORS, TATLERS, &c. (names enough to win all the women in the realm) mark them, I tell thee, how shrewdly they have interspers'd their works with commendations and censures, praise and flattery, advice and raillery, and in short with all things capable of procuring the good graces of the *female* world! What then wou'd I have thee do, but follow their example? and if you like what I propose, believe me, I'll arm in the cause of the Ladies—*Myself will mount the rostrum in their favour*, and assist you in all things suitable for the discharge of your duty there. Be it therefore known that the STUDENT intends to make some excursions into the world, and see what's doing there: that he intends to leave his books and cobweb-cubicle, to spruce up, and enter himself into the worthy fraternity of *fine gentlemen*, and begs the LADIES would henceforth know him by that title; and the sober-suited *Academic* rums look on his other side, and view him still in his philosophic garb of *The STUDENT*.

I am, &c. Dear Brother, thine,

Cambridge, March 5, 1750.

D.

On the abuse of SCRIPTURE in conversation.

Whoever believes the writers of the Holy Scriptures to have been divinely inspired, must be sensible of the infinitely superiour excellency of those sacred books to all *human* compositions: and whoever considers them as the oracles of God, (wherein the redemption of mankind is explained, and the duties necessary to the attainment of eternal salvation are laid down and enforced) must likewise allow them to be the source of all true knowledge and useful learn-

ing;

ing; and from thence infer the necessity and obligation of paying the highest regard to them. A peculiar esteem and veneration is undoubtedly due to writings so eminently distinguish'd from all others; and in order to preserve such an esteem, men should not only study them with attention, but also never speak of them but with the greatest seriousness and reverence. Every *abuse* of Scripture is extremely culpable and dangerous: the contempt and derision, it meets with from infidels, is but too notorious; and the shameful liberty, which some christians have taken in perverting it to the most wicked purposes, is equally well known. The bad effects of these *abuses* every man must be sensible of; there is one instance however, in which several good and well-meaning persons, as well as others, are very apt to abuse it, which is seldom taken notice of; what I mean is, *a frequent and unserious alluding to it in our ordinary discourse, and thereby making it the subject of our wit and mirth.*

This ludicrous treatment of Scripture is now become so fashionable, that few people think there is any harm in it: yet, I am persuaded, it is very unbecoming a good christian, as being in reality a *profanation* of the Word of God, and therefore (to use the words of a late eminent prelate) *a very great degree of impiety and profaneness.* He that quotes Scripture upon every trivial occasion, seems to set no greater value on it than on the works of an heathen poet: he has recourse to both for the same end, and uses either of them without distinction, as it best serves to display his wit, and entertain the company. All he aims at is to be facetious; and if an *Ode* of HORACE won't serve his turn, he makes no scruple of referring to an *Epistle* of St. PAUL.

Every man's experience will convince him of the truth of this observation. The consequence of such a practice, I think, is obvious; namely, that a ludicrous treatment of the Scriptures must by degrees lessen our esteem for them, and make us less inclined to read them with seriousness and attention,

tention, and direct our lives according to the rules they prescribe. A youth that should make the instruction of his father, or tutor, the usual subject of his wit and laughter, would not be thought to have regard for them, or be much disposed to follow them: and if he were not openly taxed with disobedience, he would at least appear greatly wanting in duty and respect. What regard then can those persons be reasonably supposed to have for the inspired writings, who are continually quoting and alluding to them in the midst of their mirth and gaiety? They may, 'tis true, have no bad design; but that their behaviour should have no bad effect (as well upon themselves as others) cannot well be imagined. Such a reverence, as is due to the Word of God, is not to be taken up in the *closet*, and then laid aside again, when we come into *company*: it must be constant and uniform, and have a proper influence upon our *words*, as well as upon our *private thoughts and meditations*. For when a ludicrous treatment of *religious subjects* is become habitual to us, we shall have but little relish for *religious enquiries*; and when Scripture is made the *standard of our wit and humour*, it will soon cease to be the *rule of our lives and actions*.

And as such a *profanation* of Scripture must have a very bad effect on the persons that are guilty of it; it is likewise no small encouragement to the enemies of christianity, to exult in their iniquity and vigorously promote their wicked cause. The *deist* and *freethinker* are ready enough to lay hold on every opportunity to blaspheme the Word of God; and think they have a very good argument against the divine authority of Scripture, when they see how it is treated by those who profess to believe it. No art will be wanting on their side to seduce the minds of weak and lukewarm christians: and when they have brought them into a *disregard* of revealed religion, a *disbelief* will presently follow.

Let

Let every man therefore, that believes the Holy Scriptures, use his utmost care and diligence, to defend them against the *open assaults* and *secret malice* of the adversary; let an uniform integrity and pious *conversation* testify the sincerity of his *faith*: and in pursuance of the example of holy DAVID, *let him take heed to his ways, that he offend not in his tongue.*

ADVERTISEMENT for a WIFE.

To the STUDENT.

S I R,

I Don't know whether it be consistent with the plan of your *Miscellany* to admit *Advertisements* for the promotion of *Business*: however if it be you will insert the inclosed.

Methinks I would have it in the *Student*, as that is generally read by People of *taste* and *judgment*, and not a little admired by the *Ladies*; with whom my *business* is at present.—Lady GRAVELY reads it with a smile; ay, and nods her head too, which is a distinguishing mark of her approbation and esteem: for her ladyship has the prudence, you must know, to talk but little; yet, what drops from her is true sterling and of great weight.

But to our main point,——Mr. *Student*; you must know I want a WIFE.—Hah——why now you laugh!——'Tis amazing to me, that people can't be serious! Why—I tell you again I want a WIFE!——And pray what inconsistency is there in that?

Marriage is a *serious* affair, and people should set *seriously* about it. This has been my manner of making love; yet it has so happen'd, that when I have put the *question* to the lady,

lady, (which has been always with a tone of voice suitable to the solemnity of the subject) I have been answer'd with a loud horse-laugh, which so raises my indignation, that I can never make a second attack on the same person.

I am at a loss to account for this. I don't want sense, as you may see by this letter: nor do I want money; nor am over and above ugly. My temper too is tollerable, and yet I have hitherto been treated ill by the ladies; wherefore this is the *Advertisement* which I think proper to have inserted.

To the L A D I E S.

A

G E N T L E M A N

Who would willingly dispose of himself in

M A R R I A G E,

TO ANY

Y O U N G L A D Y

O F

B E A U T Y, M E R I T, and F O R T U N E,

May be seen and treated with

On *Thursday* the 5th of A P R I L

A T O U R

P U B L I S H E R's in St. P A U L's Church Yard.

N. B. *He will sit in the middle of the shop with his face toward the door, in order to be looked at; but LADIES who come for a view, are desired not to LAUGH; and those who have no inclination to marry, are desired not to look in ALL THE DAY.*

A PANE-

A PANEGYRICK on ALE.

— — — *Mea nec Falernæ*
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles. HORAT.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail, JUICE benignant! O'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholsome draught,
 Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd and fragrant nutmeg fraught;
 While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemp'rate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethæan creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What tho' fore ills
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
 Or chearful candle, (save the make-weight's gleam
 Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing ALE
 Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime not mindless of the daily task
 Of Tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
 Of deep *Smiglecius* much I meditate;
 While ALE inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
 The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
 Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if friends
 Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
 To Pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,

Numb. III

O

Where,

Where, ALE, thy votaries in full resort
 Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
 Of monumental oak and antique mould,
 That long has stood the rage of conquering years
 Inviolatè, (nor in more ample chair
 Smoaks rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
 Whether of hen-roost or of mirthful rape,
 In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
 Studious of ease and provident, I place
 My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
 Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
 And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
 While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
 In innocent delight, amusive *Putt*
 On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
 The vain vicissitudes of fortune shews.
 Nor Reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
 Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
 While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
 The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
 In snowy characters and graceful row.—

Hail, TICKING! surest guardian of distress!
 Beneath thy shelter penniless I quaff
 The chearful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
 New oysters cry'd:—Tho' much the poet's friend,
 Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
 Accept this tribute of poetic praise!—

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
 Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
 Of Pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
 The splendid Tavern haunts, or Coffee-house
 Of *James* or *Juggins*, where the grateful breath
 Of loath'd Tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
 But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
 While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
 Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ALE:

In vain——the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-pow'rful ALE! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon;
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn, with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly Buttery; there on smoking Crust
And foaming ALE to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times: Nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British ALE improving British worth.

With ALE irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent Dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of Laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
Or Barber spruce with supple look intrude;
Or Taylor with obsequious bow advance;
Or Groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams;
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: all-pow'rful ALE
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace and debt-despairing looks:

E'en *Spacey* with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of Duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the Gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recall ? —
Thus, while improvident of future ill
I quaff the luscious tankard unrestrain'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicenc'd bliss ;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
Th' un pitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies ;
Nor *Sheppard*, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and *Winter* ticks no more.

Cut off from joys like these by frowning fate,
Siluria's matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret pin'd for chearful ALE ;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower, like him with honest love
Of ALE divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous heav'n with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot ! Enough for me,
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his fav'rite theme in kindred strains.

T. W. x. y. z.

On D R E A M S.

From a FRAGMENT of PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Somnia, quæ mentes— &c.

WHENCE come these dreams, this busy idle train
Of airy forms, that flutter round the brain?
Sure not from heav'n descend these trifling guests;
No, they are creatures form'd within our breasts;
The sport of Fancy; which, while slumbers bind
Th' unconscious sense, leaves the dull mass behind,
Treads fairy ground, and wantons unconfin'd;
By night the labours of the day renews,
In mimic forms the various theme pursues.

Flush'd with the hopes of conquest, from afar
The Soldier views the dreadful scenes of war;
Grasps his drawn sword, directs the pointed force,
Dismounted cries, *A kingdom for a horse*;
Tramples on kings expiring on the plain,
Wades thro' a sea of blood, and strides o'er hills of slain,

The Pleader anxious weighs the dubious cause,
With specious gloss explains away the laws;
With trembling heart surveys the crowded bar
And awful judge in solemn state appear.

The Miser still new mines of treasure spies,
Broods o'er his bags, and hugs the secret prize.

The Huntsman joyous hears the vocal hound,
Horns wind, men hollow, and the woods resound:
The faithful Hound with sympathizing care
Takes scent, and in full cry pursues the circling hare.

The

The Sailor views in storms his vessel tost,
 And busily explores some friendly coast ;
 Or in vain struggles impotent to save
 Sinks with his found'ring ship beneath th' o'erwhelming wave.

Th' impatient Nymph her absent lover woos,
 Pours out her soul in tender billet-doux ;
 The fly Adulteress *Fondlewife* betrays,
 To her gallant the hinting bribe conveys.

Sure here at least the wretched find relief;
 Absence from thought, and interval from grief.
 Vain hope ! still here familiar horrors reign,
 In troubled thought the wounded bleed again,
 And self-tormented feel th' extremities of pain.

The L A D Y and C A T E R P I L L A R.

Imitated from the F R E N C H.

A L A D Y fair, to country seat confin'd,
 Quadrille, ridottos, coxcombs left behind,
 To lonely shade of neighb'ring grove repairs,
 To muse on conquests past, and study future airs.
 But still the C A T E R P I L L A R's buzzing note
 Baffles the scheme, and interrupts the thought :
 Noisy and rude as beau while on he pres'd,
 The Dame the saucy insect thus address'd.

Vile wretch, whose odious notes and looks displease,
 Who of their verdant honours strip'st the trees,
 Fly, e'er my just resentment on thee fall,
 Methinks e'en now I feel thy nauseous crawl:

Vain are your threats and overweening pride,
 The C A T E R P I L L A R scornfully reply'd.

That

That gloomy form, which now offends your eye,
Shall please, when chang'd to gaudy Butterfly;
With glitt'ring robes adorn'd of various hue,
In native lustre then shall rival you.

Thus you a CATERPILLAR rise from bed,
Till borrow'd charms the fallow skin o'erspread,
And nature's flaws are clos'd with white and red.

At spring this grove its verdure might renew;
Ere that perhaps 'twill fall by cards and you.
No country clown so ignorant but sees,
While I the leaves, that you destroy the trees,

RETURN of the SPRING.

HORACE Book I. Ode 4. translated.

Solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice Veris & Favoni, &c.

THE rude, inclement, binding blast
Of all-benumbing *Winter* past,
In sweet vicissitude the *Spring*
Does tepid airs and odours bring;
Before him rose-lip'd *Zephyrs* blow,
And round the ransom'd waters flow.

Now with glad shouts they launch again
Their new-rigg'd ships, and plow the main;
No more the ox his crib delights,
Nor crackling blaze the clown invites;
Nor barren fields, like aged Time,
Are veil'd with snow or hoary rime.

Now *Cytherea* leads her train,
To wanton on the primrose plain:

The lovely *Graces* aid the dance,
 And in the sprightly ring advance :
 Pleas'd with the sight, fair *Cynthia* smiles
 Serene, and envious night beguiles :

While they diffuse ambrosial sweet,
 And skim the meadows with blest feet ;
 'Midst flaming forges *Vulcan* glows,
 And *Cyclops* peal their clatt'ring blows.

Now let thy moist and flowing hair
 With fragrant oils enrich the air ;
 Let op'ning flow'rs their sweets combine,
 And round thy temples gayly shine.

Within the deep and solemn shade
 Of sacred groves thy vows be paid ;
 And sportive lamb or wanton kid
 On *Pan's* mysterious altars bleed.

O happy *SESTIUS* ! since a span
 Confines the narrow age of man,
 And since the fatal dubious die,
 That seems to sleep, does rapid fly,
 No more let fraudulent hope devour,
 But wisely seize, the passing hour.

Pale *Death* his equal visit pays
 Where shepherd pipes, or monarch sways :
 Already shades of gloomy night
 Hang on thy rear, and urge thy flight ;
 Grim *Erebus* is near at hand,
 And *Lethe's* silent sable strand ;
 The everlasting drear inane,
 The realm of ghosts, and *Pluto's* reign.

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There shalt thou flit thro' dusky air
A roving, restless wanderer ;
To festive joys ah then adieu !
And love's delights must vanish too !

T. N.

To FANCY.

ALL-pow'rful FANCY, dear delusive Maid,
Daughter of Hope, Imagination's shade,
Gift of indulgent heav'n, design'd below
With pictur'd joys to balance real woe :—
Wherever thou hast spread thy airy wings,
Lodg'd in the breast of statesmen or of kings ;
Whether thy visionary pow'r inspires
Some poet's brain with heav'n-descended fires,
And bids him wanton in the golden dream
Of riches, honours, and immortal fame ;
Whether thou mak'st th' inraptur'd lover trace
A little heav'n, that smiles in *Hebe's* face ;
Dream of a grace divine, an angel's air,
And in the goddess lose the mortal fair :—
Since, in the bitter draught of human woe
Whate'er of sweet is found, to thee we owe ;
Since what substantial happiness we call,
Is but thyself, kind Nymph, thy bounty all ;
Vain all and empty, but what thou hast giv'n,
E'en Virtue's self, unless she leans on heav'n :—
Haste hither, sweet deceiver, gentle guest,
Haste and erect thy empire in my breast :
Bid pleasures here in airy forms arise,
Ideal raptures, self-created joys :
Here revel thou entire, and ever reign,
Quick let me catch the visionary scene :

Numb. III.

P

Print

Paint the dear object of my constant flame,
 Her face unchang'd, her beauty still the same,
 (That only thing thou know'st not to improve)
 Fair *Chloe*,—only soften'd into love :
 There let me view the marks of fond desire,
 A pure, unspotted, but an equal fire ;
 A love that by its coyness more endears,
 Fearful, but still the more betray'd by fears :
 Here let the heav'nly image ever dwell ;
 Unpleasing truth, rude messenger, farewell !
 And since all other methods fruitless prove,
 FANCY, be thou my advocate in love.

The PLEASURE of being OUT OF DEBT.

HORACE. Ode XXII. Book I. imitated.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c.

I.

THE man, who not a farthing owes,
 Looks down with scornful eye on those,
 Who rise by fraud and cunning ;
 Tho' in the *Pig-market* he stand
 With aspect grave and clear-starch'd band,
 He fears no tradesman's dunning.

II.

He passes by each shop in town,
 Nor hides his face beneath his gown,
 No dread his heart invading ;
 He quaffs the nectar of the *Tuns*,
 Or on a spur-gall'd hackney runs
 To *London*, masquerading.

What

III.

What joy attends a new-paid debt!

Our *Manciple* I lately met

Of visage wise and prudent;

I on the nail my *Battels* paid,

The monster turn'd away dismay'd.

Hear this, each OXFORD Student!

IV.

With justice and with truth to trace

The grisly features of his face,

Exceeds all man's recounting;

Suffice, he look'd as grim and four

As any lion in the tower,

Or half-starv'd cat-a-mountain.

V.

A phiz so grim you scarce can meet

In *Bedlam*, *Newgate*, or the *Fleet*,

Dry nurse of faces horrid;

Not BUCKHORSE, fierce with many a bruise,

Displays such complicated hues

On his undaunted forehead.

VI.

Place me on *Scotland's* bleakest hill,

Provided I can pay my bill,

Hang ev'ry thought of sorrow;

There falling fleet, or frost, or rain

Attack a soul resolv'd, in vain:—

It may be fair to-morrow.

VII.

To *Heddington* then let me stray,

And take *Jo. Pullen's* tree away,

I'll ne'er complain of *Phœbus*;

But while he scorches up the grass,

I'll fill a bumper to my las,

And toast her in a *Rebus*.

Ψ

On Miss L——

WHILE *Oxford* Bards, with teeming fancy fraught,
Display the texture of their fine-spun thought;

While W——r's charms of symmetry inspire

Reflected ardor from poetic fire;

Shall I, tho' meanest of the tuneful train,

Tho' plodding for the *Je ne scai quoi* in vain,

Shall I my tributary strains refuse,

When merit claims allegiance from the muse?

What pow'r of charms our ravish'd sense surprize!

What soft attraction! brilliancy of eyes!

What sweet-attemper'd smiles, and roseate grace,

With all the beauteous harmony of face!

Why should I dwell on her external pow'r,

And lavish odours on the fragrant flow'r?

Since independent of those arts to please,

The lure of tutor'd looks and labour'd ease,

Secure of conquest, she assails our hearts

With a bright magazine of keener darts;

Conscious how transient beauty's gaudy boast,

How short the triumph of a reigning toast;

Conscious, as flashy lightnings gild the sky,

So pass the lustre of a sparkling eye.

While

While other nymphs anxiety express
For silver-tinsel'd elegance of dress,
She, blest with genuine taste of bliss refin'd,
Enjoys more real elegance of mind.
While the gay circle of bright nymphs you see
Exhaling scandal o'er prolific tea,
Observe this fair, intent on nobler views,
Quaffs the Pierian nectar of the Muse;
Scans the just moral of satiric rage,
Or virtuous Ethic's philosophic page.

As goodly elms support the wanton vine,
As the soft lymph allays the sprightly wine,
So wit, attemper'd with superiour sense,
Combines to speak her mental excellence :
Ev'n captious tea-tables admire to see
Such clashing inconsistencies agree ;
A nymph, tho' fair, by pride not led away,
Sublimely humble, and serenely gay,
Of easy temper, amiably good,
Free, no coquet, and virtuous, tho' no prude :
Such early fruit to bloom before its time,
Forget its age and ripen into prime.

But hark ! Attention hangs in wonder lost,
And speaking looks strive to admire her most.
What elocution from a voice so sweet,
Enrich'd with all the charms of tuneful wit !
By dint of sound she adds to MILTON fire,
Gives harmony to POPE and ease to PRIOR ;
Her tongue, with soft mellifluous accents fraught,
Sets in the fairest light each brilliant thought ;
Mean ones she casts in quite another mould,
And by rich Alchymy turns all to gold.

Ye prudes of prim-set face and studied air,
 Ye shining belles elaborately fair,
 Say, does my fancy only pour the strain,
 The gaudy fiction of an idle brain?

Behold the Graces dancing hand in hand,
 The heav'n-born Muses, sweetly-warbling band;
 The Queen of beamy eyes and dalliance gay,
 The virgin Pallas clad in white array;
 All, all with smiles of approbation see
 Their choicest attributes combin'd in L——

E P I T A P H.

On a bastard-child murder'd by its mother.

LOVE, spite of HONOUR's dictates, gave thee breath:
 HONOUR, in spite of LOVE, pronounc'd thy death,

Thus translated,

*Spretâ jussit AMOR FAMA te, parvule, nasci:
 FAMAque te spreto jussit AMORE mori.*

On an EPIGRAM.

SEE, with what virtue WIT is fraught!
 Its poignancy admire!
 Which, by contracting flights of thought,
 Can set the soul on fire.

So convex glasses, made compleat,
 Contract the rays of light;
 Which when apart give little heat,
 But burn when they unite,

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FEBRIS INTERMITTENS.

UNDE repentinam trahimus sub pectore flammam

Alternasque nives? tantas quid fœdere lites
Claudit? Hyperborei coeunt quâ pace Suëci
Marmaricis? tepidumve Hebro quid miscet Hydaspes?
Arte Machaoniâ totoque in carmine Phœbo
Est opus, ingentes seu vult mulcere dolores,
Seu canere; ægrotis seu det, seu versibus ævum.

Felices animi! queis tu, Thymbræe, potentem
Indulxisti artem, circum præcordia cæcos
Explorare ignes, morbique recludere fontes.
His licet instantis per mille pericula fati
Ire redire viam, flammatas pollice venas
Tractare, & nocuus si quis super halitus erret,
Securis legere, atque haurire & reddere febrim.
Qualis casta fidem testans Cunegunda marito
Fixit inoffensam candenti vomere plantam,
Non secus ac teneri per florea gramina prati
Ferret iter, celeremve pedes imitata Camillam,
Suspenda in gelidis legeret vestigia lymphis.
Sic pius Æneas, comitisque onerisque saluti
Dum studet, evadit, socios quibus eripit, hostes.

Nos gravior natura premit; nos plurima pestis
Corporea exercet, quas aut incuria fundit,
Corruptive æther, vel lævo Delius astro
Respiciens. Ægras sensi violare medullas
Angorem, Ætneis incendiaque æmula prunis.
Namque putes Siculos imo sub pectore fabros
Exercere opus, hinc versare Pyracmona follem,
Hinc Steropem infandum præcordia tundere crebris
Ictibus, & prensare immani forcipe Brontem;
Mox gelido durare lacu, rursusque sub ignes
Formare alternis tormenta reciproca gyro.
Nam simul ac venis inflatis triste venenum

Serpsit,

Serpserit, agnosco accessum : mihi frigidus horror
 Torpida membra quatit, veluti Jovis arbore ramus
 Intremat ad gelidum, præludia fulminis, Austrum.
 Non jubar æstivum vitalem in corda calorem
 Diffundat, rursus licet alto è fornice cæli
 Japetionides furtivum deferat ignem.
 Mox tamen incerti crudelior orbita fati
 Vertitur, & querimur, modo quem speravimus, æstum.
 Tum vini oceanus, qui totam extingueret Heclam,
 Non relevare sitim possit : non aura Favoni
 Mitigat insanos, sed flamine fuscitat, ignes.

Febris at infestis cruciatibus intermissam
 Dat requiem, rabiemque ultro sedata reponit
 Paulatim ; at qualis, sanie dapibusque cruentis,
 Jam satur, exsangui parcit Polyphemus Ulyssi ;
 Ut spatio exiguo, simul ac prior ardor edendi
 Creverit, ipse alvum gustu meliore capacem
 Farciat. Haud tali certam spondere salutem
 Successu possis : morbus solet iste reverti,
 Ceu Danai a Tenedo. Non hic, ceu subdolanus hostis,
 Per cæcos calles et amica silentia fertur ;
 At petit oppositos, & aperto Marte fatigat
 Præminitans, certam veniendique indicat horam.
 Nec si crudelem fati inclementia febrim
 Misit, falsam etiam mendacemque improba misit.
 Wallisii illa stylos solido ductosve cerebro
 Euclidis culpat, metitamque arguit umbram
 Gnomonis, & feros in pacta accusat amantes,
 Si, charam accedens ardenti pectore Thisben,
 Tam bene compositam servasset Pyramus horam,
 Sola Cupidinei gratissima vulnera teli
 Nossent, proque uno stratum geniale sepulchro.

E N D of the third Number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER IV. *April 30, 1750.*

LETTER I. *in Defence of* RELIGION.

The BELIEF of a GOD and PROVIDENCE indispensably requisite to MAN's safe and peaceable continuance in BEING.

A Greeably to the method which I propos'd to observe in the following letters, I shall first endeavour to prove, that *the belief of a God and Providence is indispensably requisite to man's safe and peaceable continuance in being*; or, in other words, that he could neither live securely nor happily without such an *affecting sense* having place in the world.

To make out this, it will be proper to shew, that as every effect must have a cause, so every action as necessarily supposes some motive; which can be nothing but the expectation of procuring pleasure or of avoiding pain; as I shall now demonstrate.

Numb. IV.

Q

In

In every action, that it becomes a rational creature to pursue or to avoid, some end must be intended; or, there are certain reasons determining it to the one or the other: because from not-acting to acting, or conversely, there is a change; and wherever this happens, some cause of it is previously necessary. The cause of change in the present case can only be a desire of change; and the source of that desire, a view of obtaining happiness or preventing misery of some sort or other. For whilst man neither receives, nor is likely to receive, good or ill, from any particular action, he cannot but be indifferent about it; and so long as he continues indifferent, no change will follow. Because, as we observed, there can be no change without desire; and no change will be desired, because all desire is towards some attainable good or avoidable evil: desire being an affection of the mind resulting from an apprehension of possessing a means of pleasure or avoiding one of pain. Hence, as there cannot be action without a change, nor change without a cause, that is, desire; and no desire without some imagin'd acquireable good, in which it terminates, and from thence issues; so when the mind feels no present, and has not the prospect of obtaining a future happiness, no things, or the consideration of them, can in the least affect her, or she be one way or the other mov'd therewith. Consequently, nothing but pleasure and pain, or the probable means of them, can be any exciting reason to action.

Having shewn private personal happiness to be the sole end of action in general, as also of every particular mode of it, taking the nature of mankind to be what we have supposed it, we shall just observe, that as by the make and structure of the organs of his body, and his situation and converse with material objects, man stands in such a relation to them, that the use of some will necessarily give him pleasure, the application of others necessarily give him pain; so the former, if used in a certain manner, is found to make for his preservation; the latter, when exceeding a certain

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degree, tends to his destruction. Now, as we have already remark'd, he is obliged to choose and pursue the former, and to refuse and fly from the latter. If we consider therefore a number of such Beings, all in search of happiness under one form or other, and consequently each having a distinct end in view, it is plain, those ends will necessarily interfere; since, on supposition that they partake of the same common nature, as they actually do, and have similar avenues and capacities, which they really have, it would frequently happen, that an object or event making a part of A's happiness shall also make one of B's, at least is so presum'd to do; which, with men's suppos'd natural right to whatever they can make themselves masters of, will unavoidably produce a general struggle amongst them; and this contest will necessarily draw after it as general a confusion. "From mankind having
 "the like wants, and for the most part the same appetites,
 "arises the expediency, and consequently reasonableness of
 "thwarting, crossing, and opposing one another in the
 "gratification of them; on which account it may properly
 "be said, that their differences frequently result from a simi-
 "litude of painful internal feelings; and consequently that
 "agreement in *one* sense becomes the foundation of dis-
 "agreement in *another*."

Again; A is in pursuit of a certain end which he cannot come at for B standing betwixt him and it. But reason shews him how, and self-love will put him upon making all the efforts in his power, to remove this obstacle to the point he steers to; that is, the one directs, and the other moves him to destroy B, if he cannot otherwise compass his designs: for reason is of no other or higher value to its possessor, than as it leads him the shortest way to the object of all his thoughts, happiness. And if man has no concern with an hereafter, how can he make a better use of it than in procuring all the conveniences and pleasures of this world, whatever the means be, and however they may operate in the acquisition? To say, as some have, and perhaps

others will again, this is *naturally* evil, unfit, unjust, &c. is a mere playing with words without diving into their sense and importance. Good and evil, fit and unfit, are relative terms, as is evident from the question, (*why, wherefore, for what*) which may be ever ask'd when they are us'd on any occasion. Good; for what? Good in itself, or without reference to something further, is nonsense. The like is applicable to fit, unfit, evil, &c. that is, they are means to an end, (from a congruity or incongruity with which they come to be thus denominated) and what this end is, and only can be, hath been already declared. Consequently, should we allow the present mode of existence the only one in which man is to bear a part, that conduct would be termed the most reasonable, which provided for him here in the best manner possible. In short, if a Being infinite in knowledge and power superintends human affairs, discriminating actions on purpose to reward some and punish others, reason tells us, that, if we would be finally happy, we must endeavour to conform ourselves in all instances to his will. If there be no such principle, then man, acknowledging not a superior from whom he has the least to hope or to fear, can know no other rule, or be engag'd in any other pursuits, but what will either supply his wants, or yield him pleasure in the indulgences they procure him.

Further, should we suppose (and multitudes of cases, in which this might happen, would continually occur) A has it in his power to obtain all or most of the comforts of life by distressing B his fellow-creature, which he sees may be done with impunity; under such a prospect, and in those alluring circumstances, what is there in nature to prevent him? As self-love is the grand predominating principle, it must and will be gratify'd previously and preferably to all others; is not only the highest, but most probably the sole appetite woven into his frame. And to assert, a man ought not (if this life was the whole of his continuance) to deprive another of his happiness, tho' to increase his own, is absolutely false:

since

since it is the same as to say, he should prefer another's satisfaction to his own; that is, that a real or apprehended good is not the fundamental end of action; contrary both to reason and fact.

The argument rests here: As there can be no action without a motive, so man in being reasonable ought to act in a manner becoming such a creature. But that will ever be esteemed the most reasonable motive, which is best adapted in its nature to make him most exquisitely and durably happy; because, being born for happiness, the larger aggregate of this he acquires, or the further his progress in it, the more judiciously and compleatly he gains his end. Hence were there no principle capable of influencing men in the dark, or restraining them upon such conjunctures of time and place as afforded them opportunities of practising roguery with success, it is scarce possible they should subsist. From A's situation in life, or thro' his superior skill in the arts of tricking and dissimulation, arise a thousand ways by which he may build his own ease upon B's ruin: and his own interest, the ground and measure of all the obligation he knows or can know, would certainly compel him to it.

To conclude, the various wants men labour under, from their first entrance into the world to the time they leave it, will, on their coming to plan out a scheme of life, unavoidably produce an opposition of engagements and pursuits. Hence A's misery will appear at certain seasons to be B's happiness; or, the producing *this* will necessarily occasion *that*. And if they be not firmly persuaded in their minds of the reality of a first great cause, that will treat every one here or hereafter suitably to his deserts; each man's private pleasure will certainly be accounted his real happiness; and what he judges so, will ever be the motive of his actions. And nothing can reconcile or make compatible views which look such different and contrary ways, but the sense of a Being who will make it the ultimate interest of all particulars, under the various circumstances in which they may happen

happen to be plac'd, to observe those ways of acting with regard to one another, as will most effectually promote the general happiness.

R—*

[To be continued.]

The reasoning in this letter will perhaps startle such of our readers, as are not used to abstract speculations. All that follow will be under a more popular form.

On FEMALE PATRIOTISM.

Nescio quâ natale solum dulcedine captos

Ducit,—

OVID.

AS I have engag'd myself a voluntier in the service of the LADIES, I shall make it the business of my future speculations to recommend and promote such virtues as tend to make them more agreeable; and to decry and paint in their proper colours such vices or follies as blot over their beauties and render them ridiculous. But as it is much more noble to commend than censure, I have chosen for my present subject the recommendation of a virtue which seems not to have had due honour done to it, and yet is one of those which most eminently adorn the *fair* species.

PATRIOTISM is acknowledged a virtue of all others the noblest, and most becoming human nature: and I think a very good reason may be assigned why it is so: because in so noble and unlimited an affection all inferiour friendly and social affections must necessarily be included. Yet tho' this is acknowledged so rare and noble a virtue, 'tis a very common, and I fear, a very true complaint, that there is little of it extant in the world. If then PATRIOTISM, which seems a virtue peculiarly appropriated to the *male* sex, is so seldom

to

to be found in its proper place, one would expect to find nothing of a nature so heroic in soft *female* bosoms.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.

THOMSON'S *Autumn*.

Yet how great a paradox soever it may seem, I'll venture to affirm, that this virtue is not only most productive of that agreeable softness and tender delicacy the poet mentions, but also, whatever the *sons of the camp* may think of the matter, more truly possess'd by the LADIES than by two parts in three of those heroic gallants; who too commonly decry this affection as madness, and looking superficially on the outside of their actions, condemn as frantic and absurd those great spirits of old *Greece* and *Rome*.

History would supply us with very numerous instances of PATRIOT affection in *female* characters: but I chuse not to swell my paper with instances from antiquity; when every man's daily experience must furnish him with living examples of *Fair* and *British* PATRIOTS. There surely can be no man of spirit, but has been elevated with the warm and charming PATRIOT ardour of the *fair-sex* display'd on every proper occasion in their discourses: for it is the softness of the sex only that permits them not to display it in a noble manner. I have frequently observ'd, during our late wars, with what tender zeal they have been solicitous after the success of our arms; and how nice and delicate in their care after their country's honour, joining at the same time the most sympathetic concern for the sufferings of the poor
soldiers,

soldiers, and the miseries of such as are involv'd in the calamities of war.

A charming young LADY, whose particular affection for her country gain'd her the name of the PATRIOT amongst her acquaintance, had, I am assur'd, on account of her regard and generous concern for the good of the common-wealth, more admirers than even for the sake of her beauty, though that was of the first rank. And happening, in the time of our last campaign, to be charming the wrapt audience with her usual grace where a gentleman of very superiour fortune was present, he could not help bursting out in this passionate exclamation, "Gods! how happy a man must that be, who is bless'd with so soft, so generous, so noble-hearted a creature!" In short, he was ravish'd, paid his addresses, and finds in that excellent LADY every virtue he fancied, and enjoys a life of the most consummate felicity.

And whose heart but must be fired at the sight of so sweet a creature, with such elevated passions struggling in her breast? When her looks, her eyes, her words all speak the noblest affections, who but must burn with *true* PATRIOTISM? And when with soft concern she commiserates the unfortunate, who but must melt with her sorrows, and feel the growing tenderness in his bosom? The LADIES who cultivate so noble an affection can never fail of admirers, and the happy man never want a friend, a companion, and a heaven in one so nobly tender-hearted, so delicately heroic.

I might expatiate much more largely on this virtue, but the limits of my paper forbid it; however possibly I may take some future occasion. In the mean time I would by all means recommend my *fair* PATRIOT's example to the consideration of all my *female*, and her prudent lover's; to that of my *male* readers: and by the bye I could be glad, all our *warriours*, who in the times of tranquility recompense their labours with the sweet converse of the LADIES, would improve from thence as much as they can of this noble

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ble ardour, and learn from the *fair* less of their softness, more of their elevated heroism: for I would by all means believe, they are so great favourites of the LADIES, only because they expect to find in them that true love of their country, which they themselves possess in so refined, so exalted a manner.

D.

From my own Apartment in ——— College.

AS I am determin'd to preserve a constant impartiality, I shall give the following letter a place in this number: tho' I believe all my readers are convinced, that the *Essay on FIDDLING* inserted in our last was designed, not to decry *Musick* in general, but to ridicule an abuse and too great practice of it in an *University*.

To the STUDENT.

Good Mr. STUDENT,

IN your last number I find some invectives by a *Trinitonian* of our's against FIDDLING; which gave rise to the following remarks. He levels his indeed against fiddling in particular, but as they seem equally applicable to musick in general, I shall chiefly consider them in that light, and am, from the banks of *Cam* to those of *Isis*,

Your affectionate kinsman,

C. C. C. Cambridge,
April 5, 1750.

GRANTICOLA.

Q

MUSICK

MUSICK *no improper part of an* UNIVERSITY
EDUCATION.

*The man that hath no musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.——*

SHAKESPEARE.

AS an University is or ought to be esteem'd a nursery from which men are to be hereafter transplanted into the larger field of life, nothing that accomplishes the *gentleman* can be deem'd unworthy the attention of the *scholar*. MUSICK has always been look'd upon as one of these politer accomplishments, and with justice styl'd the sister of *poetry* and *painting*. For to what are we indebted for the chief beauty of the one, but to the *harmony* of verse? And what constitutes the principal excellence of the other but the *harmony* of features? Since therefore these arts are so closely connected, I observe with pleasure that a taste for them is at last so happily establish'd in this University; and that we have in some measure shook off the chains of disputation and the dominion of ARISTOTLE and BURGERSDICUS.

If examples have any weight, we are told that two of the greatest heroes of antiquity, ACHILLES and ALEXANDER, thought it not beneath them to unbend their minds with playing on the harp. And in our own country can it be thought that SHAKESPEARE could so strongly have descanted on the power of MUSICK, if he had not previously found it in his own soul? MILTON, we are assur'd, before he apply'd himself to his divine compositions, us'd to elevate and sublime his ideas and awaken the spirit of enthusiasm by playing

playing on the organ. And as we find in the *Iliad* the heathens entertained at their feasts by the lyre of APOLLO and the songs of the MUSES, so HARMONY in the *Paradise Lost* is introduc'd *so charmingly smoothing her tones as to delight even the ear of God himself.*

But tho' I would recommend this as an *amusing* science and enforce the moderate use of it, let it not be thought that I would have it the *only* one. Our mornings, I hope, are devoted to more solid and interesting studies; and whatever variety of instruments may be heard in our courts in the afternoons, I flatter myself that no one can complain of this in the former part of the day. And if such is the case, I see no reason why our *schools* may not be frequented as well as our *musick-meetings*, and NEWTON and LOCKE still have their followers as well as HANDEL and CORELLI.

In an University, how much more agreeably is an evening laid out by a select company of friends composing a concert, than in carousing over a bottle, and joining, to say no worse, in an unprofitable conversation? As to the concerts we frequently have in our halls, do they not in some measure contribute, by bringing us into company, to the wearing off that rust and moroseness which are too often contracted by a long continuance in college? And though these meetings are frequented by some so entirely on account of the company and conversation, that it has been declared that the concert would have been excellent if there had been no MUSICK in it, yet in general we shall find it otherwise. If these were abolish'd, what a mortification would many of our smart *fellow-commoners* undergo, to be deprived of the pleasure of presenting tickets to the ladies, and ushering them into the hall! Add to this, that the banishment of MUSICK from our rooms must necessarily be attended with the expulsion of the *harpsichord*, no inconsiderable part of our furniture. Not to mention the number of ingenious artists, that must by this means be reduc'd to a scanty subsistence, and

that TIREMAN and RANDAL must then only rely on the the organs of *Trinity* and *King's-College* chapels.

As to FIDDLING in particular, for my part I see no absurdity in attracting the eyes of the fair by displaying a white hand, a ring, a ruffle, or a sleeve to advantage. Nor could any one, I imagine, blame the performer, nor could he himself be displeas'd with his art, if he was so successful as to *fiddle* himself into a good fortune. This would sufficiently recompence all the pains he took in learning it; and, whatever the rigid and austere may think, the approbation of the ladies is no small spur to a proficiency in this and many other sciences. Dancing, painting, and poetry itself, as well as MUSICK, are doubly estimable on account of their sometimes procuring us the praises of the fair: and I question whether ACHILLES himself (tho' HOMER is silent on this head) would have taken so much pleasure in his harp, if he had not found it agreeable to DEIDAMIA or BRISEIS.

In short whether we look upon MUSICK as a relaxation from graver studies, or as an innocent amusement and filling up of time that might be worse employ'd, no one sure can think that improper to be admitted into a *British* University, which was look'd upon as essential to a genteel education in ancient *Greece*.

To the STUDENT.

S I R,

THE declaration you have made in your proposals, against publishing any thing that has been printed before, should have prevented me from troubling you with the following SCHEME; as the first rude sketch of it was inserted about a twelvemonth ago in one of the weekly papers. But as newspapers are things of short duration, read chiefly in coffee-houses by persons who overlook every thing that does not relate to politicks or business; some of my friends, who from the

the good opinion they have of this scheme are very desirous to see it carried into execution, have solicited me to ask you to give it a place in your *Miscellany*; in hopes thro' your patronage it may gain admittance to the closets of men of sense, where it will be considered coolly, and if it has any merit at all, will be set in it's proper light: from whose hands it may expect to meet with encouragement and improvement. Therefore what I would propose to you is

A SCHEME to raise a FUND for the maintenance of the WIDOWS and CHILDREN of the inferiour CLERGY.

THIS project came into my head from the following incident. Some time ago I went with a friend of mine to visit the widow of an officer, who for the sake of living cheap is settled in our neighbourhood. She has a boy about eight and a girl about ten years old, and I think a fonder mother or more dutiful or lovelier children I never saw. When we came in, the little boy was saying his *catechism* to his mamma, while miss was working by her; and, as I afterwards learn'd, they had no other instructor. I was so charm'd with the obliging behaviour of the mother, and the pains that the little ones took to imitate their mamma, that I could not help saying, I thought her quite happy in having such sweet children. She answer'd with a smile mixt with concern, "Poor things, if they had not lost their papa, it had been happier for them; but now they have no friend but me. However, if it please God to preserve me till they are grown up, I hope, tho' I have nothing but my pension to live on, I shall be able to give them a virtuous education; and all I desire, is to see them get a living in an honest way, tho' a mean one." Here I could not help reflecting, how happy it was, that women, left destitute so often as officers widows are, should have such provision for them, as prevents both them and their children from falling into those vices, to which necessity is so irresistible

irresistable a temptation ! She went on with saying, that
 “ if she was to begin life again, she would not marry an
 “ officer; for besides the inconvenience of their frequent ab-
 “ sence from their families, they seldom left any thing
 “ behind them but children : yet still she thought them hap-
 “ pier than the widows of the clergy in general, especially
 “ the inferiour ones ; who very often leave a numerous issue
 “ behind them, to be maintain’d by the charity of well-
 “ dispos’d people ; a meagre subsistence indeed !”

This put me upon thinking, if the same thing was done
 in the church as in the army, distresses of this nature would
 be easily remedied. The pensions of officers widows are
 paid out of a fund rais’d by their giving one day’s pay in the
 year for that purpose. Now if every ecclesiastick from the
 archbishop to the curate was to do the same, it would raise
 a fund large enough not only to maintain the widows but
 likewise to provide for many of the children.

I have mention’d this scheme to every clergyman I have
 seen for these three years last past, which they all to a man
 approv’d : and as it would be a trifle of expence to every in-
 dividual of this society, yet of such infinite advantage to the
 whole, if you would consider, improve, and recommend this
 design, it would, I believe, be soon carried into execution.

To make this succeed, it must, I know, be encouraged
 and protected by those who have the least interest in it ; I
 mean, the heads of the church, whose families are too well
 provided for to need any such assistance : and as self-interest
 is the main spring of human actions, this may appear a dis-
 couraging circumstance : but there never was a more favour-
 able opportunity of putting this design in execution than the
 present, while the church has the happiness to be govern’d
 by men, whose learning, piety, charity, and benevolence do
 honour to their profession.

That something of this sort has been and is still necessary,
 may appear from the many private provisions made by well-
 disposed people for clergymens widows, as well as from the

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the yearly collection at St. Paul's : which indeed are noble charities ; but they are partial, and do not extend to the whole. A man must have made but very little observation in the world, who has not seen several clergymens families, who have been genteelly educated, in the highest distresses : but of this no more at present, as I intend, if this meets with your approbation, to enforce the necessity of it by some histories drawn from real life.

I would have none employ'd in collecting the money to be raised but either clergymen or their sons ; and to prevent expence, it may be paid twice a year at the visitations ; and for the first two or three years nothing should be paid to any one, in order to raise a good fund at first.

We may observe how the men of trade unite themselves into societies, and contribute a certain sum weekly or monthly to make up a purse for the benefit of the whole. When any man is sick, he is allow'd so much per week out of this fund till he can perform his business ; and if any man die, his widow receives some handsome present from the common stock to comfort her for her loss. These are things done by the lowest rank of mechanicks ; and surely men of liberal education must have more extensive benevolence and generosity than the illiterate.

Perhaps the zeal I shew for the prosecution of this design may make you suspect that I am interested in it ; but I assure you that I am no clergyman myself, nor have any relation to or connection with the clergy, except that friendship, esteem, and regard, which their function claims from all mankind.

I take the liberty to give you these hints which you may improve as you please : and shall conclude with a saying of a very ingenious man, who ended a publick declamation with these words, *Si quid recte dixi, hoc est quod volui ; si non, hoc est quod potui.*

ΦΙΛΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ.

On the HUMILIATION and SUFFERINGS of our
BLESSED SAVIOUR.

*Atque haud scio, an pietate adversus Deos sublatâ, fides etiam,
& societas humani generis, & una excellentissima virtus, jus-
titia tollatur.*

CICERO de Naturâ Deorum. Lib. I.

IN this polite and learned age, if an author appear in publick, it is expected that he should either advance something new, or adorn with a rich flowery diction what the world has been already favoured with. For my part, I have not the vanity to think, that either of these rare and excellent talents falls to my share: notwithstanding I persuade myself, my appearing in publick is justifiable.

There is a set of men, who are too polite either to hear or read sermons, or any other discourses of the like nature. It is for them this essay is designed; into whose hands probably this will fall, and who will be induced to read it, either through curiosity, or for the sake of turning it into ridicule. But here I would forewarn them, that as I do not court fame by my writings, so I am quite regardless of their scorn. I write neither to improve the learned, nor entertain the curious. And therefore I study neither sublimity of sentiment, nor elegance of language; but to speak truth in plain and proper words, is the height of my ambition. Nor shall I gain my ends, if I am universally pronounced an ingenious man. No: I have different, and, as I persuade myself, nobler ends in view: viz. to work a reformation of manners, to quicken a sense of religion, and to raise in mens minds just notions of true and solid happiness. If I can but cause one generous thought to spring up, one pious resolution to be established, one virtuous action to be formed, I shall think myself more amply rewarded for my pains, than if I were loaded with universal acclamations of praise.

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THE subject I shall chuse for my present consideration, shall be that of *our LORD's humiliation and sufferings*; as well for its natural fitness and tendency to raise pious thoughts in every generous breast, as for its suitableness and propriety to the season of the year. And here I am sensible, that I immediately expose myself to the scorn and ridicule of the free-thinker. The cross of CHRIST is to him foolishness. His pride is too haughty, his notions are too sublime, to submit to a despised and crucify'd Saviour. But to an honest, unprejudiced, and humble mind, He is the power of God, and the wisdom of God. How must his contemplative soul be lost in the abyss of wonder as well as sorrow, when, with a steady faith, he beholds the pungent agonies of his blessed redeemer? No less a person than the eternal son of God, did infinite wisdom think sufficient to execute the important work of man's redemption: He, who with unbounded sway commands cherubin and seraphin, angels and arch-angels; before whom thousands of heavenly beings stand, and ten thousand times ten thousand minister unto him: who, by his almighty power, could in a moment's time, call millions of creatures out of a state of non-existence into being, in order to execute his uncontrollable commands. With what a mixture of love and astonishment, of sorrow and gratitude, reverence and praise, must he behold this sovereign Lord of universal nature led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so He opened not his mouth?

But let us turn our thoughts a little from the shocking catastrophe, and take a view of our ever adorable Saviour in the first scene of his human existence. At his very first appearance in the world, we find his humiliation commences. Instead of a splendid palace, He is born in a stable, and the lord of glory is laid in a manger. His whole life was one continu'd scene of affliction. During his younger years, He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; and when He entered upon his publick character, and began the momentous

work for which He came into the world, He was despised by his friends and relations, who envied his superiour wisdom. He taught the will of God in a plain, easy, and familiar way; and enforced his doctrine by the noblest motives. The world might have been sensibly convinced, that all the powers of the universe were at his nod. He, thro' his unbounded goodness, vouchsafed a miracle to feed thousands in the wilderness; and, by his almighty fiat, called the dead to life. The blind saw his sight-restoring hand, the deaf heard his healing words, the dumb proclaimed his amazing power, and the very devils declared his divinity. And though He thus went about doing good, he received in return perpetual insults and affronts. At last one of his own disciples betrays him, and all the rest forsake him.

Oh! the bitter agonies of his soul! what heart can conceive, or pen sufficiently express them? Oh! how is He despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief! The unmerciful Jews drag him away to the Roman governour, before whom the King of Kings is arraigned as a rebel. He is scourged, condemned, spit upon, crowned with thorns, and mocked. At length the Original of all things is crucified between two thieves. His tender hands and feet are torn with nails, and his precious side is pierced with the spear. But now the dreadful scene approaches, the moment is come, when the prince of life must depart this world. Mark! He bows; He sighs, He dies! Good God! what shocking convulsions follow this horrid deed! The mountains tremble, the earth opens, the temple is torn asunder, the rocks are rent, the dead arise! all nature is in confusion! the sun, the fountain of light, draws a veil over his face; sympathizing as it were with the Lord of nature, who was now gone down to the dark regions of the grave! But why was it ordained in the eternal decrees of heaven, that the only begotten should thus descend from the bosom of his father, and undergo such ex-

quisite

quisite tortures? Presumptuous man! would'st thou unfold the unsearchable book of fate? Know this, and let this knowledge content thee; that it was to satisfy an offended God for thy sin, and to purchase for thee, by his sufferings, everlasting mansions of bliss.

Can the generous heart reflect on these things, and not be filled with an overflowing of sorrow? Can the man, whose breast glows with the least spark of gratitude, indulge these meditations, and not prostrate himself, with the deepest humiliation of soul, before the throne of grace, and suppliantly implore the divine mercy for his many and great sins; in every one of which he has been instrumental in acting over again this horrid tragedy, and in crucifying the son of God afresh? and must they not work in him at the same time a firm and unshaken resolution of living righteously, soberly, and godly for the future? How should these contemplations inspire us with love and obedience towards God, charity towards our neighbours, and benevolence towards all mankind? What an immense debt of love and adoration do we owe to the meek and lowly Jesus for his exemplary life and cruel death? In the one He has given us the noblest pattern of all that is good, lovely and virtuous; and in the other an evident demonstration of God's irreconcilable hatred against sin. Man, vile worm! when he fell, a remedy was immediately found out for the disease: but the fallen angels, an order of creatures much more exalted in the scale of beings, are consigned to endless perdition. No one, who is not entirely lost to every generous sentiment of humanity, can reflect on these things, and not cry out with the Psalmist, *I will magnify thee, O God, my King; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I give thanks unto thee, and praise thy name for ever and ever.*

Good-Friday, 1750.

I.

The SCHOOL of IMPUDENCE;

Or, an ADVENTURE at RANELAGH GARDENS,

To the STUDENT.

S I R,

Oxford, April 25, 1750.

I WOULD be in vain to attempt, while I'm writing to a person in the same town with myself, to make him believe the letter came from elsewhere. You will know me for a fellow *Student*: but you will presently know me too for a man, who am so only because I think it one of the most eligible lives in the world. You will easily guess, by my free way of communicating a very late transaction, that I am, tho' living in the University, wholly independent on its power: and perhaps I do it more real honour by this voluntary attachment, than many of you gentlemen who are very obedient to its rules, because you dare not transgress them.

I have study'd among you many years: I have endeavour'd to forming life on the plan of several the greatest, the wisest, and consequently the happiest men in the world, who are among you: I have made some advances by their example toward many of the nobler attainments of the mind; but by a late very memorable incident, I found to my no little disappointment, that I still wanted one of the most useful qualifications of life, and yet one that I see no way of getting at in *Oxford*; I mean, IMPUDENCE.

London soon recommended itself to me as the great school for studying this happy accomplishment in. I immediately got thither; and on enquiring among the choice spirits of the age that assemble nightly at the *Bedford* coffee-house, who was the greatest proficient in this free and noble science, I was by one recommended to *Crater* HENLY, by a second to *Doctor* HELLENIUS, by a third to *Squire* FOOTE, by a fourth

fourth to the person to whom a late pamphlet was address'd by a title so pat to my design, *To the most impudent man living*. I found such a diversity of opinions, that it was not easy for a stranger to know what to fix upon. In fine, I resolv'd to leave to my own discernment the settling a point I found other people not at all ready to agree about, and determin'd not to be led by reports or appearances, but to visit the resorts of the gay and the great, and to select out my man not by his character but by his actions.

I visited that scene of all delights RANELAGH. I enter'd the room before it was half full, and had not gone a third of the circle, when the air and deportment of half a dozen parties of *females* that I met with, heighten'd by the happy contrast of the milkop looks and mincing steps of the pretty gentlemen who constituted the *beau monde* in breeches, had almost determin'd me that my business was to engage myself to a professor of that sex. I was coming apace to the resolution, when the infamously famous FACIO (a fellow whom nature has contriv'd to make half a fool, half a madman, and half a lord) enter'd the room, dangling under his arm the scarce less eminent Mrs. REPARTEE.

Tho' I had not the spirit of divination enough in me to know the characters of these two egregious personages at sight, I discern'd however at the instant, that if I should determine on a female professor in the branch of knowledge I was about to study, Mrs. REPARTEE was the woman to be chosen from the world for the office: but I thought I as soon discover'd in her companion an invincible argument against the making such a choice. Alas! *Fronti nulla fides* is too true, as you will find by the sequel.

FACIO is a man who puts even impudence itself out of countenance: he appears to have been born for the noble purpose of doing every thing he ought to be ashamed of; and, to explain a little further upon the character I have already given you of him, nature has furnish'd him with folly enough to think any thing, rashness enough to speak every thing he thinks,

thinks, and a rank in life that secures him from having his bones broken.

I follow'd him twice round the room : I ador'd the grace with which he affronted every man he met, and put every woman that came in his way out of countenance. Happy, thrice happy, thought I, is the man possess'd of such talents ! But alas ! I little imagin'd that people were born with the seeds of this great quality in them, as they are with that of poetry : much less that myself, who was come a long journey to learn what I now found was an innate incommunicable property of the soul, possess'd the seeds of it in my own breast in as great a degree, as any of the greatest worthies in it could possibly do ; nay, that I only wanted the knowledge of my own accomplishments, to set me in a light of giving lectures to the world in the very science I had ignorantly supposed myself so much deficient in. The most fatal parent of self-flattery is comparison. To this I ow'd the error of believing soon after in too large a sense, what I was now blind to.

I follow'd the noble FACCIO close : I look'd at the lady :—to look at her is to love her :—I became enamour'd of her to madness,—to all madness except that of telling her so. Her noble guardian, whose talent is not discernment, (notwithstanding his eternally rolling eyes might go a great way toward making people think so) tho' he saw me often, did not see this. Happily for me however he saw something about me that call'd up his attention. Our Oxford taylor, I find, (but that by the bye) don't come into fashions, till the people who set them are going out of them. All changes of this kind are in extreams : I had the mortification to find that my coat was so very different from his, that he attack'd me upon it ; very familiarly taking me by the hand, and telling me, he saw I was a lover, for that one might always distinguish an admirer of the ladies by the cut of his cloaths. I was rude enough to interrupt the laugh of applause, with which the charming companion of my new acquaintance

quaintance

quaintance was epiloguizing his witty raillery. I address'd myself to her instead of the noble nothing who expected my answer, and exclaimed with as little modesty as he had shewn in his attack, *What a misfortune it was to the world, that such a genius was not bred a taylor!* I had the lady fast by the hand as I deliver'd this ejaculation: she star'd at me almost as much as I did at myself for having made it; and after half a minute's intercourse of the modestest eyes in the universe, she gave me a gentle pat on the cheek, drew her lilly fingers gently to her thumb, as if to catch some shameless insect she had found there, and adding the pretence of throwing the vermin down, and drawing her foot softly over it, she said, pray Mr. *Modesty*, what part of the clouds have you just dropt from, that I never chanc'd to find you out before?

I did not at that time understand the lady's manual address to me; but I have been since acquainted by the choice spirits, that it is a form of salutation invented by the celebrated Mr. FOOTE for the use of the fair sex, and intended to give the gentleman who should be honour'd with it a proof, that the lady among other qualifications is not wanting in a soft hand, a gentle touch, a modest assurance, and a pretty foot.

I could proceed to tell you some of the smartest things in the world that pass'd between us during the two succeeding hours, in which we loung'd about the room among a parcel of two-legged things so much below our notice, as not to be worth our attention or even our regarding that we had engross'd theirs. But suffice it, that after having nonsuited my noble antagonist at his second attempt to be merry upon me, by telling him that I believ'd him to be the impudentest fellow upon the earth except myself, and that I honour'd him for it extreamly, he seem'd so perfectly satisfy'd with the place I had assign'd him, that he never disputed it with me afterwards, but very precipitately made his retreat out of one of the doors under the orchestre, leaving me in possession of the field of battle and the lady.

I claim'd a conqueror's right over my fair captive: she
very

very good-naturedly answer'd, she had received that paultry fellow we just parted from, merely because he had a superior share of *ease and freedom* (this is the term for *impudence* among the ladies) to any body she was at that time acquainted with; that exclusive of this recommendation, he had nothing that deserv'd the name of human about him; and that if, with the abundant share of her favourite qualification which she saw I was possess'd of, I could convince her that I had one good quality beside, she should own that I had a right to every thing I should be pleas'd to command of her.

You will easily conceive I had a favourable opinion enough of myself to suppose I was now within a hair's breadth of an incident, which I had never before taken into my thoughts as a part of my scheme. I congratulated myself abundantly on my happy fortune; and recollecting one by one all the good qualities I had to boast of, I spent some time in determining which was the most obvious, the most sure to be own'd at sight. I might have spar'd myself this trouble: the lady, who had left her virtue, not as I imagin'd defenceless, but to the guardianship of her wit, exerted that champion against me in so resolute and invincible a manner, that pleas'd me more and plagu'd me more than I think I was ever either pleas'd or plagu'd in my life. She heard me enter my pretensions severally to every good thing the human mind could be possess'd of, and fairly banter'd me one by one out of them all. I am unwilling to own she had reason on her side, but I frankly confess she had argument: I found she had only laugh'd at me when I thought she had seriously promis'd me every thing; and I grew uneasy at conversing with a person so much my superior in wit as well as in impudence.

I confess'd I was out of all hopes of her; and I told her too, I had come to *London* purely and purposely to be initiated in a quality, which I had indeed flatter'd myself a few hours ago I already possess'd in some degree, but that I now found there was so much disparity between the baffled lord
and

and her, that it was possible to have infinitely more merit in it than him, and yet in regard to her to know infinitely less than nothing at all of it. I concealed the name of the amazing qualification I hinted at; but she perfectly understood me. Flattery on any subject is sure to please a woman; but flattery on this was doubly acceptable to her. She laugh'd me out of the bad opinion I had entertain'd of myself, and no sooner heard that I was station'd at this seat of erudition, than she told me she had long'd to see it a great while: she offer'd me her services very frankly in character of my instructor in the noble art: in fine, we came down hither three days ago in a Phaeton together.

I have the misfortune to find that the highest-season'd dishes, tho' they tickle the appetite the most highly of all others, yet soonest pall upon the repetition. You will confess from the instance of this letter, that I have made some proficiency in my new studies; yet so it is, tho' far from presuming to think myself perfect in the art, I am heartily tir'd of my mistress. Don't misunderstand the phrase in the vulgar acceptance; the lady is impenetrable to all the darts of love; the very mention of which she has absolutely forbid me; nor, were I ever so much inclin'd, should I dare to attempt it, for fear of drawing the keenness of her wit and raillery upon me. In a word, I am tir'd of conversing with a person so much my superior in a favourite accomplishment; and as the man says in the *Daily Advertiser*, who reminds his neighbours that a stray female pointer has stray'd into his yard, if you have no ambition to take some lessons yourself on a subject that may be useful to you, any body that pleases (the noble lord from whom I took her only excepted) may have her again paying the charges of her keeping.

I am, Yours, &c.

PATRICK M'BLUSH.

The wonderful effects of the late EARTHQUAKES exemplified.
In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

S I R,

I Cannot better answer that part of your letter respecting my uneasiness at the prophecy of another earthquake, than by pointing out to you the confusion of others; for I have no pretence to more fortitude than my neighbours.

My uncle and aunt were in the utmost consternation.—The gigantick champion BULLY RUSH, who before out-brav'd every body, now shrunk in himself and snivell'd like a school-boy.—Your acquaintance Mr. QUERY, who has been a perfect Atheist many years, discover'd all the symptoms of horror and despair. Wretch that I am, says he; good God! whither shall I fly from thy presence? and turning to me, added, dear sir, let us beseech the Lord to have mercy upon us, and down he fell on his knees, and pray'd most devoutly.—*Beau JAUNTEE*, as you call him, behav'd like the pretty silly creature he is. Drops and cordials could scarce keep him alive, and he was just fainting, when in ran Mrs. * * * * tearing her hair. With all the visible signs of distraction she seiz'd the poor beau, and striking him violently on the breast, 'There, thou vile wretch, says she, may that be thy last: 'Twas owing to thy impertinence and wicked insinuations, that I broke the heart of one of the best husbands in the world; and now I have that to answer for in this my day of distress. Oh my dear husband! my husband!—and fainted. Ah conscience! what wilt thou not discover?

Glad was I at this instant to see my friend Mr. T****. He assisted me in this scene of distress; and we had just recover'd the unhappy lady, when a great rattling of coaches and clashing of whips was heard before the door, and a general outcry that the earthquake was at the end of the street; and with this, news came that the fat lawyer at next door was dead. We ran to lend them assistance likewise, where

we

we found the old man just reviving, and calling out in broken accents, lead me to the church! lead me to the church! where, upon a moderate computation, he had not been for forty years before. As he was limping along, he mutter'd these words from *Balaam*. Oh! let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.— Another general outcry ensued of a subterraneous voice, which was heard to pronounce these words: Woe be unto this city! Woe unto the inhabitants thereof! and woe be unto the wicked! This, however, happen'd to be only lady FADDLE's parrot, which was shut by accident into the vault. Fear will create a thousand phantoms. Just at this time, a great smoke was seen at Mr. STANZA the poet's house; and least it should be on fire and the man in the midst on't, we burst in and ran up to his study, where we found the repentant poet kneeling before a large fire, burning his fragments. He had before consum'd a new, curious, and very extraordinary translation, which he had made of the *Iliad* in the *acrostick* manner; the first letter of every line carrying on a catalogue of the persons mentioned in that poem, which every one must bewail as a great loss to the literary world: and he was just then setting fire to six large heaps of *Echos*, *Bouts*, and *Rebuses*. This his conscience excited him to do by way of atonement for writing a bawdy poem, which was to have been publish'd that very day.

I should now have returned to our own family, for which I was in great pain; but my friend insisted on my going with him to Mr. GRIPE's, where had been long pent up and conceal'd from him his darling lady, Miss BRIGHT. At the door we met the old gentleman, who you know is remarkably avaritious, heaping his bags and writings into a coach, which he had provided for his escape. The good wife stood by, crying, Mr. GRIPE! Mr. GRIPE! you'll fill the coach too full; lord bless me! there will be no room for me and the children! Then you may stay till I come back, madam, says he, or get up on the coach-box. This

done, he flapp'd to the door, turn'd the key, and order'd the coachman to drive on, leaving three dear children behind lock'd up with his charge, the lovely Miss BRIGHT. My friend *Dick*, on seeing his love thro' the window, forgot every other fear but that of losing her, and was wholly intent on a rescue, which he perfected in good order, and had humanity enough to take the three children with him, whom I am told he carried to a relation's house of theirs, about ten miles from town, and then made clear off with his lady. Heav'n bless them together!

As I was returning hastily home, I saw a family in great distress; the machine brought for their removal being overloaded and broke down before the door. There was a gentleman stood by the vehicle, whom I took for the master of the family, whose deportment and serenity did not seem to betray any fear; yet I discover'd afterwards, that he was almost touch'd with the general infatuation; for a *negro-boy* ran up to him, and said in broken English, *Sir, be dere anoder God in de country, dat we run dither?* No, my boy, said the gentleman with a becoming resignation, there is not; and therefore I will have the coach unloaded, and my family shall stay in town. When I came home, I found all things prepar'd for a decampment. My uncle and aunt were already in the coach with the bully and the beau, and my horse and that of Mr. QUERY's were by the coach-door. We mounted and drove on at a great rate, till we came to *Hide-Park-Corner*, where we were met by a man in a foreign habit: he deliver'd a paper to Mr. QUERY, who immediately cry'd out, stop, coachman, stop! the earthquake is cur'd! and riding up to the coach, read this advertisement.

Just arriv'd from LIMA (by the blessing of heav'n) and may be apply'd to for comfort on this melancholy occasion,

DR. DON DIVONO BALLIMONTADO, the so much celebrated, revivifying Physician, who is really, truly, and bonâ fide, possess'd of the only safe, certain, and sovereign Remedy

medy against Earthquakes, Eruptions, and Vulcanos ; which is only a very little, little PILL.

The incredible virtues of this medicine in other respects, are of too much importance to be pass'd over. For against Thunder and Lightning 'tis infallible, insomuch as it always converts the Nitre into Hail-stones, witholds the Air, when running away from the region of Fire, and reduces that element to its own cell.—

For Winds, contrary Winds, and Hurricanes, 'tis so effectual and infallible, that sailors should never go to sea without it. Many a ship has been lost for want of this PILL. Price only TWO GUINEAS. One of which is to be swallow'd, in a dram of good Nants, just before the Earthquake, Lightning, Winds, or contrary Winds begin. Delo donomintado selementos dio fallitando.

See the directions at large ; and consult the Doctor himself, who lodges at the sign of the Five Elements, PALL-MALL.

Yon can't conceive how all parties were comforted with this advertisement. My uncle blest'd his stars ; my aunt was in raptures ; the bully began again to hold up his head ; the beau complain'd of nothing now but a cruel pimple on his face, which he cover'd with a patch he took out of a little box conceal'd in the head of his cane, and *John* the coachman had orders to drive home. As we return'd, Mr. QUERY confest'd to me that he was really very much frighten'd, and that he always believ'd in God, and was firmly perswaded of the truth of the Christian religion ; but, said he, I denied my opinion, sir, because you know it has of late been unfashionable.

My uncle, the bully, the beau, and Mr. QUERY clubb'd, and made a considerable purchase of those Pills ; by means of which, or some other means, we have as yet been free from the Earthquake. But there is another circumstance which is more melancholy, and gives me much more uneasiness than any earthquakes whatever could possibly do ; that is, our being returned to the same state of wickedness,
like

like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire, and are every day in danger of being devoured foul and body by our own inordinate passions.

P. S. I was this day shewn a letter from a tradesman in the country to his wife in town, which, in my opinion, contains a better *Nostrum* for Earthquakes than the above, and is as follows :

MY DEAR,

WOULD you have me neglect the very business I came upon, to protect you from the ignorant, the mad, and the enthusiastical? 'Tis impious and vain for people to pretend to fly from the hand of heav'n. The Almighty can strike every part of the globe with the same ease as one particular spot ; and consequently you are as safe in *London*, as if you were in *York*, *Exeter*, or any where else.

Your apprehension, that the wickedness of a few may call down destruction on the whole, is to the last degree irreligious, and repugnant to the known attributes of the Almighty. Pray, is it consistent with the mercy and justice of God to punish any man for the sins of his neighbour? There is one way, my dear, to be safe and easy under every accident of this sort ; and tho' it is a secret of infinite value, yet I may venture to tell it to you ; and that is,

TO LIVE SO AS TO BE ALWAYS READY TO DIE.

*Virtue, my dear, needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence.*

The steward who keeps his accounts clear and ready balanc'd, hath no reason to fear his lord's calling to inspect them. Now this secret, my dear, I'll give you leave to communicate to your friends and acquaintance, as I shall to
mine,

mine. But be sure to give it the air of a secret, or 'twill have no effect; for the finest, the richest gems lose their value, by growing too common.

I am, my dear,

Your truly affectionate husband,

J. B.

Part of the second CHORUS *in the*
THYESTES of SENECA.

NOT wealth a monarch can create,
Nor purple robe of solemn state;
The awful brow, majestic port,
High-blazing roof, or gorgeous court.

He is a king, who void of fear,
With manly heart and conscience clear,
Can face the rude inconstant crowd,
And big-mouth'd faction, bellowing loud;
Nor raging frown, nor suppliant knee,
Can undermine his just decree.

Not all the rising morn reveals,
Or ocean's dark abyss conceals,
Not all the *Tagus'* golden tide
Does in his secret caverns hide,
Nor wastes, where howling monsters stay,
Can make his courage melt away.

He unappal'd can lift his eye,
Where thunder roars, and lightnings fly:
Not raging *Eurus* rushing fast
Upon his sea-amazing blast;
The *Adriatick* boiling high,
And loudly menacing the sky;
Nor brandish'd sword, nor fate's own dart,
Can find out terrour in his heart.

From

From summit of exalted mind
 He views the world all unconfin'd;
 A safe asylum there enjoys
 From all its rage, and pomp, and noise;
 And when the gods demand his breath,
 He meets his doom, and smiles at death.

Each honest mind's a spacious realm,
 Where virtue reigns, and reason guides the helm.—
 In vain the *Parthian* brings from far
 His glittering implements of war,
 Envenom'd shafts, and flying horse,
 And all the means of savage force;
 In vain with wily speed he flies,
 And glancing back, his hunter dies.

Who knows no fear, and he alone,
 Enjoys a sceptre and a throne;
 In his own breast triumphant reigns,
 And meaner empire he disdains.

I envy not the mighty name
 Its lofty pinnacle of fame;
 The sleepless monarch's anxious state,
 Nor borrow'd splendour of the great.

Mine be content and heav'n-born peace,
 With sweet retirement and ease.
 Unknown to *Rome's* imperial pride,
 O may my years in silence glide!
 And when the vision's passed by,
 An old plebeian let me die!

Since death in all his terror drest
 Alarms the unexpected breast,
 Unwise is he, who in the crowd
 Forgets his coffin and his shroud.

T. N.

An ADDRESS to an HOUSE in F——E STREET.

THOU once lov'd abode of an heavenly fair,
Ah! why that sad look, and disconsolate air?
Methinks, thou forsaken, I hear thee complain
The loss thou hast suffer'd, and murmur in vain.

Ye doors, on your hinges as slowly ye turn,
Creak dismal all day, and in treble notes mourn:
Ye windows, where CYNTHIA, so mild and so bright,
Beam'd on mortals beneath, and supply'd 'em with light;
Since she in another horizon does shine,
Forever look dull, and in darkness repine.

Ah! rival of day, thy ENDYMION behold,
As, veil'd in a cloud, thy fair sister of old,
When closing in slumbers her dear shepherd's eyes,
To steal a fond kiss she abandon'd the skies:
From thy long eclipse break, and with one gentle smile
Dispel all his fears, and his sorrows beguile.

As the pale sleepless miser, his bags stol'n away,
Oft visits the shrine, where his God Mammon lay;
There broods o'er his loss, and indulges his grief,
And sighs to the winds all in vain for relief;
So I that dear mansion still hover around,
And haunt even dreaming that consecrate ground,

In happy concealment how oft did I gaze,
With transports unsated on that lovely face!
That aspect, where sweetness and modesty strove
Which most should inspire with wonder and love!

But oh, profane Muse, ne'er attempt to display,
In her eye-beams what languishing meanings did play!
What smiles and soft glances so in ocent stole
On love's gentle embassy, warm from her soul!

How beauty, in blushes drest like a sweet bride,
 Sat thron'd on her cheek in vermilion pride!
 Her person how lovely! how graceful her air!
 With a temper as mild as her visage is fair!
 Her manners so artless, and yet so refin'd!
 So humble and yet so exalted her mind!
 Her passions so tender and warm yet so chaste,
 Like the vestal's pale fire, they burn in her breast!
 So poignant her wit, and her judgment so clear!
 So female her heart is, and yet so sincere!

But cease, fond description; nor labour to paint
 The form of an angel or worth of a saint:
 With graces the Gods so adorn'd her all o'er,
 To love is presumption,—then, mortals, adore.

London.

T. N.

The DRONE and the SPIDER. A FABLE.

In imitation of Mr. GAY.

Itane parâsti te, ut spes nulla reliqua in te fiet tibi?

TERENT.

AS, banish'd from th' industrious hive,
 A DRONE, despairing now to live;
 Travers'd with mournful hum the air;
 He fell into a SPIDER's snare.
 In hopes to break the slender chain,
 His wings he shook, but shook in vain:
 The more he strove, entangled more,
 He gave the fruitless labour o'er.

Ah, most unhappy Drone! he cry'd;
 The means of life were first deny'd:

The

The cruel honey-making weal
Drove me all helpless from the cell:
And now, of liberty bereft,
I'm to a Spider's mercy left!
But all must die, or soon or late;—
With *patience* I submit to fate.

The SPIDER lurk'd unheeded by,
And heard the sad soliloquy;
Then rushing on his captive said:
Shall abject cowards *patience* plead?
Had that firm virtue steel'd your breast,
With freedom you had yet been blest;
Where industry preferment meets,
Had shar'd the toil, and shar'd the sweets,
Observe this web;—What happy art
The fabrick shews in ev'ry part!
View well the texture and design;
What silk was ever half so fine!
With what exactness too decrease
The circles regularly less!
Thro' each the parting rays extend,
And all the curious frame suspend,
This common centre is my throne:
The mechanism all my own:—
Myself from out these bowels drew
The subtle film, and spun the clue,
How diff'rent is your case and mine!
Despis'd, exploded, you repine;
While I, disdaining to depend,
Find in myself a real friend,

He spoke. The DRONE, his lawful prize,
Unfit to live, unpitied dies.

A Soliloquy on Recovery from Sickness.

— ΟΥ ΤΟΙ ΣΤΟΝΑΧΑΙΣ,
ΑΑΑ' ΕΥΧΑΙΣ ΘΕΟΥ ΣΕΒΙΖΟΥ-
Σ', ΕΕΕΙΣ ΕΥΑΜΕΡΙΑΝ—

EURIPID.

Distress'd, O God, yet passive, how the scales,
That hung so poiz'd, wou'd turn; if life or death
Was by thy masked providence design'd;
I late essay'd in doubtful notes to sing:
But now thy mercy kindly intervenes,
And frees me from the agonizing pains,
Which did each noble vital part assail;
Now opens to my view a prospect fair
Of more revolving seasons yet to come.
My heart with zeal and gratitude relenting
Pours forth her thanks before thy awful throne,
For peace, for health, and faculties restor'd.
Thou might'st, dread sov'reign, have confin'd me here,
With loss of quiet, reason, sense decay'd,
A state forlorn and far more worse than death.

Depriv'd of MYRA, thy best fav'rite gift,
And conscious of no scarlet stains within,
Pensive I walk the solitary grove,
And often call on death, but call in vain:
My fancy draws him as an angel fair,
And courts him as the messenger of peace,
Without whose friendly aid, I ne'er shall reach
Those joys, which *Revelation* doth assure,
Thou hast in store for all the truly wise.

But since thy will decrees my longer stay,
O! give me patience, lend assisting grace,

To grapple with the numerous ills of life,
 That rise in hideous forms to scare my soul,
 And plunge me in the gulf of black despair.
 Shou'd the scene change, and gayer prospects rise,
 Joy smile around, and Plenty strew my way,
 Be ever present! equal danger's there.
 And oh! if for thy glory life's prolong'd,
 Direct the means conducive to that end.
 All pow'r is thine, all nature at thy beck,
 And nothing able to resist thy will.

ZENO.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 5.

PARAPHRASED.

WHAT effenc'd youth on beds of roses laid
 Courts thee, O PYRRHA, in some pleasing shade, }
 In artless elegance of dress array'd?
 What fav'rite swain commands thy nicest care,
 And bids those ringlets grace thy flaxen hair?
 Oft of the Gods he'll with a sigh complain,
 Oft at your broken vows lament in vain:
 Secure and heedless of the shifting scene,
 Surpriz'd he'll view that aspect once serene
 Ruffled with frowns; who now within his arms
 Thinks he possesses you in all your charms;
 And too too easily believes you'll prove
 True to his passion, yielding to his love,
 Wretched are those, whom that fair form beguiles,
 Dupes to your charms, and victims of your smiles!
 My weeds all wet and dripping from the main,
 And votive tablet hung on high proclaim, }
 My bliss secure, and peace restor'd again.

On

On a YOUNG LADY playing and singing.

I.

EUPHEMIA play'd :—what lively raptures stole
 With gentle force on ev'ry sense around !
 Touch'd with the sudden joy my very soul
 At once sprung forth to catch th' enchanting sound,

II.

She sung :—that voice I almost dy'd to hear,
 My ravish'd soul could scarcely be repress'd,
 Eager to mingle with that heav'nly air,
 Which she with her ambrosial breath had blest.

III.

Turn fair one ; by those eyes new life, (I cry'd)
 As by heav'n's stolen flame, will be inspir'd :
 She turn'd :—when straight, like SEMELE, I dy'd
 Beneath the lightning I had just desir'd,

IV.

With kind surprize my sudden fall she view'd,
 And rais'd me pale and breathless from the ground ;
 Her angel-touch the springs of life renew'd,
 And with new joy my vig'rous pulses bound.

V.

Ah ! fair EUPHEMIA, in this gentle strife
 How could I wish whole ages to employ ?
 This still to make the business of my life,
 Thus still I'd die to live, and live to die.

ANTONIE

ANTONII ALSOP GUILIELMO N—

ODE EPISTOLARIS.

CHARE vir, crebri officij benignus,
Chare vir, nostris vicibus dolere
Suetus, et totum quod adest levamen

Ferre paratus;

Semper o nostris, semel et secundo,
Rebus adjutor, facilis favensque
Quo soles vultu cape luctuosæ

Munera Musæ.

Ter quater Phœbe, docilis novari,
Dispari aspectu similique fulsit,
Sæva mi de quo secuire dulces

Fata Hymenæos.

Nullus ex illo vacuum doloris
Me dies sponsæ immemoremve vidit,
Nulla nox fomnos placidos, ut olim, in-
dulsit ocellis.

Sive per terram vagus hospes erro,
Sive iter rado liquidum per æquor,
Quo feror cunque aut fugio, peremptæ ux-
oris imago

It comes, tristis comes: O placenti
Umbra deludens specie! O amantis
Vana spes, cui tam prope sponsa fertur

Tam procul absens?

Hanc mihi postquam rapuit Tonantis
Ira, non ardens patriam videndi
Cura cor tangit, nec habent quod olim

Dulce penates.

Quin sita hinc longè loca, pristinoque
Sæculo ignotum paro me per orbem
Devehi, averfis dubius ferarve

Auspiciis Dijs.

Artium expertes eo per popellos,
Artium ipse expers, ubi non canori
Quis sciens plectri, nec amata Phœbo

Pieridum vox

Uspiam auditur, licet arva Divus
Rectà equos flectens propiore torret
Lampade, et flamma rutilus potenti

Omnia complet.

Qui color vitæ mihi cunque, scribam,
Et tibi scribam; mihi fin dierum
Instet extremus, renuatque plures

Jupiter annos,

Carmen hoc magni accipias amoris

Ultimum pignus : valeas, amice,

Et mihi quicquid superi negârunt,

Dent tibi lætum.

The Author of this Ode is too well known to need any recommendation. But we think it a duty owing to his memory to inform the publick, that proposals are just publish'd for printing his Works in one Volume Quarto, for the benefit of a very near relation.

In ANTRUM novem scribis extractum.

CEdite, Parnassi colles et culmina Pindi;
Musarum in vestris non canit ulla jugis.
Hanc voluere sibi meritò sacrariæ ædem
Pierides, manibus quam posuere suis.

E N D of the fourth number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER V. *May 31, 1750.*

On BEAUTY.

Noris quàm elegans formarum spectator sem.

TERENT.

MY design is not to enquire into the nature and effects of BEAUTY, but only to point out such qualifications, as are necessary to make it truly amiable, and without which it is rather a disgrace than an ornament to the person possess'd of it.

The first of these is VIRTUE. This, I think, is absolutely necessary in all persons of every age and condition, to make them agreeable and recommend them to our esteem and approbation. An handsome *Courtezan* is a very mean and contemptible creature: the beauty of her face, instead

Numb. V.

X

of

of excusing her folly adds to the deformity of her character; and whoever is acquainted with the one, can take but little pleasure in the other. If she has receiv'd any advantages from nature or education, her abuse of these tends to aggravate her guilt, and render her more odious and disagreeable. In short, the most celebrated *Peerefs* in the land, that has lost her innocence, will appear no less unamiable in the eyes of a man of sense, than the meanest *Orange-Wench* in *Drury-Lane*.

The second necessary qualification is *MODESTY*; by which I understand, not barely such a modest deportment as becomes all persons of either sex alike, but withal a certain graceful bashfulness, which is the peculiar ornament and characteristick of the fair sex. There is a degree of boldness very allowable and even commendable in a man, which is quite unnatural in a woman: in the one it denotes courage, in the other an impertinent assurance and haughtiness. The more *feminine* softness and beauty any one has in her countenance, the more insufferable is her *masculine* behaviour: her good qualities (if she has any) will be generally unobserved, seldom approved of, and never commended; and tho' in all other respects she may be compleatly amiable, yet for want of a becoming *MODESTY* she will appear compleatly disagreeable.

The third thing requisite is *GOOD-SENSE*. *BEAUTY* without this is insipid; and however it may raise our compassion, it can never make us admire the possessor of it. Her very looks will betray her weakness: her languishing airs and forc'd smiles give us a disgust to the most exquisite features and the fairest complexion; and when once she begins to speak, her charms vanish in an instant. To be pleased with the beauty of a fool is a mark of the greatest folly.

After *GOOD-SENSE* comes *GOOD-NATURE*; which is as graceful to the mind, as *BEAUTY* is to the body. It makes

VIRTUE

VIRTUE
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VIRTUE appear in the most amiable light, and adds a lustre to every other good quality. It gives the finishing stroke, if I may so say, to an handsome face, and spreads such an engaging sweetness over it, as no art can equal nor any words describe. On the other hand, the frowns of *Ill-nature* disgrace the finest countenance: not even the wrinkles of old age can make it so homely and deformed. A scold, tho' never so handsome, is universally hated and avoided: the very sight of her is odious, and her company intolerable.

I shall mention but one more qualification requisite to make BEAUTY amiable; and that is GOOD-BREEDING. As a precious stone, when unpolished, appears rough, so BEAUTY without GOOD-BREEDING is awkward and unpleasing. Nature indeed is at all times the same, but does not discover its beauty till refined and improved by art. A genteel behaviour, tho' it cannot alter the shape and complexion of a fine woman, is however necessary to make them agreeable: VIRTUE, MODESTY, GOOD-SENSE, and GOOD-NATURE will signify but little without it. 'Tis not sufficient that a woman has good features and an handsome person, unless she knows how to shew them off to the best advantage; nor will the finest accomplishments make her compleatly agreeable, unless they are properly improved by a good education, and appear conspicuous in a polite behaviour.

Every man of sense and taste will, I believe, allow the necessity of the qualifications abovemention'd to make BEAUTY truly amiable; and that, notwithstanding they all equally contribute to effect this, yet if one of them only is wanting, the others will have but little power without it.

How inexpressibly amiable must that person be, in whom all these qualifications unite! whose countenance bespeaks the most untainted VIRTUE; whose looks are full of the most engaging MODESTY; from whose eyes GOOD-SENSE and GOOD-NATURE dart their enlivening rays; and whose whole behaviour is a perfect pattern of GOOD-BREEDING!

Oxford affords a remarkable instance of the most exquisite BEAUTY, thus adorned with every good quality and desirable accomplishment:

Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatemur.

But here I must stop my pen, and leave it to some able hand to draw a picture of the matchless Miss

Our *Oxford* Students will easily know how to fill up this blank: and our other readers may supply it with whatever name they think deserving the character.

A FRAGMENT of NÆVIUS CRITICALLY EXPLAINED.

Mr. STUDENT,

WHILE others applaud your wit, give me leave to commend your judgment: and it is for this; that you are not unwilling sometimes to sacrifice a few pages of your monthly productions to dabblers in *Critique*. A noble fund this, believe me, especially for a young beginner. Every one can't write original pieces, but every one can find fault; and, the lucky discovery once hit upon, there remains no rest to the sagacious head, till it has seen its offspring in print. Hence (if you continue your indulgence) you will never fail of sufficient subsidies: Hence the following animadversions offer themselves to the publick, thro' the vehicle of your Studentship's lucubrations.

There is a fragment in old NÆVIUS, which says thus: *Coquus edit Neptunum, Venerem, Cererem*: And it is call'd by STRADA an *Ænigma*. This Riddle NONIUS attempts to unfold, by substituting for the three last words, *pisces, olera, panem*. See then the meaning in English. *A baker* (for that is here meant by *coquus*) *eats fish, pot-herbs, and bread*. A

noble

noble discovery truly! Pray, what does a *barber*, a *taylor*, a *cobler* eat? Why *fish*, *pot-herbs*, and *bread*, when they come in his way; and a *baker* can do no more. Let us a little alter the form of the words, and reduce them to a question. I ask then, What man is that who eats *fish*, *pot-herbs*, and *bread*? A *baker*, answers NONIUS. And why a *baker*, rather than any other man? He assigns no reason, and is in the right not to offer at it; but by his silence has left us another *Riddle*, much more unintelligible than that he pretends to unravel. What then? shall we thus tamely suffer our friend NÆVIUS to be tortur'd and mangled by a stupid unmeaning *Grammaticaster*? No, dear *Student*, let us rise bravely in his defence. Why, mun, he was one of us: A wit of the first rank, and wrote nothing without justness and propriety. Had it not been so, HORACE would never have pass'd an encomium upon him, equal at least to any he bestows on the best of the old Authors: NÆVIUS *in manibus non est*, &c. "His works were so much admired, that the book was thrown aside: they had it all by heart." Now must we not conclude from hence, that this sentence of his has some real and substantial meaning couch'd under it? that it contains all the properties of a just *Ænigma*? that the three words predicated are precisely adapted to the subject? and that they are applicable to him, and him alone? I am really of this opinion; and proceed to give you (as I think) a very intelligible account of them.

In the first place, the word *edit*, which (in complaisance to PLINY's authority) is render'd *eats*, I would have render'd *publishes*, or *exposes to sale*. Thus then "the *baker* exposes to sale *Neptune*, *Venus*, and *Ceres*." But how so? Put for *Neptunus* *salt*, for *Venus* *fermentum*, and for *Ceres* *triticum*, and you have all the ingredients of what he sells;—his *loaf*. Here now is a *Riddle* indeed! For that *Neptune* may fairly represent *salt*, requires but few grains of it to discover: and the putting of *Venus* for *yeast* or *leaven* (which is the froth or foam of some fermented liquor) her *Greek* name sufficiently justifies.

justifies. But what shall we say to the last, *Ceres and tritium*? Here my guide *Oedipus* deserts me, and refers me to the first *Davus* I shall meet, for the solution of this great difficulty.

Adieu, Dear STUDENT, for the present: this is my first essay for your sake: wherefore, as you tender your reputation, which for the future I intend to take under my protection, be sure to puff it off handsomely. For I am hugely in love with my performance, and shall pity those weak wretches (if any such there be) who chuse rather to think with NONIUS, than with me and *Jove*. But after all, if I have not quite hit the mark, yet the most ill-natur'd will admit that my aim was good; that *my cake is not all dough*. And if they allow but some partial solution of the *Ænigma* propos'd to have been made by me, I am at ease: their guts, if not their brains, (probably both together) will suggest to them, that *half a loaf is better than no bread*.

I am yours, &c.

TROXARTES.

An ORIGINAL LETTER

From RICHARD BAXTER (*the famous Dissenting Minister*)
in vindication of his own conduct.

For the Rev. Dr. RICHARD ALLESTREE, *the King's Professor*
of Theologie at his lodgings in CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

December 20, 1679.

AS your ingenuity giveth me full satisfaction, I am very desirous to give you such just satisfaction concerning myself, that you may think neither better nor worse of me than I am. We old men are prone to have kinder thoughts of our childish old acquaintance than of later, and to value most their esteem whom we most esteem; and the current

report

report of your honesty as well as knowledge commandeth a great estimation of you from us all.

I was before the wars offended much at the multitude of ignorant drunken readers who had the care of souls, and the great number of worthy ministers who were cast out and ruined, and of serious Christians that were prosecuted for praying together and for little things. I was one of those that were glad that the Parliament 1640 attempted a reformation of these things, which I express'd perhaps too openly. I liv'd in a town (*Kedermister*) then famous for riotousness and drunkenness. They twice rose against me, and thought to kill me; once for saying that infants had original sin, &c. the next time for persuading the church-wardens to execute the Parliament's orders (the King being yet with them) for defacing the images of the Trinity on the Cross; when they knock'd down two strangers for my sake, that carried it to their graves. Then the old curate indicted me at the assizes, I never heard for what; but I was forc'd to be gone. If any did but sing a psalm or repeat a sermon in their houses, the rabble cried, *down with the Round-Heads*, and were ready to destroy them; so that the religious part of the town were forced to fly after me to *Coventree*, where we lived quietly; but having nothing of their own they were constrained to become garrison soldiers, and I took my bare diet to preach once a week, refusing the offered place of captain to the garrison. The news of 200000 murder'd by the Irish and Papist strength in the King's armies, and the great danger of the Kingdom, was publish'd by the Parliament: my judgment then was, that neither King nor Parliament might lawfully fight against each other; that the constitution united them, and dividing was dissolving and destroying; and only necessary defence of the constitution was lawful; but that the *bonum publicum* was the essential end of government: and though I thought both sides faulty, I thought that both the defensive part and the *salus populi* lay on the Parliament's side; which I very
openly

openly published and practised accordingly: the Parliament still professing, that they took not arms against the King, but against subjects; that not only fled from justice, but fought by arms to destroy the Parliament, &c. In a word, my principles were the same with Bishop BILSON's (of *Subjection*) and JEWELL's, but never so popular as R. HOOKER's. When I had stay'd in *Coventree* a year, my father in *Shropshire* was plundered by the King's soldiers, who never was against the King or conformity. I went into *Shropshire*, and he was for my sake taken prisoner to *Linshall*. I stay'd at *Longford* garrison two months; and got him exchange'd for Mr. R. FOWLER. In that time the garrisons being a little more than a mile's distance, the soldiers on each side us'd frequently to have small attempts against each other, in which Judge FIENNE's eldest son was kill'd on our side, and one soldier on their side, and no more that I know of. I was present when the soldier was kill'd: the rest ran away, and our soldiers hurt him not but offer'd him quarter, but he would not take it nor lay down his arms; and I was one that bid him lay them down, and threaten'd to shoot him, but hurt him not, he striking at me with his musket, and missing me. I rode away from him, and Capt. HOLDINGS the governour, being behind me, shot him dead: and it grieved me the more, because we heard after, he was a Welchman and knew not was said to him. I never saw a man kill'd but this;——nor indeed this, for I was rode away from him. Above 200 prisoners we there took, and all save two or three got away from us through a sink-hole, and the rest were exchange'd. I return'd to *Coventree*, and follow'd my studies another year. All that garrison abhorred sectarian and popular rebellious principles. The Parliament put out the Earl of *Effex* and new modelled their armies, and gave FAIRFAX a new commission, leaving out the King; when before all the soldiers commissions were to fight for King and Parliament. *Naseby* fight suddenly followed. Being near, I went some days after to see the field and army: when I came to them (before

Leicestershire

Leicester) divers orthodox captains told me, that we were all like to be undone, and all along of the Ministers, who had all (save Mr. BOWLES) forsaken the army, and the Sectaries had thereby turn'd their preachers, and possess'd them with destructive principles against King, Parliament, and Church; and now they said, God's providence had put the trust of the people's safety into our hands, and they would, when the conquest was finish'd, change the government of Church and State, and become our lords. This struck me to the heart: I went among them and found it true. Hereupon they persuaded me yet to come among them, and got WHALEY (then sober and against those men) to invite me to his regiment, the most sectarian and powerful in the army. I went home to *Coventree*, and slept not till I had call'd together about twelve or more reverend ministers who then liv'd here, (divers are yet living) and told them our sad case, and that I had an invitation, and was willing to venture my life in trial to change the soldiers minds. I asked leave of the committee and governours, who consented. Before midnight the garrison reviled the committee for consenting. They sent for me again, and told me I must not go; the soldiers would mutiny. I told them I had promised, and would go. But I foolishly to satisfy them told them my reasons, which set Col. PUREFOY in a rage against me for so accusing the army. The next morning I went, and met with the consequence of my error; for CROMWELL had notice of what I said, and came about before I could get thither, and I was met with scorn, as one that came to save Church and State from the army. There I staid awhile, and found, being but one in the place, I could do but little good. I got Mr. COOK to help me, who since helped Sir GEORGE BOOTH into *Ghester* for the King, and was imprisoned for it, tho' now he is silenced. He and I spent our time in disputing against the destroyers, and so far prevailed as to render the seducers in that regiment contemned, except in one troop or a few more. I told the orthodox Parliament of their danger. But

CROMWELL frustrated my chief hope, and would not suffer me to come nigh the general, the head-quarters, or himself, nor ever once to speak to him. When the war seemed over, I was invited home again; but I call'd near twenty ministers together at *Coventree*, and told them that the crisis was now not far off; the army would shortly shew themselves in rebellion against King, Parliament and Church; and I was willing to venture my life to try to draw off as many as I could against them. They voted me to stay: I went back, and it pleased God, that the very first day they met at *Nottingham* in council to confederate as I foresaw, I was not only kept away, but finally separated from them by bleeding almost to death, 120 ounces at the nose; had not that prevented, I had hazarded my life at *Triploe* heath, where they broke out, but had done little good. For when the sober part then declared against them, they drew off about 5000 or 6000 men, and CROMWELL filled up their places with Sectaries, and was much stronger than before. All that I could do after, was to preach and write against them. This is the true account of the case of your old friend,

RICHARD BAXTER.

How little knew Mr. DURELL! how falsely he described my case at *Kedermister*! I may not now stay you with a narrative.

The DISTRESSES of a CLERGYMAN's family.

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your last number the scheme, which a worthy friend of mine told me he intended to send you, for raising a fund for the maintenance of the *Widows and Children of the inferiour Clergy*, I have taken the liberty to send you the following story; which, as it is true, proves how
necessary

necessary a provision of this kind is. Was every man to communicate the distresses which fall under his own observation from the want of it, I am persuaded you would have matter enough to fill several folios: but if you publish now and then a story of this kind, it will keep the scheme alive, and very possibly be the occasion of its being carried into execution. The following I had from one of the family, who was a sharer of the distresses you will find in it. She would not give me leave either to mention her name or place; I shall therefore speak of it in general terms.

A clergyman in the west of *England*, possess'd of a living of 150 l. per annum, had five children, three sons and two daughters. The education of his sons he took to himself: that of his daughters fell to the lot of his wife, who (to tell her character in few words) was in no respect inferior to any of her sex either for the charms of her person or mind; and if she was excell'd in merit by any of ours, it was by her husband, whose private character as a man and a christian made him as much the object of esteem to those who had the happiness of his acquaintance, as his amiable behaviour in his function gain'd him the love and veneration of all those who had only heard of his character. Under the care and tuition of this worthy couple, who were living patterns of virtue and goodness, were these children brought up. After the father had seen his three sons settled in the world in trades suited to their capacities and his fortune, he died, and left his wife and two daughters worth about 200 l. and the goods of the house, which, as they had been many years married, could not be of any great value. What a shocking downfall was this! thus to be reduc'd from an income of 150 l. per annum, to that of 10 l.

But to let the lady tell her own story,—I shall give it you in her own words. She said, that the loss of her father afflicted her too much to give her leave to think of herself, and that this misfortune threw her mother into so violent a fit of illness as alarm'd her with the dreadful apprehensions

of a second loss equal to the first : but time, says she, and scarcity of money having brought us a little to ourselves, my mother, sister, and myself, the melancholy remains of a once chearful family, began to think how we should live. My sister and I propos'd going to service, and to allow our mother something every year out of our wages. My brothers too, whose duty to her was no less than their love to us, insisted on being admitted into a contribution so agreeable to their duty and inclination. My mother, who was behind none of us in affection, thanked us with tears in her eyes for our kind offer; and said, that she thought herself amply rewarded by this expression of their love and duty for all the care and pains they had cost her; but she hop'd, as her poor husband was so universally beloved by all that knew him, and had the happiness of living in the strictest friendship with gentlemen of the best of fortunes, that their memory of his merit would raise her some friends; which would enable her to protect, and not to rob, her dear children. But how grossly was she mistaken in this! for all those neighbours, that us'd to come in and out so freely and without ceremony, now made formal visits of condolence; and those who had profess'd the strongest friendship in my poor father's time, came seldom or never to see us; which shews, that distress does not drive away friends, but only distinguishes the real from the pretended ones. This hurt my mother to the last degree; for as she was sincere herself, she was inclin'd to think every one else so. I then thought we were at the height of our misery; but severer distresses were reserv'd for us; for the 200 l. which my father had with great care got together, he generously lent to a neighbouring farmer to prevent his landlord from seizing his stock, and all our security was the farmer's bond, who about this time broke and left the country. Thus were we totally destitute of friends and support; and to add to this, we were oblig'd to remove from the parsonage house to give room for the gentleman and his family who was to succeed my father. And as there was no house

empty

empty in the parish, and our poverty was too much known to expect any civilities from the neighbourhood, we went to a village, where we found shelter in an honest farmer's house: here we lived all together some time on the money we received for our goods, which we sold before we came away. Two of my brothers were now out of their time, and came down to us; and both engag'd to allow their mother so much per month out of their wages, and advis'd me and my sister to go to *London* with them, and make a visit to a rich old uncle on my father's side. So leaving my mother with the farmer's wife, who was a very good sort of woman, we set out together: But the reception we met with at my uncle's was very cool. He told us, he was very sorry for our misfortunes; but that our father had not us'd him very well, and for that reason he should not take any notice of his family. He was kind enough to tell us, we were good strong wenches, and young, and might very well go to service; but as for my mamma, as she was old and could not work, he would allow her 5 l. per annum. We thanked him kindly and left him. Tho' I was very well pleas'd with the friendship he intended my poor mamma, yet I was heartily enrag'd at the manner in which he offer'd it. One of my brothers told me, that he hop'd we would endeavour to reconcile ourselves to our station, and that if we would go to service, he would endeavour to get us places. He accordingly went home and told his mistress our case; who, as she was a good sort of a woman, sent for us, and in a week's time recommended us both to places, what they call in *London* places of all work. My sister did not long live in this state of drudgery: she caught the small-pox and died: the news of which put an end to my poor mamma's life also. For my own part, as I had great health and spirits, I did very well in my place, and got so much the good-will of my mistress, that she told me it was a pity I should be in a place of all work, and that she would endeavour to commend me into some genteel family. In this she was as
good

good as her word, as you see, sir, at present ; for it was she that recommended me to the person I now serve.

Thus, sir, I have sent you this poor girl's story word for word, as I had it from her own mouth over a dish of tea ; which you may publish, if you think it worthy your notice. By it we see the female part of a worthy family, that had liv'd many years in comfort, credit, and reputation, thrown into the highest distresses at once. Misfortunes, when they come by degrees, are easier born than sudden shocks. Those, who have not experienced the changes of fortune, are but ill judges of the difficulty it is to those, who have spent the former part of their lives in ease and affluence, to reconcile themselves to stations of drudgery and servitude. Tho' this be greatly owing to a false pride, which is shock'd at the sound of poverty, yet it is productive of miseries of the severest kind. For my own part I have seen many clergymen's families more unhappy than that abovementioned, where loss of virtue has been join'd to every other : and were we to believe the stories of those miserable wretches, the prostitutes in *London*, how heartily would a good mind wish for the execution of this scheme ! What numbers of unhappy people, and those too the least able to struggle with difficulties, viz. women, would this rescue from vice and misery ! What a scope is here for benevolence ! What food for goodness ! As I have the highest veneration for the religion establish'd in our country, so have I the highest respect for its teachers. There is nothing I lament more than the great propensity I have observ'd among all degrees of people, to turn the inferiour clergy into ridicule, of which their poverty is the constant subject : and I am afraid, this is not a little owing to the disregard paid them by the dignify'd clergy. Were I to pitch upon a man equal to the execution of this laudable design, it should be his Grace the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, in whom are united the three essentials to every great action ; a benevolent disposition to give an inclination and relish to do good, a power to enable him to do it,

it, and discernment to direct these happy propensions to their proper objects. I must own I am a strenuous advocate for its success; tho' I am no farther interested in it than every good man ought to be: but as wishes are the only assistance I can lend, those I most sincerely offer.

I am, S I R,

Your very humble servant,

ΧΡΙΣΤΟΦΙΛΟΣ.

LETTER II. *in Defence of* RELIGION.

The subject continued from Number IV. p. 133

A Greeably to the foregoing representation of things, (and who can say that it is not a fair and genuine one?) it is plain, not a single individual could be safe either in person or property from his neighbour; men would shew themselves to be greater savages than the brute creation, and grow more fierce and outrageously cruel and encroaching for being reasonable. The intellectual powers they are possess'd of point out many advantages, which may several ways be made of their fellow-creatures; and because self-love prompts them to every thing connected with private good, hereupon C invariably becomes D's enemy, that is, violently opposes or fraudulently circumvents him, when it is presumed such force or fraud will operate to his own emolument. And thus would mankind reciprocally put each other into the most deplorable state of circumvention and rapine that can be conceived. For as a very learned prelate of our church judiciously observes, "The flood-gates to oppression, violence, and every injurious work are opened, as the restraints upon conscience and motives to duty are taken away."

But were we to suppose A would abstain from hurting B in character, body, or goods, (which, tho' true in theory, would

would be no common effect, since the preventive principle only acts with steadiness when A could not be a rogue without being detected, which, considering the various lucky escapes secret injustice has, the subtle and intriguing spirit it is actuated by, and the engines it usually works with, would but seldom happen) supposing, I say, A and others would intentionally avoid all acts of flagitiousness and villany, yet would B's life (notwithstanding it was thus secured from external violence) be little or no blessing to him, but, on the whole, rather matter of aversion than of choice. For as man is a weak dependent creature, it is impossible that he should live without the good offices of others. This every one knows by a sad and woeful experience. His wants, which are of various kinds and almost infinite in number, and whose opportunity he is neither able to resist nor to satisfy, compel him to treat and transact with others; but no equal and lasting correspondence can commence or be conducted, excepting on a principle of natural justice, that is, without a sense of religion. And it is farther observable, that man's happiness is not barely the effect of a strict adherence to the rule of right, but arises partly thence, and in part from the kindness and benevolence of others; which he is not to expect otherwise than as their interest is suppos'd to depend on his, and to flow from it. But those, one may safely affirm, would oftener interfere than coincide; since in promoting another's happiness a man would neglect his own, unless acts of beneficence continually reciprocated, which under those circumstances there is no ground to expect. For allowing that A would do B a favour in hopes of exciting him to repay it with another, yet if he expects not any more favours from A, no consideration of what is past could induce him to make such a return, especially if the doing of it was in the least inconsistent with his future views. Because no one would think himself obliged to prefer another's welfare to his own; or, in other words, gratitude (in the light we have plac'd it above) would be an impracticable, if not an impossible duty.

Some

Some are of opinion, that man best pursues his own advantage by directing all his movements and acts to the extension and advancement of the great interest of the whole; because, if this be provided for, the parts which compose it are not overlooked. In answer to which it is proper to take notice, that if each particular would be virtuous, and ever do to others as he could wish to be done by in like situations, then all must be happy, and concord and harmony would in fact prevail over the whole earth. But here lies the case; since men are free agents; they always have it in their power to move as profit, pleasure, or inclination shall draw them: and tho' some may promote the *general* as being productive of *private* happiness, yet the bulk of individuals will act otherwise. And when particular motions are in contrary and opposite directions, from such a collision of pursuits, what but disorder and embarrass can be thought to result? And if moral observances come once to lead more to misery than to happiness, and there is nothing in this life or the next to be set over against it, in all such instances, it cannot be deemed strange, if men desert the cause of virtue and join her adversary; 'twould be a wonder indeed if they did not. For I presume, it will never be asserted, that pure absolute pain can at any time be more eligible to a human being than pleasure.

This little which has been said is enough to shew what would be the miserable and distracted state of mankind, void of all sense of a superiour Being inviting them to virtue, and discouraging them from vice, by rewards and punishments to be impartially dispensed in some period or other of man's duration. It is the not living in the belief of a divine superintendency, that has been the cause of the mischief which has triumphed in the world:

R——*

[To be continued.]

To the STUDENT.

Mr. STUDENT,

AS you seem to be an understanding man in the world, I should be glad of your advice. 'Tis concerning a difference, which has for some time subsisted between my brother *Tom* and me. I am, you must know, the younger, and on that account had little learning given me, and was put to a trade in *London*; but *Tom* was bred among you at college, and there supported in great dignity by my father, whose fondness, poor man! would often induce him to call him the 'squire, and the young lord of the manour, expressions not so agreeable to me, you may imagine. I'm sure, I have often wished, that I had been in bed with an ague when he was born; for no-body can bear to be slighted, Mr. STUDENT. My father indeed, when I came home at holiday-time, would often stroke me down the head with a seeming affection and say, poor *Will*! *Will's* a good boy, and may make an honest tradesman; but whenever my brother came in view, no more notice was taken of me. No, he was the object in which all their hopes were centered. This was enough to drive a man of spirit beyond all bounds. However I pursued my business, and have among my neighbours preserved a good character (which you know is a good step towards a fortune) and so advanc'd my credit, that my word at any time will pass for double the worth of my capital, which is but slender.

Brother *Tom* about the middle of my apprenticeship left college, where he had learnt Latin, and Greek, and Logick, and such sort of things, (but knew nothing of the world) and came up to *London*. Here he considered himself as one of the most considerable: you'll excuse my homely wit, Mr. STUDENT, for I am but a tradesman. In short, he improved from drinking to gaming, and from gaming to
whoring

whoring to that degree, that in less than a month he was obliged to call for the assistance of a surgeon. He had spent a hundred guineas, which my father gave him to come to town with, and was taken into custody for five hundred more, on his note of hand given under the Piazza in *Covent-Garden*, from whence I received the following letter.

Dear Bill,

"Coming to town t'other day to see you, I fell in with a parcel of villanous sharpers, who brought me to *Covent-Garden*, and there plunder'd my pockets, and us'd me every way too ill to be describ'd in a letter. For heaven's sake, come to me as soon as possible, for I shall be on the rack till I see you. Yours affectionately,

THOMAS *****

"P. S. If you love me, don't let a tittle of this drop to any of your family."

As I never wanted affection for my brother, you may suppose that I soon run to his assistance. But how was I surpriz'd and mortify'd! when the messenger led me up a narrow dirty alley, to an ill-looking house, and then up two pair of dark stairs, into a filthy stinking room, barricaded with iron bars, and without glass to the windows, where sat poor *Tom* without meat or drink or any of those things that are necessary for the support of life. No sooner was I enter'd, but in bolted two unchristian-looking fellows: *D—n ye*, says one, *what d'ye call for? people don't keep such houses upon the air. I call for, honest friend*, said I,——*I call for*—and hesitated, for my heart was ready to break; and before I could express my meaning, *Zounds*, says the other, *turn him out, and take the prisoner to jail, we have no business to keep him here, as I know of*. I took the hint immediately, and in order to satisfy their voracious appetites, call'd for a five shilling bowl of punch, which they brought up in a small sloop-bason.

This affair perplexed me prodigiously ; and the more so, as *Tom* was at that time on the point of marrying a young lady of great fortune. It happened however, that a journeyman in the same house with me had just received a legacy. To him I apply'd for the money, who was so generous as to advance it on our joint bond, and discharged the action. *Tom* after this thought proper to go to *France*, only for a trip, as he call'd it, where he made another *veau peau*, and was obliged to apply to my father, who made a mortgage to support his extravagance, and then alter'd his will, and to maintain the dignity of the family, as he term'd it, deducted seven thousand pounds, the sum my brother had squander'd, out of the legacy he had bequeath'd me, and soon after died, leaving me, who had never done any thing to disoblige him, only 300 l. and my brother *Tom* a good four thousand pounds a year. Strange inequality ! Soon after my brother had taken possession of the estate, application was made to him for the discharge of the five hundred pound bond, which he absolutely refused to pay, tho' without giving any reason for it. My friend, who at that time really wanted the money, applied to me ; and what could I do, knowing his necessity, but discharge a just and honourable debt ; a sum lent to serve my own brother, at my own request ; and for which I had joined in the security ? In fine, I paid the money, and advis'd my brother of it ; but receiving no answer to several letters which I wrote expressly on that subject, I at last went to him about it myself, but not without previously advising him of my intended visit and my business. Just at the entrance of the door I was met by his valet, who inform'd me that it was his master's desire I should walk into the servants-hall till he had leisure to speak to me, for at that time he was busy with his dancing-master. This indignity I put up with, and seated myself by the fire, where I was complimented with the whispers, sneers, and impertinences of the servants, each of whom thought his situation

better

better than mine. The cook however, who did not know me, and who appeared to have more good sense than the rest and more humanity than his master, made up to me with a plate of victuals in his hand, *Come, honest man, says he, eat a bit. I'm sure you must be hungry after your ride, and I think one may as well give a bit of offal victuals to a poor tradesman, as to gormandize so many dogs as my master keeps, tho' he thinks nothing too good for them, and every thing too good for his fellow-creatures. But here he comes: 'tis as much as my place is worth, should he see me give you this meat; therefore, pray honest friend, put it into your pocket, do, or under your great coat till he is gone by.* At this instant seeing him go by the door, I made after him in order to get my business settled, when that moment up came Sir William * * * * *, who prevented me; and my brother, observing me at a distance, and fearing I might come so near as to discover myself and disgrace his fine clothes, calls out, *Hark ye friend, step into the room there, and stay till I have time to speak to you, d'ye hear.* I was willing to see how far the man's pride and ill-nature would carry him, and therefore stepped back to my former station. Here I sat till he had din'd, and the victuals came down to the servants, when one of 'em stepping up to me said, *Sir, my master would have you sit down and eat a bit with us, and by that time you've din'd, he says, he'll send you a line.* Thank ye, friend, said I; as I think you have abundantly more manners than your master, it would be more agreeable to me to dine with you than him, provided I wanted a dinner; but at this time I have half a crown in my pocket, and therefore have no occasion to be troublesome to him. The moment I had done speaking, my brother's brother's valet entered with a letter, of which the following is a faithful copy, and was transcrib'd and witness'd by my foreman *Richard Trusly*, and therefore you need not be afraid to publish it.

SIR,

S I R,

“ It neither suits my convenience or inclination to pay
 “ you the 500 l. I am now about to offer myself a candi-
 “ date for the county, and probably shall have occasion for
 “ all the ready money I have ; but this is not the only rea-
 “ son ; and that you may not expect the money and be dis-
 “ appointed, as you have hitherto been, I must inform
 “ you, that as I was under age at the time of signing the
 “ bond, so I am not obliged, *by the law*, to pay it ; and am
 “ therefore determined not to pay a farthing on that ac-
 “ count. This you might have pleaded in discharge of the
 “ bond yourself, if you had not been a fool ; for you was a
 “ minor as well as me. I have but one word more to add,
 “ and that is, while you serve me with goods cheap, and
 “ behave as other tradesmen do, you may expect to share
 “ my custom in common with Mr. * * * *, whom I shall
 “ think it my interest to deal with, as his bills may be a
 “ check upon yours ; for I’ll have no extraordinary charges
 “ made on account of the 500 l. I assure you. Yours,

THOMAS * * * *

This was a cut indeed !——This ! and from my own brother, almost depriv’d me of my reason !——I was all amazement !——insensible as a stone !——Grief and surprize had lock’d up every faculty of my soul !——At last, some friendly tears reliev’d me, and gave birth to some reflections which I may by and by send you.—In the mean time, if you can tell me how to reclaim my lost brother, you’ll infinite oblige,

Your friend and servant,

W. B.

WE pity this poor gentleman most heartily, and wish we could put him in a way to reform his brother. But perhaps he was never good, and we know how difficult it is to shake

shake a peach from a pear-tree. We can't help observing however, that he has now a favourable opportunity of getting his money, if he'll but make a bold push for it before the election; for every candidate at this time must wear the face of honesty.

HUMAN LIFE *compared to the* MASQUERADE.

POETS and philosophers, both ancient and modern, have compared this world to the theatre, and considered human life as the grand drama thereof. As this is a subject that has employ'd the wit and genius of the greatest men of all ages, just and noble reflections have been the result of this comparison; from whence have been deduced very excellent and useful morals. But as mankind in general seem to act the impostor, I think we may with equal propriety compare human life to our modern masquerade. If we look abroad in the world, and take a close survey of the human species, consider the different ends they have in view, and the means by which they pursue them, we shall find that the greatest part of their actions tend to fallacy and disguise: which is the very part of an actor at our masquerade assemblies; where a town-miss shall pass for a lady of quality, and a peer for a footman; the obsequious courtier for an honest rustick, and the loose debauchee for an austere priest. I have but a narrow insight into human nature: that is a boundless field to expatiate in, and tho' a man may make some considerable progress in it, yet he can never hope to arrive at his journey's end: but as far as my observations extend, I hardly ever yet met with a person, but what might in some respect or other be fairly ranked under this denomination.

The good man often conceals his virtue, the wicked man his vice. The ill-natured and morose feigns a countenance full of pleasantry and good-nature; the impudent and profane an air of bashfulness and morality. The hypocrite puts on a religious face, and the villain a shew of honesty. The spendthrift

Spends thrift affects frugality, the intemperate sobriety. The rich man conceals his wealth, and the indigent appears for a man of fortune. The learned man studiously keeps his knowledge in secret, and the ignorant ostentatiously boasts of his learning.

The same observations hold good in every scene of life. If you would view aright the ecclesiastick or the courtier, the physician or the lawyer, from the first minister of state even to him that possesses the lowest station in the scale of human professions, you must first take off the masque with which he deceives the gazing, but giddy and unthinking multitude,

*Detrahere & pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora
Cederet* ————— HOR.

But I shall dare to advance a step further, and to assert, that ALL NATURE wears a masque: and to unmasque her; *hic labor, hoc opus est.* This is the important business of all mankind; and a task it is, difficult to be performed. This it was that employed a *Pythagoras* and an *Aristotle*, a *Newton* and a *Locke*. Noble advances, indeed; have these exalted geniuses made towards the compleating this arduous task; but perhaps it shall never be fully accomplished, till time shall be no more. This lets us see the reason, why the vulgar have such different notions and conceptions of things; than what they have, who have improved their minds by study and enquiry; who have employed their time and pains in drawing this deceitful vizard from off the face of nature. Talk but with a man of this sort concerning some of our modern improvements in natural philosophy; and you will soon be convinced; that no part of nature ever appeared to him without her masque. Discourse with him of the distance and magnitude of the sun, moon and stars; of the earth and its appendages; of its size, figure and motion; of the air, winds and water; and you will immediately perceive what

what strange, unworthy, and uncouth notions he has concerning these things. You may as soon persuade him that his head whirls round upon his shoulders; as that the earth turns round upon its axis; or that the fire will not burn his flesh, as that there is no such quality as heat inherent in the fire itself. Tell him that colours are not in bodies; but that they are only ideas raised in the human mind by the various modification of the rays of light reflected from the visible superficies, and he will immediately think, if not pronounce you a madman.

The moral I would draw from the whole is this: viz. that we ought not to judge of men or things by bare outward appearances: that we ought to suspend our determination, till we had made a more accurate and close search into them: that we should not peremptorily pronounce the qualities of men's actions, till we had examined the secret springs of them, and considered the undue media through which they might appear to us. The same rule also, if duly attended to, will be of very singular use to us in forming a true judgment of all natural bodies. Almost every object of nature offers itself to our view through a deceitful mirror. If we make rash conclusions from the bare external aspect, from that which first strikes our imagination, we shall certainly be deceived. The medium, the distance, the situation, and many other accidents that raise an idea in the mind quite different from the reality of the thing, must be taken into consideration, if we would discover truth, and form a rational judgment of the object before us.

O.

Brother STUDENT,

———'s *Coffee-house*, May 4, 1750.

WITHOUT a compliment I am much pleased with your scheme, and heartily wish you success. Hitherto I think you bid fair for it, and seem to meet with general applause.

Numb. V.

A 2

plause. But will you forgive my offering a word or two of advice? Let us have no more of your *abstract speculations*, as you call them; indeed they are not *popular*. Last night, in a full assembly of pretty fellows at this place, (all your admirers) *Billy Languish* read your fourth number. We all agreed that your IMPUDENCE * is *inimitable*, but your letter in defence of religion, tho' it did not startle us, (as you apprehended it would) somewhat amazed us, I must own. Consider, Mr. STUDENT, you write for the publick, of which three fourths are *Ignoramuses*; and therefore, tho' we may allow you now and then in compliment to your *taylor* and *mercier* and other learned folks, to insert a *Latin* ode or epigram, yet I must needs tell you, that we don't relish your *metaphysics*. For which reason I am directed in the name of all the *Smarts* at ——'s, to acquaint you, that we expect, (especially if it be *English*) at least to understand what we read. We consider your book as a monthly feast or entertainment; and if we pay our ordinary, 'tis but reasonable the dishes you set before us should be all such as we are able to taste. We cannot indeed always expect rarities, and may now and then admit of a *trifle* or *puff* by way of *make-up*; but prithee don't surfeit us with *ambigu's* and *inconnu's*. At the same time I must tell you, that we are much pleased with your last *sapphic*, that we reverence *Tony Alfop's* memory, and have resolv'd one and all to subscribe to his works. *Billy Languish* and *Dick Dimple* indeed say, the *verses on the grotto* are better; and *Dick* (who you know is a wit as well as a beau) gave us off hand a translation of them, but I have indeed since found out where he borrow'd it. *A propos*—— I was last week with *Tom Careless* at his father's country-seat. *Tom* has three sisters, who, by the by, are charming girls. They take in *the Student* constantly, so I need say nothing of their wit and judgment. These ladies, you must know, have been fashionably employ'd in making a grotto;

* See the School of Impudence. Number iv. page 147.

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which they have just finish'd, and dedicated to *Apollo*; but have made a law, that no man, except like the deity of the place he be *nondum barbatus*, (*Anglicè* a *Fribble*) shall be permitted to inspect the *arcana loci*, unless he first solemnly promise to send them a copy of verses in honour of their handy-work, written within a month after his admittance. I had the pleasure of viewing this beautiful grott (which I assure you far exceeds *Calypso's*) but wanting the *Cynthian* passport, I was forced to give my parole of honour that I would make the poetick oblation within the time limited. But alas! to gratify my curiosity I have promis'd what I am not able to perform. Will you therefore be so good, my dear brother, to supply me with a copy of verses out of your storehouse, or else to correct and print the following excuse for my inability to do justice either to the ladies or their grotto.

I am yours,

HARRY DIDAPPER.

To CLARA, the eldest of the three sisters.

HAD I your high command obey'd,
 Sure I had done some mighty wrong;
 When ev'ry muse deny'd her aid,
 And CLIO thus forbad my song.

" When NATURE saw the Grotto chang'd,

" The silver moss thus sudden grown,

" The shells in wondrous order rang'd,

" She thought the work was all her own.

" But when the artists she beheld,

" And all their beauteous forms survey'd,

" How in all virtues all excell'd,

" She knew the works herself had made.

A a 2

" Whether

- " Whether the Nymphs our thoughts inspire,
 " Shining with every native grace;
 " Whether the Grot-work we admire,
 " Where nature must to art give place;
 " We will allow no *Oxford* wit
 " To celebrate, in humble lays,
 " Themes for a mortal bard unfit,
 " And which deserve our noblest praise.
 " No——let each MUSE her tribute bring,
 " Exert her power for CLARA's sake :
 " For only GODDESSES may sing
 " Works which the lovely GRACES make."

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

A POEM, written by MOON-LIGHT.

THE MOON was full, so was my heart,
 Pond'ring the great creator's art,
 Th' opacous globe, the foreign light,
 That silver glory of the night.

And is the MOON's a borrow'd blaze
 From *Phæbus's* peculiar rays ?
 So half the SYLVIAS, call'd divine,
 Only in borrow'd beauties shine.

Flanders with lace the head befriends,
 The pearl and diamond *India* lends,
 Their shape from *Greenland* they obtain,
 And half their white and red from *Spain*.

From

From thee the sex their foibles caught,
 And change, by thy example taught:
 They, like the sea, thy influence know,
 And therefore always ebb and flow.

If passion overturns the mind,
 The maid for *Bedlam* is design'd:
 The MOON has play'd a curfed trick,
 And she's confin'd a *lunatick*.

The lordly men unjustly rail,
 By *lunar* impulse females fail:
 With pity then their errors view;
 The MOON's all over blemish'd too.

The maid shall hint her heart's desire,
 The man shall burn with equal fire,
 Within a moment of her lips,
 And thus she suffers an *eclipse*:

Of access free CORINNA shines,
 With her to-day MENALCAS dines;
 'Twixt him and her a rival slides,
 And then *eclips'd* CORINNA hides.

If woman's faith in time decays,
 From Thee she learns her wicked ways:
 Thy wane no chearfulness adorns,
 And nothing's shown us but the *horns*.

From *Phæbus* too they something learn,
 And every tender object burn:
 Suns at a distance, comets nigher,
 To set th' enamour'd world on fire.

Man

Man is the fly that hums and sings,
 And in the candle burns his wings :
 A cruel lot ! an hard decree !
 CHLOE's a fire, and touchwood we.

Some greater pow'r in heav'n above,
 O mitigate this fated love !
 For who expects a total cure,
 Long as the sun and moon endure ?

The CITY MOUSE *and* COUNTRY MOUSE.

A FABLE. From HOR. lib. ii. sat. 6. ver. 79. ad ult.

IN times of yore, an honest country mouse
 Kindly receiv'd, within his homely house,
 A citizen, an ancient trusty friend,
 Whom he before had often entertain'd,
 Our country host, inur'd to taking pains,
 Was frugal, close, attentive to his gains ;
 Yet not to hospitable deeds averse ;
 At seasons fit he op'd his heart and purse.
 In short he set before his welcome guest,
 Of what his cells afford, the very best ;
 Dry'd raisins, bacon-slices, oats and pease ;
 Dainties, that mice of quality might please.
 Our cit, disdainful, eyes the various feast,
 Tho' frankly prest, scarce condescends to taste.
 Meantime the frugal farmer, spread on straw,
 With chaff and tares appeas'd his craving maw,
 Commending to his guest each tid-bit choice ;
 Town-mice, he knew, luxurious were, and nice.
 At length the cockney silence broke :—My friend,
 Can mice of sense and taste endure to spend,

Joyless,

Joyless, the lab'ring day and lonely night?
Can craggy rocks, and forests rude delight?
Better it were to quit this rugged scene,
To view the town polite and ways of men:
Come, be advis'd, on me your guide rely:—
Since every earth-born animal must die;
And not a mouse exempt, or small or great,
Shuns the sure stroke of unrelenting fate;
Reason suggests, live merry, whilst you can,
Enjoy each moment of life's rapid span:

Can mouse refrain, when pleasure gilds the bait?

With joy the rustick quits his calm retreat;
Intent on mirth, like man's, his thoughtless mind,
Grasping the present, to the future blind.

Now both with nimble steps haste o'er the plain,
In hopes by night the city walls to gain.

Now more than half her course the night had sped,
Loud snor'd the rake supine, dead-drunk in bed;

The drowsy watchman, the night-walking punk,
Cold, disappointed, back to cellar flunk;

All slept, save needy bard in garret high,
Doom'd by stern fate to starve or versify;

When, lo! a lordly structure's ample gate
Invites our travellers to call and bait.

Here stately beds, and carpets richly dy'd
With purple shone; there dishes, laid aside,

In tempting plenty stood, delicious store,
Remains of what was dress'd the night before.

Now lolls the swain, on purple carpet plac'd,
Whilst well-bred Townly with officious haste

Scuttles, intent on hospitable cares,

And soon a feast magnificent prepares.

Glad at the change of lot, his jovial guest

Riots secure, mirth crowns the splendid feast.

Mean-time, a rattling crash of grating bars

Both from their couches on a sudden scares:

Away

Away they scamper; to perplex them more,
Dogs with terrifick bark incessant roar.

Hardly, at length, our swain, secur'd in chink,
From instant death escap'd, gains time to think:—
Are these, my city-friend, are these your joys,
Perpetual tumult, all-confounding noise?
Adieu! deluded mouse; secure from harm,
I'll rest contented in my little farm;
No danger threatens there; in peace I'll eat
My slender pulse, and bless the calm retreat.

SONNET. *On the* POWER of MUSICK.

To GRANTICOLA. *See number iv. page 129.*

WELL hast thou wrote, GRANTICOLA, I ween,
And reason'd justly on the force of sound:
Let those, devoid of taste, indulge their spleen,
Untuneful elves, where-ever they are found.

When Orpheus went to Pluto's regions drear,
In hopes to win Eurydice again,
His artful musick charm'd the monarch's ear,
Nor could he long resist the soothing strain.

What strange emotions Alexander felt,
When great Timotheus struck the speaking lyre;
Well-skill'd to raise the hero, or to melt,
To kindle martial heat, or fond desire!
Such magick is in harmony divine,
Our passions to command, our souls refine.

A.

A RE-

A RECEIPT for the GOUT.

In a LETTER to a NOBLEMAN.

OH GOUT! the plague of rich and great!
Thou cramping padlock of the feet!

Oh GOUT! thou puzzling knotty point!

You nick man's frame in every joint;

You, like inquisitor of *Spain*,

Rack, burn, and torture limbs to pain.

First, miner like, you work below,

And sap man's fortress by the toe:

If med'cine can the smart dislodge,

From bone to bone you skip and dodge;

And when compell'd to quit the feet,

You wound, like *Parthians*, in retreat.

The restless humour upward flies,

As dregs disturb'd fermenting rise.

From ancle forc'd you climb to knees,

And run the round by fore degrees.

So the sour sap from crab-tree roots

Begins below and upward shoots;

For when malignant juices flow,

Hard knotty knobs in sharpness grow.

Old *Oedipus*, the *Theban* king,

With swelling feet felt gouty sting;

And tho' the sage could *Sphinx* explain,

The sage could ne'er unriddle pain.

Tho' *Stoics* talk of indolence,

Man's flesh retains a feeling sense:

And what is worse, the wounded part

Finds small relief from doctor's art;

Great *WILMOT*'s skill confounded stands,

When patient roars—my toe! my hands!

But as *Apollo*, god of wit,

Besides his physick keeps a kit,

Numb. V.

B b

No

(No doubt to sooth the patient's heart,
When doses can't remove the smart)

This easy lenitive admit ;

Perhaps a verse may lull the fit.

'Tis said that bees, when raging found,

Are charm'd to peace by tinkling sound ;

Shrill lullabies in nurse's strain

Affwage the froward bantling's pain,

When cutting teeth, or ill-plac'd pin

Molest the tender baby's skin ;

So when Gout-humours throb and ach,

The present soft prescription take.

In elbow-chair majestick sit

In full high twinge, yet scorn to fret ;

Divert the pain with generous wine ;

Read news from *Flanders* and the *Rhine* ;

Hold up the toe, like Pope of *Rome* ;

Forbear to scold, to swear, and fume ;

Let double flannel guard the part,

To mitigate the dreadful smart ;

Wrap round the joint this harmless verse ;

And let dame PATIENCE be your nurse.

To Miss B—— P——.

FEW of our sex, you say, sincerely love ;

'Tis man's best priviledge unblam'd to rove,

Learn then, my fair, what arts will firmly bind,

And fix in constancy th' unsettled mind.

When o'er our hearts triumphantly you reign,

Think not that beauty justifies disdain.

You too must love ; your breast in sweet return

With honest warmth should undissembled burn.

Happy the maid, and worthy to be blest'd,

Whose soul, entire by him she loves possess'd,

Feels ev'ry vanity in fondness lost,

And wants no pow'r but that of pleasing most.

For

For her inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.

Thus I, dear B——, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder to secure my own
Against the power of those already known :
For well you twist the secret chains that bind,
The gentle force which captivates the mind ;
Skill'd ev'ry soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius, and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

O.

An EPISTLE from a LADY

To a GENTLEMAN abroad.

WHILE various schemes the female world employ,
And give variety of grief or joy ;
Whether in courtly drawing-rooms they shine,
Or in the eye of majesty repine ;
Whether or *Drury's* theatre invite,
Or *Hurlothrumbo's* motly scenes delight ;
Whether to midnight masquerades they roam,
Or feed their spleen and say their pray'rs at home ;
Whether at balls with each each beauty vies,
Or trust their passion to the chance of dice ;
Alone, retir'd, from all vain converse free,
I sit the lonesome hours and think of Thee,
Which way foe'er thy curious soul incline,
My eager wishes still thy footsteps join :
Thro' seas, o'er plains, the mountain or the vale,
Wherever coach can roll or ship can sail,

Thee my warm thought attends ; tho' here in pain
I drag reluctant life's unwieldy chain.

Albion, in vain by azure seas confin'd,
Can set no limits to a lover's mind.

What, tho' her laws breath liberty and joy,
Thralldom were better with my lovely boy :

What, tho' her climate boasts the genial ray,
Thy eyes on *Lapland's* coast would light up day :

What, tho' her vallies laugh, her mountains sing,

Tho' the corporeal eye be fed with spring ;

Yet to the fond, the tasteless mind within

Nature in vain presents the gaudy scene :

Nature with Thee is nature doubly gay ;

Depriv'd of Thee her glories fade away.

As deep canals without a stream to flow ;

As meads devoid of starry flow'rets shew ;

As gloomy mornings, which no sun adorns ;

As night unblest'd with *Cynthia's* silver horns ;

Such is thy *CÆLIA's* fate, thus torn from Thee :

Oh ! would the gods reverse the sad decree !

For Thee this land of freedom I'd resign,

And bless my fate beneath the burning line :

Undaunted there, where rav'ning monsters roar,

Thy innocence would charm the foaming boar.

The *Libyan* deserts Paradise would be ;

For deserts are no solitudes with Thee.

Tho' *VIRGIL's* Muse in all the grace of sound

To future ages consecrate the ground ;

Tho' *ADDISON* his master's footsteps trod,

And sung in strains which well besit a God,

Yet, *Italy*, thy blooming vales I scorn'd ;

But 'twas when *STREPHON's* looks this isle adorn'd.

Impartial now, I praise each heav'nly theme,

And sink the pride of *Thames* in *Tyber's* stream.

Pardon, ye muses all divine and true ;

I own the tribute *SANNAZARIUS' due*.

Oh !

Oh ! turn from *Adria's* coast thy blissful eye,
And breath to this dark isle one mournful sigh ;
With Me awhile to secret grief remove,
And sink thy curiosity in love.
Ah ! dearest breast, forever think of Me ;
This absence gives ; 'tis all I ask of Thee :
Each day, abstracted from assemblage, join
Grief to my grief, and echoe sigh to mine.
Thus heav'n our mutual tenderness shall see,
And give thee back to *England* and to Me.

A FUNERAL REFLECTION.

BEHOLD ! how quiet there old GRIPUS lies !
The shroud and coffin now is all his store.
His brain no longer rack'd with endless schemes,
How to add house to house and land to land.
His tongue harangues not on the frugal ways
And artful methods that he took to thrive.
His heart now beats no more : clos'd are those eyes,
That heretofore with eager transport view'd
The shining metal into mountains rise,
But never knew to shed one pitying tear.
Those hands, so ready and expert to count
Int'rest on int'rest nor one farthing miss,
Lie useless by his side, the nerves relax'd ;
Fill them with gold, alas ! they will not clench.
His feet, so swift in the pursuit of gain
Now here now there, as bargains led the way,
A thread of worsted fast as iron binds.
Within the limits of four scanty boards
See, see the man, whose daring genius grasp'd
At large domains and immense sums of cash.
Mortal, reflect, reckon aright, be wise,
And bound thy wishes to the human span,
Since to command one hour is not in gold,

An IMITATION of SPENSER.

I.

A Well known vase of soveraign use I sing,
 Pleasing to young and old, and JORDAN hight,
 The lovely queen, and eke the haughty king
 Snatch up this vessel in the murky night:
 Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy wight,
 But uses it in mantle brown or green;
 Sometimes it stands array'd in glossy white;
 And eft in mighty dortours may be seen
 Of China's fragile earth, with azure flowrets sheen.

II.

The virgin, comely as the dewy rose,
 Here gently sheds the softly-whisp'ring rill;
 The frannion, who ne shame ne blushing knows,
 At once the potter's glossy vase does fill;
 It whizzes like the waters from a mill.
 Here frouzy housewives clear their loaded reigns;
 The beef-fed justice, who fat ale doth swill,
 Grasps the round-handled jar, and tries, and strains,
 While slowly dribbling down the scanty water drains.

III.

The dame of Fraunce shall without shame convey
 This ready needment to its proper place;
 Yet shall the daughters of the lond of Fay
 Learn better amenaunce and decent grace;
 Warm blushes lend a beauty to their face,
 For virtue's comely tints their cheeks adorn;
 Thus o'er the distant hillocks you may trace
 The purple beamings of the infant morn:
 Sweet are our blooming maids—the sweetest creatures born.

None

IV.

None but their husbands or their lovers true
They trust with management of their affairs;
Nor even these their privacy may view,
When the soft beavys seek the bow'r by pairs:
Then from the fight accoy'd, like tim'rous hares,
From mate or bellamour alike they fly;
Think not, good swain, that these are scornful airs,
Think not for hate they shun thine am'rous eye,
Soon shall the fair return, nor done thee, youth, to dye

V.

While Belgic frows across a charcoal stove
(Replenish'd like the Vestal's lasting fire)
Bren for whole years, and scorch the parts of love,
No longer parts that can delight inspire,
Ere cave of blifs, now monumental pyre;
O British maid, for ever clean and neat,
For whom I aye will wake my simple lyre,
With double care preserve that dun retreat,
Fair Venus' mystic bow'r, Dan Cupid's feather'd seat.

VI.

So may your hours soft-sliding steal away,
Unknown to gnarring slander and to bale,
O'er seas of blifs Peace guide her gondelay,
Ne bitter dole impest the passing gale.
O! sweeter than the lillies of the dale,
In your soft breasts the fruits of joyance grow.
Ne fell Despair be here with visage pale,
Brave be the youth from whom your bosoms glow,
Ne other joy but you the faithful striplings know.

On Miss TR—LL—PE.

THOSE native smiles, that winning air,
 Those looks by sense refin'd,
 That harmony of shape that speaks
 Thy more harmonious mind ;

That lively bloom which decks thy cheek,
 That symmetry of face,
 Which shine conspicuous in thy form,
 And all thy texture grace ;

These every youth do justly warm,
 And set each soul on fire ;
 And, tho' but one must win the prize,
 We all alike admire.

You daily, like th' all-chearing sun,
 The genial warmth renew ;
 While, planet-like, each other fair
 Illumin'd shines by you.

Stay then, dear maid, for ever here,
 Here thy blest beams display ;
 So barren Logic hence shall bloom,
 Astronomy look gay.

Philosophers indeed have said,
 That should the sun descend,
 The earth, and all that's in it, must
 In conflagration end.

'Twas prophecy and emblem all,
 Which you were born to prove,
 And meant, should TR—LL—PE live on earth,
 The world would burn with love.

Oxford—

C.

E N D of the fifth number.

LETTERS FROM THE EDITOR OF THE
D. JOHN PEARCE, Bishop of Oxford and Dean of Christ Church, relating to the Letters of Mr. John Locke, Student of the same.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER VI. *June* 30, 1750.

OUR *Oxford* Friends, it is presumed, will not be displeased at the alteration of our Title. As we have received such considerable assistance from our *Sister-University*, particularly since our last number, we should think it the highest injustice not to admit her into an equal share of whatever merit may accrue from our work.

In this we have been advised by some *Cambridge* gentlemen of established reputation, who have promised their assistance;—and such a coalition between the two Universities, it is hoped, will redound to the honour of both; and the members of both will look upon themselves as equally concerned in the success of our *Miscellany*.

Numb. VI.

C c

LETTERS

LETTERS between the Earl of SUNDERLAND and Dr. JOHN FELL, Bishop of *Oxford* and Dean of *Christ Church*, relating to the expulsion of Mr. JOHN LOCKE, Student of the same.

To the Lord Bishop of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Whitehall, Nov. 6, 1684.

THE King being given to understand, that one Mr. LOCKE, who belonged to the late Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and has upon several occasions behaved himself very factiously to the government, is a Student of *Christ Church*; his Majesty commands me to signify to your lordship, that he would have him removed from being a Student, and that in order thereunto your lordship should let him know the method of doing it.

I am, MY LORD, &c.

SUNDERLAND,

To the Right Hon. the Earl of SUNDERLAND,
Principal Secretary of State.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Nov. 8, 1684.

I Received the honour of your lordship's letter, wherein you are pleased to enquire concerning Mr. LOCKE's being a Student of this house; of which I have this account to render;—that he being, as your lordship is truly inform'd, a person who was much trusted by the late Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and who is suspected to be ill affected to the government, I have for divers years had an eye upon him; but so close has his guard been on himself, that, after several strict enquiries, I may confidently affirm, there is not any man in the college,

lege, however familiar with him, who had heard him speak a word either against, or, so much as concerning the government. And altho' very frequently, both in publick and private, discourses have been purposely introduced to the disparagement of his master the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, his party, and designs, he could never be provoked to take any notice, or discover in word or look the least concern, so that I believe, there is not in the world such a master of taciturnity and passion. He has here a physician's place, which frees him from the exercises of the college, and the obligation which others have to residence in it; and he is now abroad upon want of health. But notwithstanding that, I have summoned him to return home, which is done with this prospect; that, if he comes not back, he will be liable to expulsion for contumacy; and if he do, he will be answerable to the law, for that which he shall be found to have done amiss, it being probable, that, tho' he may have been thus cautious here, where he knew himself to be suspected, he has laid himself more open at *London*, where a general liberty of speaking was used, and where the execrable designs against his majesty and his government were managed and pursued. If he do not return by the first day of *January* next, which is the time limited to him, I shall be enabled of course to proceed against him to expulsion. But if this method seem not effectual, or speedy enough, and his Majesty, our founder and visitor, shall please to command his immediate remove, upon the receipt thereof, directed to the Dean and Chapter, it shall accordingly be executed by,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's most humble and obedient servant,

JOH. OXON.

To the Bishop of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

Whitehall, Nov. 12, 1684.

HAVING communicated your lordship's letter of the 8th to his Majesty, he has thought fit to direct me to send you the enclosed, containing his commands for the immediate expulsion of Mr. LOCKE.

SUNDERLAND.

*To the Right Reverend Father in God, JOHN Lord
Bishop of OXFORD, Dean of Christ Church,
and to our trusty and well-beloved the Chapter there.*

Right Reverend Father in God, and Trusty and Well-beloved, We greet you well.

WHEREAS we have received information of the factious and disloyal behaviour of LOCKE, one of the Students of that Our college, we have thought fit hereby to signify Our will and pleasure to you, that you forthwith remove him from his Student's place, and deprive him of all rights and advantages thereunto belonging. For which this shall be your warrant. And so we bid you heartily farewell. Given at our court of *Whitehall*, the 11th of November, 1684.

By His Majesty's command,

SUNDERLAND.

To the Earl of SUNDERLAND.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Nov. 16, 1684.

I Hold myself bound in duty to signify to your lordship, that his Majesty's command for the expulsion of Mr. LOCKE from this college is fully executed.

JOH. OXON.

To the Bishop of OXFORD.

MY LORD,

I Have your lordship's of the 16th, and have acquainted his Majesty therewith, who is well satisfied with the college's ready obedience to his command, for the expulsion of Mr. Locke.

SUNDERLAND.

LETTER III. *in defence of* RELIGION.

[The subject continued from Number V.]

IT has been insisted on by some, who would be thought the friends of mankind and advocates for publick liberty, that civil government alone is sufficient to provide and secure to man's use the necessary accommodations of life, and, as such, might fitly supply the place of religion. But if no such policy appears in fact to have been ever formed, or, were this practicable, could be preserved and continued long, unless in concert with, and as it receives a settlement from, religion; and, secondly, that the laws of society neither are nor can be commensurate to all things in which the associating parties are particularly interested, this, it is presumed, will be enough to shew the deficiency of such a provision for the task allotted it.

Protection and obedience are the two great and fundamental points or conditions, on which every well-framed polity turns. If governours have not the necessary means of restraining all injuries respecting person, character, and estate, how should protection be dispensed, and, consequently, the ends of magistracy answered? Under such an institution then, they will have a right to, and a claim upon the members uniting for, such a power. And this once supposed, what is more certain, than that it ought to be answered by

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a correspondent behaviour on the part of the governed? The nature of the authority must ever determine both the kind and measure of obedience due to it. Defence and subjection, as reciprocally implying each other, are primarily and eminently contained in our idea of government raised on the principles, and framed for the purposes, all such conventions ought to be. And because men are naturally finite and fallible, it is fitting that both prince and people do give, one the other, proper security, that their respective pretensions shall be satisfied. What may reasonably be deemed such, comes now under consideration. That the annexing penalties to the breach of publick faith will be absolutely insufficient to prevent it, is evident from hence. Because, first, in many cases such trust may be violated, and no one knows how or by whom; and when this is possible, the above appointments can be of no force. Or, secondly, should accidental unforeseen circumstances conspire to bring the fact to light, still might others combine to favour the criminal and work his deliverance: and tho' it was publickly known he had broke the law, yet could not its sanctions lay hold on him. There are particular seasons when art and cunning, secret machinations or open violence, shall counteract, and eventually frustrate all attempts to bring him to justice. To give an instance, how each may be injuriously (and yet unavoidably, if religious checks come once to be laid aside) affected by the other. The supreme magistrate will, of course, have numbers applying to him for places of honour and profit, that the ends of government give him a right to dispose of. By sharing out which to those, who from principle and interest are led to countenance and abet his favourite schemes, he so strongly and closely attaches them to him, that thenceforwards they shall have no will but his: with whose concurrence the common good shall at every turn be sacrificed to caprice or passion, and private satisfactions, under each competition, be more regarded than those of multitudes, and preferred to them. And who can expect it
should

should be otherwise? A person, that is armed with the force of a whole society, and has thousands ever obsequious and ready to fulfil his pleasure, will bear no opposition to whatever he shall chance to set his heart upon: since every thing which runs cross to his inclinations and obstructs his views, must vex and harass him. And he richly deserves the name of fool, who having at command the means of exacting a compliance with his desires, suffers himself to be made uneasy on any consideration whatsoever. Such a governour would expect all submission from his subjects, even where the yielding it would be of infinite disservice to them; and make no concessions himself, tho' ever so much to their happiness. And thus would liberty and property be soon swallowed up by violence and oppression. Hence if there were no laws superiour to human constitutions, and from which those derive their whole obligatory power, what is there an absolute prince would not do? For impatient of contradiction and resistance, and his humour being law, he can have no other design in whatever he undertakes but the procuring such things as ease and delight him here,

On the other hand, where is the improbability that a number of men, acted by like impetuosity of appetite, and joining in one confederacy, should contrive measures for distressing the government, tho' pursuing the proper, perhaps (all things considered) the properest method of obtaining publick happiness? And it requires no great warmth of fancy to paint in lively colours the dismal effects which will necessarily attend popular insurrection on the one hand, or a continued series of tyranny on the other. Who, that thinks on the case, but can be affected with it?

To have done; Were the above, as in fact it is, a real and precise state of the affair, neither king nor subject would be safe, if civil sanctions were the principal restraints, under a supposed possibility of evading them, the sole preservative of publick faith and justice when in danger of being invaded and born down by pleasure and profit; the two
bait.

baits which, more or less, do influence and seduce each individual of the species; and in certain circumstances have prov'd too hard for virtue, even under the sense of a divine providence discountenancing and controuling them; and what indeed at no time are to be resisted but by great care and attention on man's part, a particular attention to consequences and the like. To act with vigour and constancy therefore on such occasions, some more moving and powerful considerations should be called in to the assistance of human penalties, whose forces, in conjunction, may be an over-match for the strongest temptation; sufficient to check the most licentious and abandoned propensity. Now the wit of man could invent nothing more binding than oaths. But what avail oaths, if men disbelieve a Deity? Nothing at all. To impose an oath upon an atheist, or for him to offer to take it as a foundation of credit with others, is to the last degree ridiculous and absurd. The matter perhaps may be set in a fuller light thus.

Every government must have such legal provisions as will answer both its ordinary and extraordinary wants. The purport of which is, to prevent injuries by punishing delinquents, to determine differences regarding life, liberty, and property by some common digest, lying open to all and comprehending the most material cases which may fall out betwixt man and man; and to raise money for the service of the state. Those laws must be made either by one man or by a number of men. If but a single individual is employed in the drawing up and publishing them, he would, on supposition of not being accountable to a superiour legislator, adapt them to his own fantastical humour, which might properly be substituted in their room. And tho' sovereignty has the firmest and most durable establishment, as also shines with the brightest lustre when rais'd on principles of publick liberty, (for who so glorious a prince as him that makes the subject's happiness his own?) yet the desire of universal rule

rule is of so bewitching a nature, softly insinuating itself into man's breast, and received, entertained, and cherished there with such particular marks of tenderness, that his fond imagination figures to itself a thousand agreeables from its possession. Hence one degree of power usually (I had almost said naturally) aspires after a higher, and this on to a higher still, whilst in time and by degrees it encloses and absorbs the whole.——If the laws are made by a determinate body of men under no ties from religion, nothing hinders, but that by mutual consent and steps previously taken they might frame those institutes to accord with their own private detached interests, when such could be promoted at the expence of those of the aggregate body: it would be a miracle if they did not. In one case the common good is scandalously neglected, in the other wilfully opposed.

And when laws have once received their proper form and establishment, to make them effectually conducive to the purposes they were intended for, some should be empowered to supervise their execution; for they cannot execute themselves. Where subjects are remiss and careless, to enforce a more strict conformity; when violated, to impose the sanction impartially and without respect of persons. Hence the necessity of men acting in distinct particular spheres with capacities and dispositions suited to the dignity and importance of each respectively. And without a faithful and conscientious discharge of the duties resulting from those relations, and paying a strict and invariable regard to the general interest in the offices they fill, great confusions will unavoidably be introduced, which, as they multiply and enlarge, must quickly bring on a thorough dissolution of the whole political machine.

Since then the multitude of cases with which society is concerned necessarily requires a regular subordination of officers, what but the sense of a being, who will exact a just and equal account of the good or bad use of those powers every one is entrusted with, can be a sufficient motive to serve the

publick, when men have a fair opportunity of promoting their own ends by acting in opposition to it? Nothing from *without* can possibly prevent them; for, being by supposition out of the reach of human discovery, they are in no fear of the magistrate's sword. Neither is there any thing from *within* capable of holding them in. For what signifies conscience, if men live under no apprehensions of an infinitely knowing and omnipotent being, and of those rewards and punishments which in this life or another are to be apportioned to such as by their conduct have merited one or the other. Urging in answer to this the sacredness of oaths would be of little weight: because all oaths presuppose the belief of a God and his government of the world: remove but once this persuasion, and the obligations immediately cease and are at an end.

R——*

[*To be continued.*]

To the STUDENT.

S I R,

AS every good-natured man must feel a pleasure at seeing an exertion of humanity, I could not read the scheme you have communicated to the publick *for raising a fund for the maintenance of the widows and children of the inferiour clergy*, without a sensible satisfaction. The distress to which these unhappy widows and orphans are frequently reduced, calls aloud for pity, and for a speedy redress. 'Tis an affecting sight, to see the children of our ministers, who, if their parents have not been able to give them a genteel, have generally had a sober and religious education, 'tis an affecting sight, I say, to see them turned out helpless into the world, thrown among the lowest of the people, and oblig'd for the rest of their lives to converse with none but uncultivated minds, and suddenly to mingle with those who are rather fitted to corrupt than to improve their virtue.

My

My concern for these poor helpless objects, as well as for their wretched mothers, was the other day greatly heighten'd by reading a pamphlet, which fell accidentally into my hands. In this is inserted a short history of the distresses of a poor clergyman and his unhappy children; which I have the greater reason to believe to be true, as some other events of the like nature have fallen within my own notice. The pamphlet I am speaking of is called, *An epistle to the Bishop of London, occasioned by his lordship's letter to the clergy and inhabitants of London and Westminster*,—by a foreigner. This stranger has with great spirit and delicacy pointed out many of the abuses that have escaped the notice of our countrymen, and some of them not without success, since he has caused them to be removed. But as this pamphlet is not so well known as it deserves, and will probably be read by few of your readers, let me intreat you, to give this passage a place in the STUDENT: a request that I should not have made, did I not think it might contribute to awaken the humanity of the nation, and to forward the excellent scheme of PHILANTHROPOS.

“About three years ago,” says our author, “a poor clergyman in the north of England, being flattered by a promise of preferment, raised all the money he could scrape together, by selling his goods, and by borrowing to the value of about five pounds, which was the utmost extent of his credit; and with ten guineas in his pocket, a larger sum than he had ever before had in his own possession, set out for London, bringing with him two daughters, which was the whole of his family. On his coming to town he waited on his pretended patron almost every day, who constantly put him off with fresh excuses, and fresh promises; which, at last, when it was too late, he found were only made to deceive him; since he accidentally discovered that the living which he had been for a month together soliciting, had been given away before his arrival in town, to a person who had two better livings before.”

" before. His disappointment, his shame and vexation, to-
 " gether with the dismal prospect that lay before him, at
 " finding that his little stock was almost spent, and the idea
 " of the distress to which his poor daughters would speedily
 " be reduced, were too heavy to be supported; nor could
 " all his piety and virtue, for which he had been so justly
 " esteemed, prevent his sinking under the dreadful idea of
 " the total ruin of himself and his children. He was seiz'd
 " with a fever, and wanting the necessary assistance that
 " his illness required, he languished in misery and at last
 " died, leaving his daughters poor, miserable, and friendless.

" In this wretched situation, one of them was taken no-
 " tice of by her father's patron, to whom, in his sickness,
 " she had in vain applied for relief, and who now attempted
 " to seduce her virtue: she resisted while she had bread to
 " eat, but being unable to get employment, her hunger be-
 " came too strong to be resisted; it over-power'd the effects
 " of her pious education, and constrained her to forget the
 " admonitions of a dying father, and to yield to the infam-
 " ous proposals that had been offered her. Her situation
 " was changed, when, by forfeiting her virtue, she support-
 " ed her sister till she was able to get into service: but,
 " wretched as her circumstances were, they were to be still
 " worse; she had not been a twelvemonth in this situation,
 " before she was discarded for a new mistress, and cast
 " upon the town."

The plainness and simplicity with which this story is told,
 added to the distress in which I have known some of the
 widows and children of clergymen involved, are to me a
 confirmation of its truth. And here I cannot help observing,
 that the prospect of a support for his daughters after his de-
 cease might possibly have given this poor man spirits to strug-
 gle with his distemper, to overcome it, and even at last
 to surmount all his difficulties, as it would sufficiently have
 enabled his more unhappy children to have triumphed over
 temptation, shame and guilt. But as the case now stands, to

what

what evils are not the daughters of our poorer clergy exposed ! How dreadful, that the children of those very men, who have spent their whole lives in the cause of virtue, should, when they are dead, be overpowered by the strongest of all the appetites, and be constrained either to die or to be wicked ! How few young minds would here have the courage to make a proper choice, and to prefer eternal happiness to a life of guilt ! Poverty is frequently attended with a complication of distress, and in no instance is it likely to be more fatal, than when suffered by the children of the clergy, who during the life of their father are treated by the parish in which they live, with that respect which is always due to his character, let his circumstances in life be ever so mean. How then can they be supposed capable of enduring every thing, of supporting the loss of his life, and providing for their own ? The genteeler their education has been, the more unable they will be to grapple with difficulties, to which they must be immediately exposed ; and the case is exactly the same with the unhappy widow. It is frequently difficult, and sometimes impossible, for them to support themselves by their needle. Every body will see that the daughters are unfit for the drudgery of servants, and the mother, who may have been educated with delicacy, is altogether incapable of getting her bread by washing and scouring. There is something so incongruous in the idea of so dreadful a degradation, that the bare mention of it seems to give a shock to humanity, and so confound all our natural ideas of order, decency, and propriety of character.

But after all, I cannot help thinking, that the worthy PHILANTHROPOS, greatly as I approve of his scheme in general, is a little wrong in his calculations : for I can hardly imagine, that one day's pay of all the clergy in England will be sufficient to answer the demands of the numerous miserable, who would have an undoubted claim to this bounty. However, I am persuaded that, were this scheme but once to take place, the generosity of the wealthy part of the clergy

clergy would render any alteration needless, since a large and open heart would never be satisfied with so poor a pittance; but on so laudable an occasion would, if needful, give even more than a hundredth part of his yearly income.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

PHILO.

MEMNON, an APOLOGUE.

MEMNON one day took it into his head to become perfectly wise; an extravagancy, which has sometimes infatuated men of no shallow intellects. His soliloquy on this momentous point was as follows.

To be very wise, and consequently very happy, requires no more than to get rid of our passions, which every one knows to be a most easy matter. First, I'll never love any woman; for upon seeing an enchanting beauty, I'll immediately say to myself, those cheeks will one day be wrinkled, those eyes lose their lustre, those round breasts be flabby, and those fine curling locks give way to baldness; now, viewing her with the same eyes, which I should in that mortifying change, will secure my heart from being distracted with her beauty. Secondly, I'll be temperate, and stoutly withstand all the allurements of delicious fare, and the seducements of epicurean companions. 'Tis but bearing in my mind the consequences of excess, as a disordered stomach, a confused brain, and the loss of reason, health, and time; then my appetite will be under the check of necessity, my health permanent, my faculties sprightly, my passions tranquil, and my ideas refined: all this is attainable with so little difficulty, that to attain it has no claim to merit. As for an income, said MEMNON, my desires are limited, and my whole fortune lodged with the Receiver General of the finances of *Nineveh*. I have wherewithal to live independently,

dently, an essential ingredient in happiness. I will therefore never risk losing any part of my fortune by gaming, as I don't want to encrease it. I'll always be above cringing at a levee. Envyng no body, I shall not be envied. Is not this again, as easy as to tell my name? I have some friends, continued he, who will remain such, as our interests don't clash. I'll never quarrel with them, nor will they with me: —the consequences are certain.

MEMNON, after this concise scheme of conduct, happening to look out of his window, saw two women walking under a row of plantanes near his house. One of them was old and under no concern; the other young and pretty, but she wept and sigh'd with such emotion as heighten'd her charms. Our sage, moved,—not with the lady's beauty, his soul was superiour to such a foible,—but her extreme affliction, hastened down to comfort the young *Ninevite* with the treasures of his wisdom. This belle related with the most natural air of real grief and resentment the wrongs she suffered from an uncle, whom she had not, his practices to defraud her of an estate, as fictitious as the uncle, and her dread of his violence. You seem to me, said she, a person of such sagacity, that if you will be so good as to go home along with me, and inspect into my affairs, I am certain my distress would soon be brought to a happy issue. MEMNON readily attended her, meaning only to advise her for the best.

The sorrowful lady brought him into a perfumed chamber, and politely placed him on a sofa, where they both sat cross-legged over-against each other. She opened her cause with downcast eyes, which at times dropt an insidious tear; and whenever she raised them, they were immediately met by those of the sage MEMNON. Her speech breathed a tenderness, which increased every time they looked at each other. MEMNON was extremely affected with her pathetick recital, and at every word, much more at every look, felt in himself a more earnest propensity to interest himself in behalf
of

of this accomplish'd lady. In the heat of talk, they had changed both their position and attitude, and MEMNON laid his advice so home, and urg'd his counsels with so much tenderness, that the uncle and wisdom were quite forgot in the transporting gratifications of love.

Here, as may be conceived, they were interrupted by the uncle, armed cap-a-pee. He first furiously threaten'd to sacrifice the sage MEMNON and his niece: at length, in generous pity to their youth, he said, he would remit their punishment for a round sum of money. MEMNON was obliged to deliver up all he had; and in those times he may be said to come off very cheap. This was before the discovery of *America*, when ladies in distress were far from being so dangerous as in our days.

MEMNON is show'd his way out of the house, full of shame and vexation. At his return home, he finds an invitation to dine with a knot of his intimates. This comes very *à propos*, said he; for if I sit brooding here by myself on this cursed trick, I sha'n't be able to eat; this will bring on a sickness, and that bring me to my end. A frugal repast with virtuous friends is compatible with the most austere wisdom; their engaging company will efface all remembrance of this morning's folly. Being come to the rendezvous, his chagrine was soon observed, and quickly removed by the officiousness of his virtuous friends to ply him with liquor: for, thought the wise MEMNON, wine in moderation is a cordial to soul and body. When they had drank him to a pitch, a party of play was proposed. A throw or two upon the die among select friends is a harmless recreation. He games, and loses, not only all about him, but four times as much upon his honour; a dispute arising, a select friend struck out one of his eyes with the box. The wife MEMNON is led home, drunk, stript of all his cash, and with the loss of an eye.

When sleep had brought him to himself, he sends away a servant to the Receiver General for money to pay those sacred debts of honour. Word is return'd him, that his banker had
that

that very morning made a fraudulent bankruptcy to the ruin of numberless families. The wife MEMNON runs in a passion to court, with a plaister on his eye and a petition in his hand, for justice against him. As soon as the sovereign came by, kissing the ground three times, he offered his petition. His Majesty took it with a smile of goodness, and delivered it to one of his Satrapes, that he might make his report on it. This Satrape, taking MEMNON a-part, said to him with a haughty sneer, thou one-ey'd coxcomb! to apply to the king before me! and, what is worse, to demand justice against a worthy bankrupt, whom I honour with my protection! if you value your other eye, drop this matter.

Thus MEMNON, who in the morning had protested against women, luxury, gaming, disputes, and especially against the court, before night was trickt and robbed by a jilt, got dead drunk, gamed, quarrell'd, lost an eye in the fray, went to court, and was ridicul'd. To compleat all, amazed with the most dejecting ideas, he drags himself homewards, where he finds the officers stripping his house by an execution.

Here our MS. unluckily fails us. What became of the wife MEMNON afterwards, may perhaps on a stricter search into the *Ninevite* records be discover'd, and communicated in a future number of this Miscellany.

*A LETTER from Bishop ATTERBURY to his son
OBADIAH, at Christ Church, OXON.*

DEAR OBBY,

I Thank you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and by consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what you write and to whom, and let nothing, tho' of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently.

Numb. VI.

E e

ligently. Get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards. Not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought in all letters by all means to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of yours, which have an air of poetry, and do therefore naturally resolve themselves into blank verses. I send you your letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation. But you took the hint of that thought from a poem, and it is no wonder therefore, that you heighten'd the phrase a little when you were expressing it. The rest is as it shou'd be; and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity, that if it comes from your heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me. With these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me, and without them the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The great Being says, you know—my son, give me thy heart—implying, that without it all other gifts signify nothing. Let me conjure you therefore never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think, but always to let your mind and your words go together on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which, as far as it deserves to be practis'd by a man of probity, is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise, throws away truth for breeding; I need not tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange.

I say not this as if I suspected, that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolv'd to believe that you were in earnest from the beginning to the end of it, as much as I am, when I tell you that I am

your loving father, &c.

CRITICISM *on a passage in* HORACE.

BROTHER STUDENT,

Trinity College, DUBLIN.

I Have sent you a little criticism, which if you insert, you'll do me a favour. I wish I had at present by me something of more consequence to communicate to you; for I sincerely think your undertaking cannot be too much encourag'd by the publick in general, but more especially by gentlemen and scholars. I hope you will not weigh my inclination to serve you by the inclosed trifle. You remember, HOMER says of something —*ολιγον τε φιλον τε*— and a present may in some circumstances be more acceptable for its smallness.

IN the 19th Ode of the first Book, HORACE has these four lines,—greatly admir'd, tho' but little understood,

*Urit me GLYCERÆ nitor
 Splendentis Pario marmore purius;
 Urit grata protervitas,
 Et VULTUS NIMIUM LUBRICUS ASPICI,*

All the translators, that I have met with, render the last line, as if HORACE meant to compliment the lady for her *shining* countenance. PRIOR in particular translates it (as he thought) literally. "*A face too slippery to behold.*" Now this might be a good compliment from an *Hottentot* poet to an *Hottentot* toast, but by much too indelicate for HORACE. In the *second* line the poet mentions the *brightness* of GLYCERA's aspect by *Splendentis Pario marmore purius*; to grease her with pomatum so soon after would be foolish tautology. The sense of the last line I take to be this;—as the *grata protervitas* plainly means her agreeable coquetry, so the VULTUS NIMIUM LUBRICUS ASPICI must mean something

thing that is the consequence of that coquetry, viz. *She tosses her head about with so many fantastical airs, that the beholders cannot catch a glance—her face is too unsteady to be beheld.* In the English verse the passage might run some-how in this manner.

For GLYCERA's radiant face I burn,
Purer and brighter than the Parian urn;
I burn,—when with that giddy gay delight
She looks,—and charms and cheats the gazer's sight.

June 4, 1750.

G. W.

Of INTELLECTUAL PLEASURE.

[A second ESSAY. See Number I.]

Quòd si corporis gravioribus morbis vitæ jucunditas impeditur, quanto magis animi morbis impediri necesse est!

CICERO.

JUCUNDITAS VITÆ, in the motto of this paper, must be understood to signify that noble and refined felicity of the soul, which arises from *intellectual Pleasure*: if we apprehend it in any other sense, the assertion contained in the sentence is by no means true; since *sensual Pleasure* is rather advanced and augmented by that depravity of mind, thro' which her votary beholds his vicious pursuits under the appearance of real good. A deviation from virtue is indeed the great and most dangerous disease of the soul, by whose influence she loses the delicacy of her original frame, and becomes inured to those habits, which are destructive of her real happiness and the design of her creation.

In the former essay notice was taken of the advantages, which the soul may derive from the subordinate assistance of the

the body; it was then observed, that unbridled appetites, and pain, and sickness, throw the mind off from her bias, interrupt her contemplations, and make her unfit for the delight arising from the cool and undisturb'd enjoyment of the intellect. In the present paper I shall just hint some reflections upon those more frequent and more invincible obstacles, which the soul meets with from the intellectual faculties themselves, in which I suppose the passions to be ingrafted and established.

The specific difference, between the nature of the soul and that of the body, naturally puts the former something upon its guard against the snares of the latter. It is indeed too true, they frequently are united, and the divine spark within us is oppress'd and almost extinguish'd by the sensual mixture it receives from our mortal mass: yet, for the most part, reason and appetite maintain some little struggle; the understanding disdains to give up all her dignity, and is victorious after many repulses. The danger is infinitely greater from the soul herself: when her own faculties begin to taint and be corrupted, when the passions swell themselves into vices, and when the power of thinking corrupts itself by remaining too much within, and not soaring upwards to those divine regions from whence she had her own original. Celestial contemplation is to the soul, what the air of one's native country is to the body, and enlivens it when all other remedies fail. It is an exercise which performs, in its divine excursions, the same service to the intellect, that walking or riding performs to the animal spirits, increasing their force, improving their operations, and ennobling their nature. The soul, which never thus exerts its powers, returns too frequently upon herself, stagnates for want of her natural and proper nourishment; passions and inclinations at random, whether good or evil, engross her intention, and the body becomes their counsellor and assistant.

The mind, when improved, brightened, and dignified by exalted speculations, will have an influence upon our bodies,
from

from whose union in the cause of religion and virtue *intellectual pleasure* arises. Her operations are not confined to things above the visible diurnal sphere, but, like the sun, illuminates every subject, and is then in her highest degree of perfection, when she can assimilate the objects she considers to her own nature.

Purity of heart, and benevolence of temper, are the only means of attaining this happy turn of thought. The one comprehends those speculations which relate to heavenly operations, the attributes of God, and the survey of his mercies, which none but the pure in heart can conceive or relish: and to them these divine perfections unfold their charms with even additional lustre, as the rays of the sun encrease their force when collected in a mirror of chrystal. By the other we enjoy those more congenial subjects of *intellectual pleasure*, which arise from events within our common observation, the prosperity of our friends, (for our own is too interested to deserve the name,) the virtues we observe in others, the composure of the state, the fertility of the earth, and the operations of nature. But it will not be ever in our power to follow either of these ways, 'till we can gain that noble triumph over our passions, which Sir THOMAS BROWNE so touchingly describes in his *Christian Morals*; "till Anger walks hanging down the head, till Malice goes manacled, and Envy fetter'd after us, till we lead our own captivity captive, and are Cæsars within ourselves."

When this conquest is gained, the *pleasures of the intellect* will open to our view a new world of beauties, satisfying our thirst of knowledge, and demanding our attention, equally solid and substantial in our serious, pleasing and entertaining in our gayer hours. We shall not be then indebted to a combination of events, or the actions of others, for our happiness; but every observation, every incident will encrease the stock of our contemplations: we shall be pleased with the successful opening of a flower, and behold with refined pleasure a field waving with grain, tho' the ground be-

longs

longs to another: the success of the virtuous will put us in humour with this world, while the prosperity of the wicked will naturally incline the stream of our thoughts towards a better. The same turn of reflection, which thus collects all the scattered and (by themselves) inconsiderable advantages of life into a regular system of felicity, will likewise disperse all disagreeable circumstances, and reduce them to nothing by dividing their forces.

INTRODUCTION to a new SYSTEM of CASTLE-BUILDING.

CASTLE-BUILDING, or the science of aerial architecture, is of much too vague a nature to be comprehended in a concise regular definition: but for the sake of custom and method, I define it to be, the craft of erecting *baseless fabricks* in the air, and peopling them with proper notional inhabitants for the employment and improvement of the understanding. I believe I may venture to affirm, this is the only art of the circle, where the theory and practice are one and the same thing. It is likewise of the most undoubted antiquity, since it is older than the creation, the Devil himself being a very great CASTLE-BUILDER. But I would not be understood to suggest by this any thing to the disadvantage of the science; *nil prodest quod non ledere possit idem*; every art may be and has been abused. The use of CASTLE-BUILDING is universal, and there are many hours in life, that without it would be insupportable. The poets (who by the bye are the greatest CASTLE-BUILDERS in the world) would tell you, that there is a goddess, who is patroness of this art; that she was the daughter of *Imagination* by *Vanity*; and that Jove sent her upon earth as a kind of ANTI-PANDORA, to ease every disorder, and supply every defect in nature. But to leave these

these nonsensical gentlemen to their crambo-work, and to talk a little common sense, it is certainly an infallible remedy for many inconveniences in life. RUFUS is perhaps of all the husbands in *England* the most hag-ridden by his wife: and yet, by his admirable proficiency in this art, at the very time BRANDELINDA is scolding at him and beating him, he can fancy himself a sultan, reclining on a velvet sofa, with his slaves and his mutes about him. A thousand instances parallel to this I shall have occasion to mention in the progress of my work, which I shall divide into chapters; they having the same effect as partition in orations, which, QUINTILIAN says, relieve and entertain the reader in the same manner as the mile-stones do the traveller. But my reader will have a particular advantage, for he'll have a month's rest between every chapter; so should I be ever so dull, and fatigue him ever so much, he will have time enough to bait his horse, smoak a pipe with my landlord, and kiss the chamber-maid, if he pleases. I must not conclude this introduction without assuring the publick, that in the course of this system I shall have the assistance of a very ingenious person of the lovelier and better sex: so that, however poorly I succeed in my part of the undertaking, the ladies may be certain of a great deal of pleasure every now and then from a charming authoress, who will do immortal honour to the petticoat. I intend to subjoin, by way of supplement, a compleat list of the most eminent CASTLE-BUILDERS, with a chronological history of their atchievements, from *Babel* down to a certain great bridge, which shall be given gratis to the purchasers of the STUDENT, and my own picture, like the statue of MERCURY in the fable, shall be thrown into the bargain.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

ODE

O D E *on the fifth of* D E C E M B E R,

Being the birth-day of a very beautiful YOUNG LADY.

By *Mr.* CHRISTOPHER SMART.

I.
HA I L eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
D E C E M B E R, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year :
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow
Smile gladly on this blest of days ;
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
And P H O E B U S shine in all his state
With more than summer rays.

II.
Tho' jocund JUNE may justly boast
Long days and happy hours ;
Tho' A U G U S T be P O M O N A's host,
And M A Y be crown'd with flow'rs ;
Tell JUNE, his fire and crimson dyes
By H A R R I O T's blush and H A R R I O T's eyes
Eclips'd and vanquish'd fade away ;
Tell A U G U S T, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than He,
A sweeter flow'r than M A Y.

The A B S U R D I T Y *of* W I S H I N G.

CA N we succeed by wishing?—'tis a jest ;
That *constant besick of a fool* at best.
Those things we fondly doat on, when possess'd,
Inspid grow, and are no more caress'd.
One point obtain'd, another strikes the sight,
And *Hope* deludes us with a dazzling light.

Numb. VI.

F f

Sure

these nonsensical gentlemen to their crambo-work, and to talk a little common sense, it is certainly an infallible remedy for many inconveniences in life. RUFUS is perhaps of all the husbands in *England* the most hag-ridden by his wife: and yet, by his admirable proficiency in this art, at the very time BRANDELINDA is scolding at him and beating him, he can fancy himself a sultan, reclining on a velvet sofa, with his slaves and his mutes about him. A thousand instances parallel to this I shall have occasion to mention in the progress of my work, which I shall divide into chapters; they having the same effect as partition in orations, which, QUINTILIAN says, relieve and entertain the reader in the same manner as the mile-stones do the traveller. But my reader will have a particular advantage, for he'll have a month's rest between every chapter; so should I be ever so dull, and fatigue him ever so much, he will have time enough to bait his horse, smoak a pipe with my landlord, and kiss the chamber-maid, if he pleases. I must not conclude this introduction without assuring the publick, that in the course of this system I shall have the assistance of a very ingenious person of the lovelier and better sex: so that, however poorly I succeed in my part of the undertaking, the ladies may be certain of a great deal of pleasure every now and then from a charming authoress, who will do immortal honour to the petticoat. I intend to subjoin, by way of supplement, a compleat list of the most eminent CASTLE-BUILDERS, with a chronological history of their achievements, from *Babel* down to a certain great bridge, which shall be given gratis to the purchasers of the STUDENT, and my own picture, like the statue of MERCURY in the fable, shall be thrown into the bargain.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

ODE

ODE on the fifth of DECEMBER,

Being the birth-day of a very beautiful YOUNG LADY.

By Mr. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

I.
HAIL eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
DECEMBER, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year :
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow
Smile gladly on this blest of days ;
The livery'd clouds shall on thee wait,
And PHOEBUS shine in all his state
With more than summer rays.

II.
Tho' jocund JUNE may justly boast
Long days and happy hours ;
Tho' AUGUST be POMONA's host,
And MAY be crown'd with flow'rs ;
Tell JUNE, his fire and crimson dyes
By HARRIOT's blush and HARRIOT's eyes
Eclips'd and vanquish'd fade away ;
Tell AUGUST, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than He,
A sweeter flow'r than MAY.

The ABSURDITY of WISHING.

CAN we succeed by wishing ?—'tis a jest ;
That *constant beſtick of a fool* at best.
Those things we fondly doat on, when possess'd,
Inspid grow, and are no more careſs'd.
One point obtain'd, another strikes the sight,
And *Hope* deludes us with a dazzling light.

Numb. VI.

F f

Sure

Sure 'tis absurd, impertinent, and vain
 To wish for *something* which we cannot gain;
 Life's present comforts this at once destroys,
 And makes us restless for untasted joys.
 Heav'n kindly grants the boon which we implore:
 That boon receiv'd, we murmur as before;
 By wild caprice from youth to age are led,
 Nor cease complaints, 'till number'd with the dead.

The MISER, brooding o'er his treasur'd heap,
 Can no enjoyment from possession reap;
 But always thirsting to increase his store,
 In plenty pines, ridiculously poor.

The youthful STATESMAN, by ambition fir'd,
 Burns with impatience for the *point* desir'd;
 But ere the wish'd for prospect is in view,
 Soon, soon he pants another to pursue.

"Give me a horse" PHILARIO cries, "I'll ride,
 "There's no diversion in the world beside;"
 'Till *Fancy* whispers gently in his Ear,
 "Methinks a *pair* would more genteel appear."
 These, purchas'd once, unnumber'd wants create;
 Now splendor charms him, equipage, and state;
 Shifting about, inconstant as the wind,
 To various schemes at various times inclin'd:
 Whate'er is present grants a transient joy,
 New objects strike him, and as quickly cloy.

FANTASCUS, weary'd out with town-delights,
 Days spent in nonsense, and luxurious nights,
 Flies to the country, there expects to meet
 Ease for his mind, and happiness compleat:
 But still past pleasures are impress'd so strong,
 No rural scenes can captivate him long.

Prompted by fancy and the *love of gain*,
 MERCATOR braves the rough tempestuous main;
 To distant regions sails with heart elate,
 And home returns both opulent and great.—

But has he found, by different change of air,
That richest prize, an antidote for care?

Sir FLUTTER hates a solitary life,
And turns his thoughts on "family and wife;"—
By them imagines to secure content;
New cares perplex him, "furniture and rent;"
With children blest, anxiety commences;
He talks of nothing then but vast expences.

Thus discontent seems woven in our frame,
And *perfect bliss* is nothing but a name.—
Yet if we strove with diligence sincere
To keep our breasts from cank'ring envy clear,
Much of this peevish humour wou'd subside:—
The greatest bar to happiness is PRIDE.

A LOVE ELEGY.

The POET bids farewell to his MISTRESS.

Imperious Love, whose secret fire
Long time has prey'd upon my breast,
Each wish presents, each vain desire,
In fancy's gaudiest colours drest:

But stern impartial Reason cries,
Thy self-deceiving hopes resign;
Deluded wretch! suppress thy sighs,
Nor dare in secret thought repine.

Thou artless fair one, mistress, friend,
Thou first and best lov'd, farewell!
What griefs my heart at parting rend,
Let tears and broken murmurs tell.

With thee I hop'd, ah flattering dream!
To taste the sweets that never cloy;
But fate o'erturn'd each airy scheme
Of social peace, and guiltless joy.

O come, Religion, to my aid,
 And sooth my anguish'd soul to rest;
 Bid me forget the lovely maid,
 Bid me forget I once was blest.

FAREWELL, thy sex's noblest pride!
 O may my happy rival's love,
 Crown'd with success to mine deny'd,
 Like mine sincere and constant prove.

Why weep for me? At heav'n's command
 Soon shall I sink to soft repose,
 And soon shall death with pitying hand
 This scene of grief and folly close.

No more, with silent pleasure fir'd,
 These eyes upon thy charms shall gaze,
 No more my tongue, by love inspir'd,
 Delightful task! thy virtues praise.

The dear companions of my youth
 Shall oft my hapless loves relate,
 Shall praise my constancy and truth,
 My frailties mourn and early fate.

M*****, once conscious of my cares,
 Shall feel the pangs of generous woe,
 Nor, gentle C*****, shall thy tears
 For thy lost friend disdain to flow.

H O R A C E, Book II. Ode X.

L I C I N I U S, if you would obtain
 The bliss of life, and shun the pain,
 Urge not your too obedient feet
 To climb ambition's lofty seat,
 Nor, to avoid the gusts of pow'r,
 Approach too near the adverse shore.

The middle state, enjoy'd by few,
That can the golden age renew,
Alike does fly dark cottage wall,
And splendidly-luxurious hall.

The lofty pine, whose stately head
Disdains the shrub beneath his shade,
By a rude blast from stormy sky,
On level with the shrub does lye.
Cloud-piercing tow'rs, by time decay'd,
In deeper ruin shall be laid ;
And ten-fold rage of thund'ring Jove
Aspiring hills and mountains prove.

Amidst the angry frowns of fate
Support thy mind in peaceful state ;
Nor let relenting fortune's smile,
To lavish joys thy heart beguile ;
Whatever lot the gods shall give,
Prepar'd, submissive, to receive.

Thus time's revolving seasons bring
Dull winter and the smiling spring,
The glooming summer's genial ray,
And autum's faint declining day :
Like these, too transient long to last,
Fortune's gay smile, or angry blast.

Apollo oft with golden lyre
Kindles the muses sacred fire,
Nor from his deadly-twanging bow
Does flaming darts incessant throw.

Learn then to bear with equal mind
Life's fickle, ever-shifting wind ;
When storms invest the face of day,
Let not thy courage melt away ;
Nor let thy deeply-swelling sail
Too fondly court the prosp'rous gale.

London, June 16.

T. N.

To

*To be placed under the PICTURE of the Right Honourable
WILLIAM GRANT, Esq; his Majesty's
Advocate for SCOTLAND.*

BEhold the man, whom humble merit rais'd,
Admir'd by statesmen, by his rivals prais'd:
Untainted with the love of pow'r or gain,
Nor swell'd by titles, nor of honours vain:
Whose easy eloquence and humour charm,
By judgment temper'd, and with fancy warm:
Whose liberal hands the widow's griefs beguile,
And bid the lonely, hapless orphan smile:
Whose great example fires our northern youth,
A race renown'd for virtue, honour, truth.

O born to dignify these latter days,
Be these thy glories, GRANT, be this thy praise;
That grateful *Scotland*, to thy merits just,
Shall, next ARGYLE's, erect thy lawrel'd bust.

A PANEGYRICK on the LADIES.

Being CHAUCER's Recantation for * *The blind eat many a fly.*

*As it is sung at the SPRING GARDENS VAUX HALL,
with great applause.*

RECITATIVE.

OLD CHAUCER once to this re-echoing grove
Sung " of the sweet bewitching tricks of love;"
But soon he found, he'd sullied his renown,
And arm'd each charming hearer with a frown;
Then self-condemn'd anew his lyre he strung,
And in repentant strains this recantation sung,

* *A song moderniz'd from the old English of Chaucer.*

AIR

A I R.

I.

Long since unto her native sky
 Fled heav'n-descended Constancy;
 Nought now that's stable's to be had,
 The world's grown mutable and mad:
 Save WOMEN—they, we must confess,
 Are miracles of steadfastness,
 And every witty, pretty dame
 Bears for her motto — *Still the same.*

II.

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,
 The white, the yellow, blue and green,
 In brief complexion idly gay
 Still set with every setting day,
 Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
 Their odours gone, their colour lost:
 But what is true, tho' passing strange,
 The WOMEN never—fade or change.

III.

The wise man said that all was vain,
 And folly's universal reign;
 Wisdom its vot'ries oft enthralls,
 Riches torment, and pleasure palls;
 And 'tis, good lack, a general rule,
 That each man soon or late's a fool:
 In WOMEN 'tis th' exception lies,
 For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise.

IV.

This earthly ball with noise abounds,
 And from its emptiness it sounds,
 Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,
 The lawyer's plea, and poet's pen:

But

But WOMEN here no one suspects,
 Silence distinguishes that sex;
 For, poor dumb things! so meek's their mould,
 You scarce can hear them——when they scold.

C H O R U S.

An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
 An hundred pair of iron lungs,
 Five heralds, and five thousand cryers,
 With throats whose accent never tires,
 Ten speaking trumpets of a size
 Would deafness with their din surprize,
 Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall sing and say,
 And those that will believe it——may.

A SOLILOQUY *by* THYRSIS

Gazing at KITTY's chamber window.

WHAT dimly glimmering, distant light
 Faintly repels the shades of night?
 What beauteous image, charms divine,
 Behind yon waving curtain shine?
 Malicious curtains, which repell
 My longing eyes, withdraw your veil;
 And to the eager, ardent lover
 Nature's bright master-piece discover.

Bear me, ye Zephyrs, thro' the air
 Into the chamber of the fair,
 Where my impatient wishes rove,
 Up-born upon the wings of love.

See, where the beauteous Kitty lies,
 And shuts her ever-conq'ring eyes:
 Eyes! which, tho' clos'd, diffuse a ray
 Bright as the op'ning dawn of day;

And

And each fond lover waking keep,
While they lye bath'd in gentle sleep.
See, how her heaving bosom moves,
The parent of a thousand loves.
So waves the bosom of the deep,
Where only tides their motion keep.

See, where the wanton woodbine strays,
And round her window amorous plays,
Ambitious to salute the fair
With the first odours of the year:
That fair, whose breath is sweeter far
Than all the flow'rs that tree can bear;
Whose face more beauteous colours shews
Than lillies blended with the rose.

Perch'd in this woodbine *Venus* doves
Shall murmur forth their tender loves,
And quit the goddess, pleas'd to prove
Th' attendants of this queen of love.
Each tuneful chorister of th' air
Shall nightly serenade the fair,
And in the covert of the tree
Make an harmonious aviary.

And thou, chief songstress of the vale,
Sweet, melancholy nightingale,
Who wakeful in melodious strain,
Dost nightly of thy love complain,
By thy example let her know
The pains for her I undergo:
Tell her in sweetest, saddest air
How much I love, how much despair;
Describe my wishes, sing my fears,
My doubtful hopes, my anxious cares:
Pleas'd with the melody from thee,
The maid perhaps may think of me.

And when she sleeps, may dreams impart
The tender anguish of my heart:

Such dreams, as my fond fancy lead
Thro' many a painted, flow'ry mead,
When I, transported with the view,
The visionary maid pursue.

Let HYMEN with his torch appear,
And gently whisper in her ear,
That beauty soon must fade away,
The short-liv'd glory of a day;
That if a passion, which knows none
That's excellent but her alone,
And which will ever keep its flame
Tho' each succeeding age the same,
Deserves by beauty to be blest,
That passion burns within my breast.

May visions prove the fair one's mind,
And KITTY wake to THYRSIS kind!

MORNING. An ODE.

The AUTHOR confin'd to COLLEGE.

Scribimus inclusi.—

PERS. Sat. I. Ver. 13.

ONCE more the vernal sun's all-cheering beams
The fields, as with a purple robe, adorn:
Thy bloomy banks, O CAM, and glist'ring streams
All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn;
Thro' the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowling herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleasure sooths his tranquil breast,
Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory drest.

The

The pensive poet thro' the green-wood steals,
Or treads the willow'd marge of murr'ring brook;
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
Whence various scenes, and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.

But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
(Inelegant to me fair nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And dreary darkness all for light and grace)
Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor harmony mine ear,

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod stern Discipline restrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
Nor more my Muse, by weight of woes oppress'd,
Can whisper to my soul sweet songs of peace and rest.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge.

The PROGRESS of DISCONTENT.

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, an humble suitor,
With bows and speeches to his tutor.

"Sir, give me leave to recommend him,
"I'm sure you cannot but befriend him;
"I'll warrant that his good behav'our
"Shall justify your future favour;
"And for his parts, to tell the truth,
"My son's a very forward youth;

" He's young indeed, but has a spirit;
 " And wants but means, to show his merit;
 " Has *Horace* all by heart,—you'd wonder,
 " And mouths out *Homer's* greek like thunder.
 " If you'd but venture to admit him,
 " A scholarship wou'd nicely fit him;
 " That he succeeds 'tis ten to one,
 " Your vote and interest, Sir,—'tis done,

Our candidate at length gets in,
 A hopeful scholar of *Coll. Trin.*
 A scholarship not half maintains,
 And college-rules are heavy chains;
 So scorning the late wish'd for prize,
 For a fat fellowship he sighs.

When, nine full tedious winters past,
 His utmost wish is crown'd at last;
 That utmost wish no sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot.—
 " These fellowships are pretty things,
 " We live indeed like patty kings;
 " But who can bear to spend his whole age
 " Amid the dulness of a college;
 " Debar'd the common joys of life,
 " And what is worse than all—a wife!
 " Would some snug benefice but fall,
 " Ye feasts and gaudies, farewell all!
 " To offices I'd bid adieu
 " Of *Dean*, *Vice-Præs.*,—nay *Bursar* too;
 " Come tithes, come glebe, come fields so pleasant,
 " Come sports, come partridge, hare and pheasant."
 Well—after waiting many a year,
 A living falls,—two hundred clear,
 With breast elate beyond expression,
 He hurries down to take possession;
 With rapture views the sweet retreat,—
 " What a convenient house! how neat!

" The

" The garden how completely planted!

" And is all this at my command!

" For fuel here's good store of wood,—

" Pray god, the cellars be but good!

Continuing this fantastic farce on,

He now commences country parson;

To make his character entire,

He weds ——— a cousin of the 'squire;

Not over-weighty in the purse;

But many doctors have done worse,

Content at first,—he taps his barrell,

Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;

Finds his church-wardens have discerning

Both in good liquor, and good learning;

With tythes his barns replete he sets,

And chuckles o'er his surplice-fees;

Studies to find out latent dues,

Smokes with the 'squire,—and clips his yews;

Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,

And, but on Sundays, hears no bells.

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast

By cares domestic is oppress'd;

Each day some scene of woe commences

By new and unforeseen expences;

And soon the butcher's bill, and brewing,

Threaten inevitable ruin;

For children more expences yet,

And Dickey now for school is fit.

" Why did I sell my college life

(He cries) " for benefice and wife!

" Oh could the days once more but come,

" When calm I smok'd in common room,

" And din'd with breast untroubled under

" The picture of our pious founder;

" When, for amusement, my tyrannic

" Sway could put freshmen in a pannic;

" When

" When impositions were supplied
 " To light my pipe—or sooth my pride !
 " No cares of family oppress me,
 " Nor wife by day—nor night distress'd me,
 " Each day receiv'd successive pleasure,
 " Or spent in reading—or in idleness;
 " And every night I went to bed
 " Without a christ'ning in my head."

O trifling head, and fickle heart !—
 Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art !
 A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
 And sick of pleasures scarce enjoy'd ;
 Each prize obtain'd, thy rapture ceases,
 And in the search alone it pleases.

T. W. x. y. z.

Of writing on celebrated TOASTS,

An Epistle to Mr. WARTON.

Whilst witlings, poetasters, fops combine
 To tease with CÆLIA's name the sacred nine ;
 Form'd, or half form'd, whilst ev'ry flatt'ring lie
 The STUDENT damns, or must in embryo die ;
 Say, shall I dare, nor be it thought a crime,
 Boldly to tell some honest truths in rhyme ?
 And trust me now, each coxcomb may indite
 Unmeaning nonsense, and at random write ;
 'Tis but to get of epithets a store,
 Then cram in ev'ry line near half a score :
 Shou'd the bound brains refuse a quick supply,
 BYSHE will retail them ready cut and dry.
 Lo ! under beauty in bright rank is seen
 Each Iris-colour rang'd, an endless magazine !
 Thence the mechanic bard culls ev'ry dye,
 The blushing cheek, white neck, and sparkling eye :

Yet

Yet are the lines to neither sex confin'd,
But, like hermaphrodites, of *neuter-kind*;
So soft they flow, so delicately dribble,
They'll either *SUKEY* fit, or *BILLY FARTER*.

Some scribbling *Fiddler* tunes a lifeless lay,
Alike instructed or to rhyme or play;
In softest *symphonies* soothes *SYLVIA's* soul,
And tells her, *ORPHEUS could the beasts controul*;
A jargon forms, to wit and ear offence,
And makes his sound fit echo to his sense.

On benches some scrawl out one *laden* rhyme;
Or in laconic stanza close a chime;
Or aiming at the shortest road to fame,
Cramp their vast genius in *acrostic* name;
Spend a whole day in patching up their wit,
Then swear, *extempore* each word was writ.

Where dirty walls the sordid ichor stains,
Oft straining nature gives poetic strains;
Exhaling odours choicest thoughts infuse,
And *Cloacina* serves instead of muse.

Is there a fop, t'whom nature's, fortune's hand
Paternal dulness gave, paternal land?
Wit, humour, reading, tutor,—all above,
Just not a *Cymon* in th' affair of love;
The di'mond, (ne'er the instrument of sense)
Marks on the glass his vain impertinence:
On ev'ry tavern pane in endless line
A *WALKER*, *MACKWORTH*, *TROLLOPE*, *BOUCHER* shine.

Of amorous scribblers 'midst the medley crew,
Where, *WARTON*, shall we find the chosen few,
Who real beauties, real faults can see,
Who judge impartial, and dare copy thee;
With pointed satire fix a sure disgrace,
And shew a coquet's airs are mere grimace;
Raise the broad grin at each alluring smile,
Foil ev'ry trick, and trace out ev'ry wile;

Bid the fond youth the false seducer fly,
Point at the snare, and mark the Syren high;
Quash the sad sigh, assuage the troubled breast,
Compose the fluttering heart, and give it rest.

Essential beauty tasteless fops neglect,
But to her attributes pay great respect;
O'er a complexion dress has oft prevail'd,
A hoop has caught them, when a face has fail'd,
Hence light coquets assume their pow'r to reign,
And with pretended ease cause real pain
By stratagem to win the unwary heart,
What nature has deny'd, they seek from art.

See the dull *Freshman* just arriv'd from school,
(A cockcomb rip'ning from a rustic fool)
Whilst in his sabbath-suit he treads the mall,
Staring, and star'd at too alike by all,
If a bewitching Syren catch his eyes,
In his wrapt breast poetic transports rise;
Straight, the pert *sonnet* frames her all divine,
Bids her a *Muse*, a *Grace*, a *Venus* shine.

Thanks to my stars, coquets I coolly view,
And (more surprizing) stigmatize them too;
Whilst real worth the muse shall give to fame,
And stamp on adamant a lasting name.—

Is there a nymph (hither ye bards repair,
Behold a subject worthy of your care,)
Is there a nymph, whom perfect beauty fires,
With all the genius fraught of all her fires,
In whom chaste modesty, gay youth is seen,
The *DIAN* blended with the *Cyprian Queen*,
In whom the charming opposites agree,—
Is there a nymph?—and is not *LETTY* she?

Wadham Coll. Oxon.

J. S.

END of the sixth number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER VII. *July* 30, 1750.

A LETTER *to a* FRIEND *in* SICKNESS,

By Archbishop TILLOTSON.

SIR,

I Am sorry to understand by Mr. J——'s letter to your son that your distemper grows upon you, and that you decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against a trouble in the case of another, than to take it in our own. It hath pleased God of late to exercise me with a very fore trial in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best. And yet, though reason be satisfy'd, our passion is not so soon appeased; for when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for

Numb. VII. H h the

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Whilst in his sabbath-suit he treads the mall,
Staring, and star'd at too, alike by all,
If a bewitching *Siren* catch his eyes,
In his wrapt breast *poetic transports* rise;
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the healing of it. God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons and a closer warning of my mortality in the danger of an apoplexy, which has occasioned very many melancholy reflections; but these perhaps are more owing to natural temper than to philosophy and wise considerations. Your life, I know, is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to encrease it, for both which great allowances must be made. And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do suggest to us considerations of that strength and solidity, that we may very well support our spirits under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh, such as these;—that God is love and perfect goodness; that we are not only his creatures but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves; that he does not willingly afflict or grieve the sons of men, and that all evils and afflictions, which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils, *i. e.* of sin and punishment, and therefore we ought to submit to them with thankfulness, as being designed by God to do us that good and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing else would have done. The sufferings of this present life are but short and slight, when compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved, and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which we hope for in another world. If we be careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is, that it leads to our father's house, where we shall want nothing that our hearts can desire, or our imaginations conceive. When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our dissolution, what would we not be content to undergo in order to perfect recovery, could we be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more in order to that happiness and that eternal life, which God, that cannot lye, has promised.

Nature

Nature, we know, is fond of life; and yet a long life with the usual infirmities of it is seldom desirable. It is but the same things over again or worse, so many more days and nights, summers and winters, a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day, a return of the same or greater pains and troubles, but with less patience and strength to bear them. These and the like considerations I use to entertain myself withal, and not only with contentment but with comfort, tho' with great inequality of temper and much mixture of human frailty, which will always stick to us, while we are in this vale of tears. Howsoever by these kind of thoughts death becomes more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close up to it without startling at it.

Your death, you say, will very sensibly touch some of your near relations, and particularly the dear and constant companion of your life. But you may consider (and so I hope they will also) that this separation will be but for a little time, and tho' you leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to them, that love him and hope in his mercy.

I need not advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation. I have reason to think, that you have been careful in the time of your health to prepare for this evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions for this purpose, and have not, as too many do, put off the great work of repentance to the end of your life. And then you have nothing to do at present, but, as well as you can, to undergo your weakness and afflictions; to renew your repentance for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness, for his sake, who is the propitiation for our sins; to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and he hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter upon. Exercise faith and patience for a little time, and be of good

courage, since you see land ; the storm you are in will quickly be over, and then it will be, as if it had never been, or rather the remembrance of it will be pleasure and comfort.

It is not usual with me to write such long letters ; but I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad, if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are passing into another world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray God to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo ; and if we be prepared for it, sooner or later it makes no great difference. Farewell, my good friend, and while we are here, let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world.

I rest, Sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN TILLOTSON.

MR. STUDENT,

THE following letter being a very curious original in its way, you are at liberty to insert it in your *Miscellany*, if you think it will prove diverting to your readers.

Yours, &c.

Parkplace, Nov. 2, 1746.

S I R,

PERceiving your desire to know how I pass my time in *Pembrokeshire*, I here present you with an account of my proceedings in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. PRATT of *Pickton-Castle*, Mr. POWEL of *Penally*, and Mr. PUGH of *Purley*, to go and dine with Mr. PRITCHARD of *Postmain* ; which was readily agreed to, and soon put in practice.

However

However I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. PRITCHARD's, that he might provide for us ; and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. PRITCHARD lives is a poor pitiful paultry place, tho' his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils ; he hath a pompous portico, or pavillion prettily paved, leading to the parterre ; from hence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards *Percilly* hill, where he propagates a parcel of *Portuguese* and *Polish* poultry. The name of his house is *Prawfenden*, which puzzled me most plaguely to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fry'd perch and plaise ; at the lower end pickled pork, pease and parsnips ; in the middle a pigeon pye, with puff paste ; on the one side a potatoe pudding ; and on the other side pig's petty-toes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poult and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins ; another with pickled podd pepper ; another with prawns ; another with pargamon for a provocative ; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plumbs, pippins, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. *Peter* the parson of the parish ; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantick pragmatikal manner. This displeased Mr. PRICE the parliament man, a profound politician ; but he persisted and made a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. PRICE, who is a potent party-man, call'd him a popish parson, and said, he pray'd privately in his heart for the pretender ; and that he was a presumptuous priest for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. PRICE was his patron ; but at length losing all patience, he pluckt off Mr. PRICE's perriwig and was preparing to push it

it with the point of the poker into the fire ; upon which Mr. PRICE, perceiving a pewter piss-pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phizz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patch'd up a peace ; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevail'd upon to cry *peccavi*, with a *parce precor*, and in a plantive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. PRICE, who was proud of his performance, pull'd him out of the puddle, and protested, he was sorry for what had pass'd in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he pray'd him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practices physick, prescrib'd phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he prefer'd wetted brown paper to any plaister, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posteriors, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeeded by politicks, as Mr. P—LTN—Y, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the king's of *Poland, Prussia, Prague*, and the *Palatine, Pandours, and Partizans, Portsmouth* parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports ; and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. P—PE perch'd on a prostitute, and the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, and the pox, and the primate of *Ireland*, and printers, and preferments, pickpockets and pointers ; and the pranks of that prig the poet-laureat's progeny, tho' his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophecy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. PRITCHARD, for he had placed a padlock on the stable door on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the Key ; but finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We prick'd our

palfries

palfrics a good pace, altho' it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, least we should ride plum against the posts, which are prefix'd to keep horse passengers from going the path that is pitch'd with pebbles.

Mr. PRICE, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther; which provoked him much, for he picques himself on his horfemanfhip. I propos'd to him to difmount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horfe plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the reft of the progreflion, *pian piano*, as the *Italians* fay, or *pazz a pazz*, as the *French* phrase has it. I fhall postpone feveral other particulars, till I have the pleafure of paffing a day with you at *Putney*, which fhall be as foon as poffible.

I am, Sir,

To Mr. Peter Pettiward
at *Putney*.

Your moft humble fervant,

Penny poft paid.

PLITO CICERO.

*A Copy of an ANECDOTE written by Bifhop
ATTERBURY in a fpare leaf before Sir NATH.
BRETT's translation of Father PAUL's History
of the Council of TRENT.*

In the poffeffion of Dr. RAWLINSON.

WHEN Dr. DUNCOMB was fick at *Venice*, Father FULGENTIO, with whom he was in the ftrictest intimacy, vifited him, and finding him under great uneafinefs of mind as well as body, preffed him to difclofe the reafon of it, asking him, amongst other things, whether any nobleman

under

under his care had miscarried, or his bills of return had failed him, offering him in this latter case, what credit he pleased at *Venice*: After many such questions and negative answers, Dr. DUNCOMB was at last prevailed with to own his uneasiness and give this true account of it to the Father. He said, he had often begg'd of God, that he might end his life where he might have opportunity of receiving the blessed Sacrament according to the rites and usages of the Church of *England*; that considering he spent his life in travelling, chiefly through Popish countries, this was a happiness he could never reasonably promise himself, and that his present despair of it in the dangerous condition he was in, was the true occasion of that dejection, which Father FULGENTIO observed in him. Upon this the Father bid him be of good cheer, told him he had an Italian translation of the English Liturgy, and would come the next day with one or two more of his convent and administer it to him in both kinds, and exactly according to the English usage. And what he promised he performed. The next day Dr. DUNCOMB received it from his hands, who outliving his distemper and returning into England told this story often to my Lord HATTON (Captain HATTON's father) about the years 1660, —61, 62. This I had from Captain HATTON's mouth in the year 1699.

OCT. 11, 1701.

FR. ATTERBURY.

In March 1708-9, I met Capt. HATTON again, and put him in mind of this story, which I desired him to repeat, and he did it without varying in any circumstance but one only, viz. that FULGENTIO did not actually administer the Sacrament to Dr. DUNCOMB, the Doctor refusing to accept a kindness of that dangerous nature, which might involve FULGENTIO in trouble, unless he was in the utmost necessity, but recovering from that time he made no use of FULGENTIO's proffer. He added, that Father told Dr. DUNCOMB, that there were still in the convent seven or eight of Father PAUL's disciples, who met sometimes privately to receive the Sacrament in both kinds.

A new SYSTEM of CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. I.

In which the author shews his taste a-la-mode, and says more of himself than of the subject.

NOTwithstanding I have promised in my introduction to present my readers with a *copy* of my *countenance* at the close of this work, yet I can't help being better than my word, and giving a small sketch of myself in order to be beforehand with my friend HAYMAN, who perhaps will not make me altogether so handsome as I shall chuse. In the first place then, my stature is so very low, that it has excited the jealousy of a *Dutchman* lately come over for a show from *Holland*, and who, like some persons I don't care to mention, expects to become a great man by no other merit than his distinguish'd *littleness*. My eyes, which are extremely small and hollow, may truly be styl'd of the *amorous* kind, for they are always looking at one another. In the rest of my person there is nothing very singular, saving that when I take the air, having neither horse nor vehicle, I am obliged to do it upon a pair of bandy legs. As for the description of my inward man, that is more the province of the historian than the painter; so shall leave that to be collected from this work by posterity; and posterity generally speaks well of the *dead*, which is in a great measure owing to that *goodness* and *generosity* inherent in human nature, ever prompting us to bestow our favours on those objects that are the most *sensible* of them, and therefore the most *affected* by them. All these matters being premised, I will take leave of foreign affairs, and for *form's* sake speak a word or two to the subject.

It has been objected to my work,—That it wants novelty,—That it is a drug,—That it cannot possibly be

attended with any the least degree of success, there being already so many treatises on CASTLE-BUILDING. What! (says Mr. Critick CATCHUP) will this paultry CANTAB. pretend to rival the Right Reverend the Bishop of this place, His Grace of that, and the Right Worshipful the President of another?—Have we not essays on the non-existence of matter?—On the non-existence of religion?—And rheams on the possibility of the longitude and perpetual motion? Are not all divine and moral truths reckon'd too difficult to be conceiv'd, and every thing that is incredible, absurd and unnatural, esteem'd too obvious to be neglected? Are not these things CASTLES IN THE AIR; and are not the authors so many VITRUVIUS's in the science of CASTLE-BUILDING.

I am sorry it must be owned, that all this is too true to be gainsaid; but still I beg leave to observe, that this art is of such a various, capacious, anomalous nature, that the rest of the sciences differ not so much from one another, as this does from itself; and I promise my reader, however whimsical he may find me, he shall never find me either rude or indecent; and tho' I don't care how often he laughs at my own expence, I will take proper precaution to prevent my being the occasion of his doing it at another's. Therefore, as honest QUINTILIAN says, *Perseverandum est, quia capimus*; you are kindly welcome, gentlemen, and we desire the favour of your company the next chapter.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

LETTER IV. *in defence of* RELIGION.

[The subject continued from Number VI.]

BY the preceding account the reader will be enabled to conceive, what tumults and distractions will necessarily spring up and propagate themselves, were the present fashionable doctrine of society being able to support itself without religion

ligion as generally received, as it hath been favourably and industriously recommended. For since the body politick, like, in this as it is in many other particulars, the natural one, subsists solely and entirely by the joint labours and mutual good offices of the several members, when those have detach'd and separate views, or (which is still worse) pursue such as are inconsistent with the good of the whole, the consequences will be as full of horror as they are inevitable and not to be repair'd. And this shews the languid and declining condition that each particular state must be in, and how unlikely it is that it should long continue, unless the combin'd parts are mov'd and influenc'd by some higher and more active principle than the mere dread of penal ordinances. *Plutarch*, in some parts of his writings, has drop'd an expression which is as true as it is pertinent to our purpose, viz. "that he would sooner believe a city might be built without any foundation, than that a government could be fram'd and preserv'd without the belief of a Deity."

We took notice above how improbable it was, that the legislative, whether vested in one person or shar'd out to more, should enact laws which were extensively useful and fundamentally equitable, but that self would be principally consulted in the planning and *universally* regarded in the execution of them. Let us suppose for once, that the law-making power would adapt all its acts as nigh as possible to the exigences of the government, yet after all, so many difficulties remain unprovided for, and there are such oppositions to be removed, that the blessings of a social life can be but *imperfectly* guess'd at, as they will be *inspidly* relish'd. For, on slight reflection, I believe, it will appear, that publick happiness is as much the effect of kind offices receiv'd and return'd, as it can be of an uniform adherence to the great principle of natural equity. But the design of laws is not so much to promote and advance the positive happiness of one another by a declaration and enforcement of acts of beneficence, (in which

man is left, as indeed he ought to be, free and uncompell'd) as they are to be bars against all invasions of natural and acquired property. Whence a remarkable failure in civil appointments, and (what is the misfortune) such a failure it is, as is not to be made up by all the wit and dexterity of the magistrate. Nothing but religion can supply the deficiency. When its aid is seasonably call'd in, and skilfully apply'd, 'twill effectually do the business. It is the sense of a divine inspection which cements, actuates, and directs all the parts of this very complex machine; without it there could be no adequate restraint upon vice, nor a sufficient incitement to virtue. For if man's prospect is once bounded by this life, and every wish of his centring in the enjoyment of the good things of it, he would imagine himself no further oblig'd to contribute towards publick, than as it was the cause of private conveniency. As this proportion vary'd, mens schemes and pursuits would commence and vary accordingly. Hence the necessity of some universally prevailing tye to draw the union closer, as well as upon firmer and more solid foundations to establish mens reciprocal engagements, by exciting a sober attention to, and influencing them to a steady and unwearied prosecution of each others welfare.

But tho' civil institutes neither declare nor enjoin the communication of favours and mutual kindnesses, yet it may reasonably be supposed that they fully answer mens purposes in forming them. The following observations, I'm of opinion, will set this matter in a clear and satisfactory light.

I. Since it is the sanctions which create all the reverence that is due to, as also which enforce the authority, and induce the obligation of laws, those should ever exceed the pleasure and profit supposed to flow from the breach thereof. Otherwise a charge lies upon man to violate them. And such mulcts on body, goods, or estate would be inadequate to the effects they aim'd at.

II. The finiteness of the powers of the human mind, and the variety of obstructions that lie in the way of their improvement, not only retard the general progress in knowledge, but make it impossible that men should in all cases be able to explore and determine what will make for the good or hurt of each associating individual: consequently, legislators can neither suit their acts to the acquisition of such things as may enlarge the credit and influence of society, nor always provide against the perplexity and distress it may sometimes be involv'd in either from the agency of natural causes, or the machinations of moral ones.

III. Tho' private happiness is the true ultimate end of each particular act, men notwithstanding take different and sometimes contrary roads to it; which, as they place not their satisfactions in the same things, is scarce to be wonder'd at. Means must ever be conformable to their ends; when *those* differ, the *other* cannot be alike.

IV. The happiness or misery from any object or event is universally in a compound ratio of the good or evil in such object and event and the susceptibility of the subject, or as the powers of producing pleasure and pain in one, and the capacity of receiving them in the other.

V. Diversity of opinions concerning the tendencies of actions ever constitutes a difference in mens desires and aversions, and therefore unequal portions of happiness or misery consequent upon their gratification or the contrary. For to use the words of the incomparable LOCKE, "as pleasant
" tastes depend not on the things themselves, but on their
" agreeableness to this or that particular palate, wherein is
" great variety; so that the greatest happiness consists in the
" having those things which produce the greatest pleasure,
" and in the absence of those which cause any disturbance,
" any pain. Now those to different men are very different
" things. If men in this life only have hope; if in this life
" only they can enjoy, 'tis not strange nor unreasonable that
" they

“ they should seek their happiness by avoiding all things
 “ that disease them here, and by pursuing all that delight
 “ them; wherein it will be no wonder to find variety and
 “ difference. For if there be no prospect beyond the grave,
 “ the inference is certainly right, let us eat and drink, let us
 “ enjoy what we delight in, *for to morrow we die.* This I
 “ think may serve to shew us the reason why, tho’ all mens
 “ desires tend to happiness, yet they are not all mov’d by the
 “ same object.” To which I beg leave to add, that tho’ all
 necessarily shun misery, yet what is misery to A may not be
 so to B, however in a greater or less degree, which will operate
 and make impressions accordingly. And this clearly
 evinces, that certain arguments and apprehensions of things,
 whilst they are of force to convince and deter some, may be
 incapable of gaining and holding in others. Whence the
 impossibility of making penal assignments exactly proportion’d
 to the nature and extent of mens demerits.

But should we suppose this inconveniency got over, and
 that human laws dealt out punishments precisely adapted to
 the malignity of the deviation, yet how many ways have
 crafty and designing rogues to escape by? And how often
 would an offender go on offending, and after having pass’d
 thro’ a whole scene of villainy leave the stage with much
 seeming serenity and composure of mind; a wordly-minded
 man stimulated by the pleasing prospect of gain, and one
 whom the hopes of impunity have supported and encouraged
 to proceed with setting danger at a distance, will certainly
 attempt to throw open the sacred enclosure of right, and
 break thro’ all establishments, if he is likely to find his advantage
 by it.

R—*.

[To be continued.]

PATHETICK

PATHETICK HISTORY of a
CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW.

Mr. STUDENT,

AS you seem to be a friend to the distressed, and willing to listen to the cries of the miserable, O pity the remains of an unhappy family, and give this affecting little history a place in your *Miscellany*. But why do I ask for your pity? your inserting it will be of no service to me. I should rather attempt to move you by observing, that the story I am going to relate, may help to raise the compassion and to move the hearts of the Clergy, to attend to the miseries of the most poor, the most desolate and most afflicted part of the nation. O, sir, the publick but little knows the sad shifts which the widows and children of Clergymen are left to struggle with. Had the scheme you have publish'd, to prevent our miseries, taken place two years ago, my child would not have suffered the most dreadful distress, and I should still have had a daughter. But it is now too late, our fall is accomplish'd, I have lost my child, and can receive no advantage from such kind and friendly intentions. Yet surely our misfortunes will awaken the humanity of mankind, and serve to forward a scheme in itself so laudable, so just, and let me say, so necessary. This is all my hope, and my only motive for giving you this trouble, and for reviving my own uneasiness, and the bitter sense of my loss and disgrace.

I, sir, am the daughter of a gentleman. I had a genteel education, and was married without the consent of my parents to a clergyman of a small income. As my father was displeased with our marriage, he would never make use of his influence to get my husband promoted in the church; and we waited till his death to possess a fortune, which he would not part with in his life-time; but when my father died, an end was put to all our hopes; for unknown to his family his estate

estate was so much involved, that, when the lands were sold and the mortgages paid off, there was scarcely sufficient to defray the expence we had been at in his funeral, and to pay some small debts that we had contracted.

My father died about two years after our marriage; and as our expectations of assistance from him were vanish'd, we contracted our expences, and with the utmost frugality lived a little above want. My husband, who was a curate, had an income of thirty pounds a year, on which (with the assistance of some presents we frequently received from the neighbouring gentry) we, during his life, made a shift to live; and, as we had but one child, and were situated in a cheap part of the country, we made a tolerable appearance. The endearing affection of a tender husband made life agreeable, and we endeavoured to support our low station in a becoming manner, by extending our views to a better world, and pleasing ourselves with the thoughts, that there all our troubles and misfortunes would have an end, and give place to a happiness the most exalted and refined. Our child was educated with the greatest care, and no pains was wanting to instill into her mind a deep sense of virtue and religion, and we frequently flatter'd ourselves with the pleasing hopes, that our instructions were not thrown away upon her.

But at last the time came, when our happiness was to be at an end; the tender union, that always subsisted between my husband and me, was broken. After being married 19 years, he died. I shall not attempt to describe my grief at a stroke of providence, which I thought the most severe that could fall upon me. I imagined it impossible for any worse misfortune to befall me, since I was not only depriv'd of that dear good man, who had always been my tender friend, my instructor, and the partner of all my cares, but also of the very means of subsistence. I sought for consolation, and did not seek it in vain; I recollected the discourses of my dear husband, and while frequently meditating on what I had learnt from him, found that he, who was the cause of my grief,

grief, had furnish'd me with sufficient motives for my consolation. I therefore resign'd myself to the will of God, and by reflecting on his happiness whom I had lost, learnt to think with composure on my own misery.

My daughter and I endeavoured at first to support ourselves with our needles; but this being very precarious, and at best hardly sufficient to procure us bread, my daughter chose to go to service; but not being willing to be a servant to any of those, who had before sometimes done her the honour to admit her as a visiter, a place was found for her at a market town at some miles distance, where she was hired as a chambermaid to a rich old bachelor, who, with the appearance of a good deal of religion, seem'd to have no other fault but an excessive fondness for the world. However his avarice was not a vice that could give me any apprehensions for my child; and therefore, as I had no reason to fear that she would want necessaries, I was under no uneasiness. But oh! how was I mistaken! I had put her into the hands of a monster,—a merciless and cruel monster.—As to myself a lady of great merit was so kind as to take me (and I was very well contented) for her housekeeper.

We had been in this situation for some time, in which I had seldom heard from my child. One day I was in high spirits, having just received a promise from the good lady with whom I lived, to take her into her family, and was delighting myself with the thoughts of having her continually under my eye, when I receiv'd the following short but dreadful letter.

“ Dear, dear Mamma,

“ **O**H what shall I say? how shall I tell you of my distress? forgive, forgive the uneasiness I have brought upon myself, and you. I have been deluded by my master, I have lost my honour, my virtue, and my reputation. I have a child;—and this wicked man, by whom I had it, has thrown me into prison. When he found that I was with

Numb. VII.

K k

“ child

" child; he turn'd me away, and gave me some money; but
 " he would not give it me without a note. With this I was
 " brought to bed, and cloath'd the infant; and it being gone.
 " I went to him for more, when he arrested me for the
 " money, and had me and the poor child drag'd to jail. O
 " dear mamma! forgive and pray for me, and let me see
 " you: but do not reproach me. I have repented, indeed I
 " have: the guiltless infant is now dying, and I shall soon
 " follow. Did you but know my grief, and how ill I am,
 " you would pity me, and pray for me. Do but come and
 " tell me that you forgive me, and that you will not hate me
 " after I am dead, and then I shall die in peace.

" Your guilty, ruin'd and almost distracted daughter,"

A. W.

Did ever mother receive so dreadful a shock? I fainted
 several times; but being at last brought to myself and a little
 recover'd, having earnestly pray'd for my poor fallen child,
 and with a flood of tears beg'd that God would graciously
 enable me to bear this most dreadful of all my afflictions, I
 began to recover my spirits, and instantly set out on this pain-
 ful journey. But what words can express the situation of my
 mind? or how shall I tell you the horror that seiz'd me, when
 with trembling knees I enter'd the prison? But what was this
 to the sight of my child? had it not been for a fresh flow of
 tears which I stop'd to indulge at the door of the dreadful
 room, and which gave me some relief, I should certainly
 have run distracted. I entered the apartment, a dark and
 dismal place: —but I will not attempt to describe the horrors
 that were present to my view.—I soon saw my daughter pro-
 strate at my feet, ill, and so wasted with sickness and sorrow,
 that I could not have known her. " And can you, can you,
 " said she, be so good as to come and see me?" O what grief!

My

"My poor father, had he been alive, how would he have
"born the shame I have brought upon his family?" But
then, as if recollecting herself, she cried ——"had he
"been alive I should not, no, I should not have been guilty,
"I should not have been in a jail." Then with what
bitterness did she reproach herself?—

But I beg pardon, Sir, I ought to cut short this tender
scene. It was with the greatest difficulty that I rais'd my
child, who had hardly strength to stand on her feet. I led
her to her bed, where I saw the innocent proof of her guilt,
which had died some hours before merely for want of nou-
rishment, for my daughter's milk left her from the time she
enter'd the prison. O, Sir, no tongue can tell, no words
can express the anguish of my heart. It was not a time for
reproaches: on the contrary I gave her all the comfort that
lay in my power. After she had told me her story, as well as
her weakness would give her leave, I had her remov'd to
another part of the prison, put into a clean bed, and a phy-
sician sent for; but he could give me no hopes of her life. I
resolv'd not to leave her, 'till in four days time she expired.
I would then have gone to the horrid villain, whose lust and
barbarity had deprived me of all the comfort of my life; but
my own illness render'd it impossible. I was seiz'd with a
fever, and while out of my senses was carried home: But I
had no sooner recover'd the use of my reason, than I was
told that the wicked barbarian, struck with his guilt, and his
conscience reproaching him with the murder of the two help-
less sufferers, was become raving mad, that he was actually
confined, and his brother was suing for his estate.

Surely, Sir, the widows and children of the inferior Clergy
are the most expos'd, the most wretched part of the creation.
In the lowest, the meanest employments of life, industry
meets with its reward; and, I have heard, there are frequent
opportunities in which a man may rise in the world, or enter

into some business, that he can leave as a legacy to his wife and children. But how different was the case of my poor husband? It is the duty of a clergyman to be diligent, let his income be ever so small. Every other man has a probable means of promoting himself in the world; while the man of learning, the man, whose whole study is how to promote the glory of God, and to point out the way to everlasting happiness, is incapable of providing for his own temporal interest, has hardly a sufficient support for his family whilst living, and when he dies, can leave nothing behind him for his wife and children. It is no wonder then, that such scenes of distress fall oftner amongst us, than amongst the widows and children of any other society of men. My dear husband was us'd to say, that the most honourable and most godlike employment is that of doing good, and that this is always attended with the most lasting pleasure, the most refined delight. What joy, what transport then must the author of that noble scheme, inserted in your fourth number, feel, if he should be so happy as to occasion its taking effect! Thousands will have reason to bless him, and ages yet unborn will reap the benefit of his unparallel'd humanity.

Pardon, Sir, the length of this letter: in which I know I have express'd myself illy; but the painful remembrance of what I have suffer'd, and still continue to suffer, is too violent to let me attend to forms, or to dress up my thoughts with propriety.

I am, Sir,

With the sincerest and most ardent wishes for the
success of your scheme,

Your most humble servant,

A. W.

— July 9, 1750.

THE

N. B. The following piece was sent by the ingenious Dr. HALLER to the ROYAL ACADEMY of *Upsal* in *Sweden*, and from thence transmitted to us, to be inserted in our *Miscellany*.

DE NOVA TUNICA, OCULI FETUS CLAUDENTE
PUPILLAM, OBSERVATIO,

AB ALBERTO HALLER. *

POST diuturnum silentium ad officium redeo, SODALES, & inutilis poenitendique focii culpam aliqua, qualem alii labores sinunt, symbola redimo.

Sex fere anni elapsi sunt, ex quo duos fetus secui, in theatrum nostrum adlatos die 27 Octobris 1743, septimo pene mense difficiliore partu editos, ut vitam in ipso utero viderentur deposuisse.

Replevimus hos fetus oleo terebinthinæ tincto cinnabari, deinde crassiori aliqua ceracea massa: priorem enim coloratum liquorem satis meabilem experti sumus, ut tamen non adeo facile, ut ichtyocolla solet, in cellulosa telam se diffundat.

Vidi, per ipsam corneam, ex iridis vasculis repletis aliquos ramulos in ipsum pupillæ foramen produci, et, quantum videbatur, libere natate in aqueo humore.

Cum vero satis constet, nusquam NATURAM vasa absque fulciente membrana deducere, non tenuis mihi nata est suspicio, adesse utique in fetu aliquam membranam, quæ pupillam obducit, & quæ vasculosa quidem, sed peritura foret.

Invitabat ad hanc opinionem exemplum alterius sensus, post visum subtilissimi, auditus nempe, cui in fetu plura tutamina, quam in adulto, præposuit NATURA.

* Consiliario aulæ, Archiatro Regio, et Professore Ordinario Göttingensi, Soc. Reg. Brit. Sodali.

Ibi enim non pulposa albaque solum epidermis (a) facile potest de orbiculo illo detrahi, quem conjunctim membranam tympani vocant. Nam hoc præsidium etiam in adulto minime deest.

Sed membrana meatus auditorii, vasculosa, pulposior, crassior, in fetu obducit siccam illam intimam lamellam, & facile separatur in fetu, & mollior est, quæ in adulto sensim exsanguis, in pene similem cum intima lamina siccitatem mutatur.

Major accessit fides novæ membranæ ex CL. WACHENDORFII observatione, quam, ut fieri solet, non exiguo tempore post primam meam observationem elapso, demum reperi, insertam COMMERCIO NORICO. (b)

Describit vir clarissimus membranulam nigram, anteriori lamina ex continuatione iridis, posteriori forte a pigmenti nigri coagulatione natam, vasis suis repletis conspicuam, quam *pupillarem* vocat vir clarissimus, & vasa lente vitreâ aucta depingit (c). Ita vidi, non meam esse inventionis gloriam, ut tamen facile me consolaretur veritatis, quam nondum totam tenebam, confirmatio.

Verum cum nuper (d) duo alii gemelli in theatrum illati essent, & paulo post tertius fetus, omnes circa septimum mensem constituti, in novum inventum ulterius inquisivi.

Reperi verissima omnia. Per ipsam corneam pellucebant & iridis vulgaria vasa, & ejus membranæ, quæ pupillam claudit, continuatæ ab iridis vasculis, arteriolæ.

Removi corneam, circumcidendo originem ipsius, interiorius quam eo loco, quo a sclerotica secedit. Vidi tumorem bullam membraneam, quam impellebat humor aqueus, in camera posteriori satis magna copia effusus, qui pupillarem membranam, qua ab effluxu coerceretur, urgeret antrosum.

(a) De inventoribus hujus epidermidis, vide *Comment BOERH. T. IV. P. 330.* (b) A. 1745. hebdomada 18. (c) T. 1. f. 7, 8.

(d) Mense Martio, anni 1747.

Hanc membranam aperui, ut humor aqueus, qui colorem ipsius naturamque turbabat, diffunderet. Albam vidi cum leviter cinereo colore, sic satis robustulam, ut facile cultello & obducere posses pupillo & reducere.

Trunculi vasculosi, satis insigni numero, & arbuscularum specie, perreptabant.

In aliis oculis similiter repletam, sed qualem Clar. WACHENDORFIUS, nigricantem reperi, & muscosam, & levi pressione diffluxuram, ut tamen ruptæ membranulæ laciniae iridi adhærentes, facile conspicuæ in oculo supersint.

Repetitis ergo experimentis, nihil porro video, quo minus in numerum membranarum fetus, constans, organica, vasculosa tunica *pupillaris* recipiatur.

Sed in adulto perit. Nihil enim ibi superest, neque superesse debet, quod radios, per corneam subeuntes, a lente crystallina arceat.

Quo tempore evanescat primum, alia experimenta demum demonstrabunt, in variæ ætatis vitalibus infantibus facta.

Aliquo tempore superesse crediderim. Fetus neque videre potest, neque debet; infantem non subito, sed sensim oculum ad radios lucis oportet accommodare. Rumpi adeo primo hanc membranam, deinde, quæ adeo mollis sit, in aqueo humore sensim dissolvi probabile sit, dissolutam resorberi, dissipari.

Recens nati infantes non vident, & ne a candela quidem admota, neque ab intentatis plagis nectitant, per plusculas, ni fallor, septimanas.

Causa quærebatur hujus phænomeni. Corneam crassam, & rugosam accusavit PETITUS (e). Sed & in homine, & magis in cane, cornea pellucida est, inque fetibus nostris per hanc membranam vasa iridis abunde distinguebantur, ut nullum magnum radiis obstaculum ab hac causa ex-

(e) *Mem. de l'Acad. des Sciences* 1726. pag. 246. seq. Edit. Paris.

pectari possit. Alia ergo quærenda ratio. Canibus recens natis (*f*) palpebræ clausæ & conglutinatæ sunt, cum limpidissimis oculis. Hæc cæcitatibus ipsis causa est, membranam autem pupillarem certo non habent. Homini, etiam fœtui, palpebræ non nisi connivent. Cur non videat, non alia adeo præter ruborem aquei humoris, & membranam pupillarem causa est; cum cornea quidem omnino crassa sit, neque tamen radios ab iride arceat (*g*). Ruborem autem illum aqueus humor in fœtu communem habet cum omnibus aliis liquoribus exhalantibus. Amnii liquor, & peritonæi, & pericardii, & vaginalis tunica, & ille, qui ubique effunditur in cellulosa tunicam, neque raro anasarcam, etiam capitis, in fœtu facit, undique rubet & in omnibus fœtibus. Patere magis ibi vias exhalationis necesse est, quas claudat vasorum arcta duritas.

(*f*) PETITUS p. 251. opacam corneam et lentem facit, ego pellucidissimas video. (*g*) Vidit etiam pellucidissimas corneas idem PETITUS, p. 248.

To the CLERGY of GREAT-BRITAIN.

GENTLEMEN,

AS the SCHEME, which was published in our Fourth Number, for raising a FUND for the maintenance of the WIDOWS of such CLERGYMEN who should die and leave their families in distressed circumstances, cannot be perfected without the consent of the whole body, or at least a great majority, You are all earnestly desired to peruse and consider that design, and send your opinions thereon (post paid) to Mr. NEWBURY at the Bible and Sun in St. Paul's Church-Yard, who will communicate them to a society of CLERGYMEN who assemble weekly for this purpose.

N. B. No letter shall be published without the consent of the party from whom it is received.

An EPISTLE to J. PITT, Esq;

In imitation of HORACE. Epist. iv. Book I.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

DEAR SIR,

To all my trifles you attend,
 But drop the critic to indulge the friend,
 And with most christian patience lose your time,
 To hear me preach, or pester you with rhyme.
 Here with my books or friend I spend the day,
 But how at *Kingston* pass your hours away?
 Say, shall we see some plan with ravish'd eyes,
 Some future pile in miniature arise?
 (A model to excel in every part
 Judicious JONES, or great PALLADIO's art)
 Or some new bill, that, when the house is met,
 Shall claim their thanks, and pay the nation's debt?
 Or have you study'd in the silent wood
 The sacred duties of the wise and good?
 Nature, who form'd you, nobly crown'd the whole
 With a strong body, and as firm a soul:
 The praise is yours to finish ev'ry part
 With all th' embellishments of taste and art.
 Some see in canker'd heaps their riches roll'd,
 Your bounty gives new lustre to your gold.
 Could your dead father hope a greater bliss,
 Or your surviving parent more than this?
 Than such a son—a lover of the laws,
 And ever true to honour's glorious cause:
 Who scorns all parties, tho' by parties fought:
 Who greatly thinks, and truly speaks his thought:

Numb. VII.

L I

With

With all the chaste severity of sense,
 Truth, judgment, wit, and manly eloquence.
 So in his youth great CATO was rever'd,
 By POMPEY courted, and by CÆSAR fear'd :
 Both he disdain'd alike with godlike pride,
 For *Rome* and Liberty he liv'd——and dy'd.
 In each perfection as you rise so fast,
 Well may you think each day may be your last.
 Uncommon worth is still with fate at strife,
 Still inconsistent with a length of life.
 The future time is ever in your pow'r,
 Then 'tis clear gain to seize the present hour ;
 Break from the serious thought, and laugh away
 In *Pimperm* walls one idle easy day.
 You'll find your rhyming kinsman well in case,
 For ever fix'd to the delicious place.
 Tho' not like L—— with corpulence o'ergrown,
 For he has twenty cures, and I but one.

VERSES *on a* FLOWER'D CARPET,

Work'd by the YOUNG LADIES at KINGSTON.

By the same.

WHEN PALLAS saw the piece her pupils wrought,
 She stood long wond'ring at the lovely draught ;
 And, FLORA, now (she cry'd) no more display
 Thy flow'rs, the trifling beauties of a day :
 For see! how these with life immortal bloom,
 And spread and flourish for an age to come !
 In what unguarded hour did I impart
 To these fair virgins all my darling art ?
 In all my wit I saw these rivals shine,
 But this one art I thought was always mine :

Yet

Yet lo ! I yield ; their mistress now no more,
But proud to learn from these I taught before.
For look, what vegetable sense is here !
How warm with life these blushing leaves appear !
What temper'd splendours o'er the piece are laid !
Shade steals on light, and light dies into shade.
Thro' heav'n's gay bow less various beauties run,
And far less bright, tho' painted by the sun.
See in each blooming flow'r what spirit glows !
What vivid colours flush the op'ning rose !
In some few hours thy lilly disappears ;
But this shall flourish thro' a length of years,
See unfelt winters pass successive by,
And scorn a mean dependance on the sky,
And Oh ! may Britain, by my counsels sway'd,
But live and flourish, 'till these flow'rs shall fade !
Then go, fond FLORA, go, the palm resign
To works more fair and durable than thine :
For I, e'en I, in justice yield the crown
To works so far superior to my own.

On the same SUBJECT. An EPIGRAM.

By the same.

ON this fair ground with ravish'd eyes
We see a second *Eden* rise,
As gay and glorious as the first,
Before th' offending world was curst.
While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the Rose in all her pride,
NATURE, like her, may blush to own
Herself so far by ART outdone.
These flow'rs she rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, so divinely fair !

The glorious children of the sun,
 That DAVID's regal Heir out-shone,
 Were scarce like one of these array'd;
 They dy'd, but thou shalt never fade.

A S O N G.

I.

SICK of the town at once I flew
 To Contemplation's rural seat;
 Adieu, said I, vain world adieu,
 Fools only study to be great:
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof and matted floor,
 All these I had—'twas mighty well,
 But yet I wanted something more.

II.

Back to the busy world again,
 I soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart and peace of mind:
 Gay scenes of grandeur every hour
 By turns my fickle fancy fill,
 The world seem'd all within my pow'r,
 But yet I wanted something still,

III.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd,
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;
 CÆLIA at length became a bride,
 A bride to DAMON of the vale.
 All nature smil'd, the gloom was chear'd,
 DAMON was kind, I can't tell how,
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And CÆLIA wanted nothing new.

The WORLD

A FIDDLE and a DANCE.

Examine nature's work around,
The whole machine is dance and sound.
The spheres above move round and sing,
The planets run a constant ring.
The winds sonorous music make,
Angels themselves the trumpet wake.

The feather'd-tribe, that fly between
The upper and the lower scene,
Out-sing *Italians'* warbling throats,
And charm the world with various notes;
The goldfinch, nightingale, and thrush,
Are FARINELLIS on a bush.

The lower-class of cattle-kind,
The lamb, the calf, the colt, the hind,
In frisky motions run and skip;
The fish for sport rebound and leap.

Rivers in dancing circles flow,
And trill soft music as they go.
The sea itself leads up a dance,
When high spring-tides the waves advance;
Then, falling back at ebb, withdraws,
Still keeping time to nature's laws.

Nay men, in upright figure wrought,
By reason and religion taught;
Men, who in upper stations shine,
In this grand opera combine.

The

The pleader, eloquently hung,
 Displays the music of his tongue.
 Poets, whose numbers run in rhyme,
 Measure their lines by feet and time,
 Physicians too, who understand
 To take man's fiddle-case in hand,
 Study to keep our strings in plight,
 And make the blood dance round and right.

In both the seats where learning grows,
 Scholars a music-club compose.
 Lovers, to gain fair ladies hearts,
 In songs and dances play their parts.

The wisest statesmen call a dance,
 Break off, or close with SPAIN or FRANCE:
 'Tis all a turn of artful play,
 To make the world the piper pay.

Next courtiers fine, on gaudy days,
 When stars and garters form a blaze,
 Like *Satellites* to mighty *Jove*,
 Around the throne in circles move,
 And deck'd in crimson, blue and green,
 Attendance dance on king and queen.

EPAMINONDAS, *Theban* lord,
 A famous hero on record,
 If PLUTARCH's lives are strictly true,
 Was dancer and musician too.
 Our greater hero danc'd at court
 In CHARLES's reign with graceful port;
 His artful steps, his bold advance,
 Led him to fight and conquer *France*.

Nay,

Nay SOLOMON, the moral king,
 Allows on writ, a time to sing;
 The *Royal Psalmist's* harp and tongue
 Melodious hymns divinely sung.
 Cathedral priests, where organs play,
 In tenor, base, and treble pray.

The priests of old perform'd a ball
 At feasts they *faliars* call,
 Honour'd the day with many a treat,
 First finely danc'd, then stoutly eat.

Whole nations seem contriv'd by birth,
 To hold a constant run of mirth.
 This humour mov'd the merry *Greek*,
 And *Italy* is all a squeak.
 What's ancient *Wales* and modish *France*,
 But singing carols with a dance?
Taffies on harps and fiddles play
 "High o'er the hills and far away."
 Dapper *Monsieurs* by nature skip,
 And form a *Louvre*, as they trip.

Why then, amidst this giddy ring,
 Must *British* dames nor dance nor sing?
 If art and nature run the rig
 In one perpetual merry jig,
 If grave and gay perform the round,
 Why not the petticoat and gown?
 Then don't this sport a foible call;
 For all the world is but a BALL.

P S A L M XI. *Translated.*

GOD is my hope ; in him distressed
My soul shall find untroubled rest ;

From him true comforts flow ;
In vain ye bid me then remove,
Swift as the tim'rous panting dove,
And reach yon mountain brow.

Behold, ye say, the impious band
Prepare the bow, extend the hand,
And point th' unerring dart ;
With restless eagerness they wait,
In murd'rous council meditate,
To smite the guiltless heart.

Ah, what avails, that thou can'st find
An unoffending righteous mind,
When destitute of aid !
God from his high exalted throne
Shall look with indignation down,
And all their counsels read.

Then shall his high almighty arm
Protect the innocent from harm,
Each danger drive away ;
But on his impious foes shall rain
Destruction, anguish, wrath, and pain,
Affliction, and dismay.

Flames shall in livid show'rs descend,
Their dwellings horrid tempests rend,
And all their hosts annoy ;
While on the good (far diff'rent scene)
He smiles with countenance serene,
That looks eternal joy.

T. E. P.

S W E E T W I L L I A M.

A Ballad, by Mr. S M A R T.

I.

BY a prattling stream, on a midsummer's eve,
Where the woodbine and jess'mine their boughs
interweave,
Fair FLORA, I cry'd, to my arbour repair,
For I must have a chaplet for sweet WILLIAM's hair.

II.

She brought me the vi'let, that grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lilly and gilded jonquil,
But such languid odours how could I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad that I love?

III.

She brought me, his faith and his truth to display,
The undying myrtle and ever-green bay;
But why these to me, who've his constancy known,
And BILLY has lawrels enough of his own.

IV.

The next was a gift that I could not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that grew on a stem;
Of the dear nuptial tye they stood emblems confest,
So I kiss'd them and press'd them quite close to my breast.

V.

She brought me a sun-flow'r—This, fair one, 's your due,
For it once was a maiden, and love-sick, like you:
O give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,
As true to his flame as this flow'r to her sun.

A MORNING-PIECE:

Or, An HYMN for the HAY-MAKERS.*

*By the same Hand.**Quinetiam Gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare.*

LUCRET.

BRISK Chauncleer his mattins had begun,
 And broke the silence of the night,
 And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
 And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
 Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
 And stoutly strode over the dale,
 He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south,
 On his back hung his wallet and flail.
 Behind him came Health from her cottage of thatch,
 Where never physician had lifted the latch.

First of the village COLIN was awake,
 And thus he sung, reclining on his rake,

Now the rural Graces three
 Dance beneath yon maple tree;
 First the vestal Virtue, known
 By her adamantine zone;

* A very imperfect copy of this was inserted in the London Magazine, without the knowledge or consent of the author, for which the proprietors of that exquisite Miscellany may one day receive his thanks.

Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the Bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest.

The abby bells in wak'ning rounds
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious Gratitude refounds
Her morning hymn to heav'n.

All nature wakes,——the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustick notes.

All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise,——and all is day.——

Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our hay-cocks to make,
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake.

Our voices let's raise
In Phoebus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

The ARMS of ACHILLES.

From a CHORUS in the ELECTRA of EURIPIDES,

ΚΛΕΙΝΑΙ νᾶες, αἱ ποτ' ἐμβάλε Τροίαν, &c.

Æt. iii, *ad finem.*

I.

THE barks how fam'd, by lab'ring oars
 Innumerable, driv'n to *Phrygian* shores!
 The blue-ey'd NEREIDS danc'd in jocund rounds,
 The dolphin, by harmonious sounds,
 Captiv'd, in gambols flounc'd along the main,
 All as ACHILLES sail'd to *Troy's* ill-destin'd plain.

II.

The * Nymphs, *Eubæa's* strand forsook,
 Their route thro' *Pelion's* sacred mountain took;
 A massy shield, with curious sculpture wrought,
 From VULCAN's golden forge they brought,
 Seeking, where PELEUS rear'd thee, swift of pace,
 Thee, THETIS' sea-born son, ACHILLES, pride of *Greece*.

III.

The shield (so whilom did relate
 A wight return'd from *Iliou's* hapless fate)
 Was with a various-figur'd group bespred;
 There PERSEUS shook the *Gorgon* head,
 Soaring with winged feet, as o'er the sea
 With MAIA's peerless son, Jove's herald, he did flee.

* The NEREIDS.

Full

IV.

Full in the midst with dazzling blaze
 The sun's bright orb shot forth his golden rays,
 And all around the starry host appear,
 Glitt'ring, as in the heav'nly sphere :
 Such ardent light fierce HECTOR could affray,
 HECTOR, estrang'd to fear, appall with dire dismay.

V.

High on the helmet were display'd
 Rich images emboss'd, with gold inlaid ;
 There with destructive grasp her trembling prey
 A SPHINX exulting bore away ;
 There fell CHIMÆRA with impetuous force,
 And breathing fire, rush'd on the *Pirenaean* horse.

VI.

Sublime in his triumphant car,
 ACHILLES press'd amid the thickest war ;
 The generous steeds flew prancing o'er the plain,
 And champing foam'd with proud disdain ;
 Whilst, as he brandish'd high his deadly spear,
 Thick clouds of dust arose, and darken'd all the rear.

VII.

Such chieftains on th' embattled plain
 Own'd great ATRIDES' sway, who basely slain
 By TYNDARIS, lewd partner of his bed,
 At home, in peace, ignobly bled :
 Nathless thy murd'rous wiles shalt thou deplore,
 When 'neath th' avenging steel shall stream thy purple gore,

L. M. N. O. P. Q.

J O B

J O B, Chapter XXXIX.

DEclare, if heav'nly wisdom bleſs thy tongue,
When teems the MOUNTAIN-GOAT with promis'd
young ;

The ſtated ſeaſons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding HIND a mother's pain ;
While, in th' oppreſſive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the ſorrowing head to earth ?
Why crop their luſty feed the verdant food ?
Why leave their dams, to ſearch the gloomy wood ?

Say, whence the WILD-Ass wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontroul'd, unconſcious of the rein ?
'Tis his o'er fields of ſolitude to roam,
The waſte his houſe, the wilderneſs his home ;
He ſcorns the croud'd city's pomp and noiſe,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice ;
At will on every various verdure fed,
His paſture o'er the ſhaggy cliffs is ſpread.

Will the fierce UNICORN obey thy call,
Enſlav'd to man, and patient of the ſtall ?
Say, will he ſtubborn ſtoop thy yoke to bear,
And thro' the furrow drag the tardy ſhare ?
Say, canſt thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty ſheaf ?
Or canſt thou tame the temper of his blood,
With faithful feet to trace the deſtin'd road ?

Who paints the PEACOCK's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diverſity of dyes ?
Whoſe hand the ſtately OSTRICH has ſupply'd
With glorious plumage, and her ſnowy pride ?
Thoughtleſs ſhe leaves, amid the duſty way,
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray ;

Nor

Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
Or the rude foot may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild impress,
Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amid the skies.

Didst Thou the HORSE with strength and beauty deck?
Hast Thou in thunder cloath'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling Grasshoppers afraid,
Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze, dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terrour as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
Rejoycing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
"Is this, he cries, the trumpet's warlike sound?"
Eager he scents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.

Flies the fierce HAWK by thy supreme command,
To seek soft climates and a southern land?
Who bade th' aspiring EAGLE mount the sky,
And build her firm aerial nest on high?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
Her fortress of defence she dares to keep;
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquisitive to ken the distant prey.
Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the slain.

Θ.

CHRISTOPHERUS SMART

SAMUELI SAUNDERS, *Col. Regal. S. P. D.*

PHOEBUS & Liber, Charitesque mecum
 Nocte cœnabunt, (ita spondet Hermes)
 Nostra sed prorsus, nisi te magistro,
 Poc'la recusant.

Attici dives venias leporis,
 Non sine assueto venias cachinno, et
 Blanda pinguedo explicitâ renidens
 Fronte jocetur.

GEORGIUM expecto, salis architectum
 Duplicis vastrum satis, æmulosque
 Spero vos inter fore nunc, ut olim,
 Nobile bellum.

Dumque lucubrata per omne longi
 Frigoris sæclum pueros tenellos
 Alma nox pictas videt otiosos
 Volvere chartas,

Proh pudor! devota lucro juvenus
 (Ut puellarum numerus senumque)
 Pallet insomnis repetita duri

Jurgia ludi,
 Sperne (nam multæ cerebrum Minervæ
 Est tibi) nugas age quæstuosas,
 Arduas, vanas, & amara curæ
 Elue mecum.

Jam riget tellus, hyemantque menses,
 Vestra sed laurus vireat, tuisque
 In genis dulcis rosa Sanitatis

Sera moretur.

Aul. Pemb. CANTAB. Cal. Jan.

END of the seventh number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER VIII. *August* 16, 1750.

LETTER V. *in defence of* RELIGION.

[The subject continued from Number VII.]

There is one objection against religion producing the effects we have ascribed to it, which being drawn from fact may be deem'd unanswerable; viz. that tho' we have a church which has the magistrate's establishment, and all who are within his jurisdiction are oblig'd either to be members of it, or to join themselves to some other religious society tolerated by him, yet have we the same instances of the breach of publick faith and publick rules as have been so loudly complain'd of and inveigh'd against above. But what is the reason? Is it the awful and tremendous sense of an animadverting God that causes them to transgress the duties and lessen the ties of civil government? It is, I presume, the very reverse of this. And

Numb. VIII.

N n

this

this objection naturally leads us to give some account of the influence which the notion of an upright and equal retribution in some future period may reasonably be thought to have upon a rational creature's behaviour here.

By religion I would be understood to mean a designed conformity both of word and act with the will of our creator; it is the doing such things as he approves and avoiding those he disapproves, from a full persuasion of his right to command the one and forbid the other, and that we shall be accepted or rejected according as we either observe or neglect them. Whence religion implies, on the creature's part, a consciousness of its origination from, its continual reliance on, and highest obligation to him, for all it holds and enjoys. A sober and attentive contemplation of the phænomena of nature, and of the laws to which they are subjected in their various courses and offices, naturally leads up to some supreme invisible agent; possesses us with just and becoming sentiments of his perfections, and of the relation which we and all other creatures stand in to him. And whilst we continue thus impressed, and are determin'd to or from action by such kind of influences, it is impossible but our devoirs should be both graciously receiv'd and abundantly recompensed. Consequently, on supposition that all were religious, each particular must be compleatly perfect and happy, or a constant observance of those duties proper to rational beings would be the parent of universal good to the species.

When a full and firm belief that the universe was first the contrivance and effect, and ever since has been the attention and concern of an infinitely knowing and powerful being, which orders every particular in it for the benefit of creatures, especially such as are intelligent, self-active, and free, and who here or hereafter will make an astonishingly severe distinction betwixt them that industriously regarded and those who wilfully oppugned his institutions: and tho' thro' the untoward concurrence of human wills, and the confus'd

jumble

jumble of particular acts thence resulting, events, to appearance, may turn up in favour of vice, yet the ballance shall be *finally* and *eminently* on the side of virtue. When such a sense, I say, as this prevails, it is difficult to conceive, and much more so to estimate, the momentum or force with which it impels to a regular and exact observance of the several duties supposed to be enjoin'd by the sovereign lord of the whole world. Who can consider that stupendous fabrick, the creation, the almost infinite variety of parts it consists of, their striking dependencies and reciprocal connections, such beautiful analogies and amazing correspondencies in carrying on, some *knowingly*, whilst others do *unintentionally*, one general end; who, I say, considers this and not reveres the hand which thus form'd, rang'd, and continually guides and directs all and each severally in their spheres, apartments, &c. It seems impossible that one, conscious of his dependance upon the greatest and best of beings, should grow so careless and indifferent with regard to what will be, as by a contemptuous disobedience to lose the favour of him from whom each blessing in life proceeds. And the more awful preceptions men live under of the being and excellencies of God, their desires of imitating him (to the degree they are capable of copying after such a model) will rise in proportion. Hence religion, or, which comes to the same, (as to the material part of it) mens motives to pursue and practice all social and publick virtues will ever be as the apprehension of their accountableness to a tribunal unerring in its sentence, and inflexible in the execution, whose rewards and punishments are definitely and precisely adapted to the nature and tendency of human actions.

R——*.

[*To be continued.*]

A new SYSTEM of CASTLE-BUILDING,

C H A P. II.

Of the necessity of CASTLE-BUILDING, in which the Author shews his skill and address as a Quotation-monger.

“ **A**LL the sciences (says the celebrated FONTENELLE
 “ in his *Dialogues des Morts*) have their particular chi-
 “ meras ; certain fancied points, after which they run, with-
 “ out being ever able to overtake, but which lead, however,
 “ to very solid acquisitions. Thus (continues he) Chemistry
 “ has its philosopher’s stone ; Geometry its quadrature of the
 “ circle ; Astronomy its longitude ; Mechanicks its perpe-
 “ tual motion : these, tho’ it is impossible to find, yet it is
 “ useful to enquire after. Morality too is not without her
 “ chimeras ; pure disinterestedness and perfect friendship are
 “ of that sort : none will ever arrive at them, nevertheless it
 “ is proper to have them in view, at least by that means
 “ several other virtues may be acquired. It is necessary in
 “ all things to propose to ourselves a certain point of perfec-
 “ tion beyond our abilities to reach ; for we should never
 “ set out, if we thought of arriving no farther than we shall
 “ in fact : it is expedient therefore, to have some imaginary
 “ term in aim, in order to forward and animate our pursuits.”

This admirable passage (which if I had not quoted, many of my gentle readers had never seen) answers the two following purposes ; in the first place it takes up a good deal of room in this chapter, and in the second it proves to demonstration the necessity of CASTLE-BUILDING ; for what are *fancied points of view, imaginary terms, chimeras, &c.* but CASTLES IN THE AIR ? and yet without them, the excellent author tells us, we should never set out on the roads either of science or of virtue.

“ All

"All this may be mighty well, says my never-failing friend Mr. Critic CATCHUP; but when your hand was in, "I wonder you did not quote the whole book, and then "you'd have spar'd yourself much labour and your readers "much laughter."

I am not at all offended at this objection of Mr. CATCHUP, since it gives me an opportunity of defending my quotation by introducing another, which I shall make bold to do from the 16th chapter of the second book of that admirable Bum-brusher, QUINTILIAN. "Pravum quoddam (ut abitor) "studium circa scriptores artium extiterit, nihil eisdem "verbis, quæ prior aliquis occupasset, finiendi: quæ ambitio procul aberit a me. Dicam enim, non utique quæ "invenero, sed quæ placebunt." That is in plain English: "There are certain writers on the sciences, who have an absurd affectation (in my opinion) of expressing themselves in "a different manner from their predecessors. Very far from "me be such a ridiculous ambition; for I shall set down not "only those things which shall be invented by myself, but "which shall please me in others."

If this was the case with so able an ancient, what must a poor modern do? take away my quotations, you rob me of my materials; and who must write the book? I will venture to affirm, were you to extract all the quotations from even the *Spectators* themselves, you'd reduce the eight volumes to four; but this is by no means to their reproach, for all the best modern writers are the greatest thieves from antiquity, and this very system will be greatly embellish'd by the works of the *Grecian* and *Roman* CASTLE-BUILDERS.

"Hold a blow there, says Mr. CATCHUP again; they "were so far from being CASTLE-BUILDERS in *Rome*, that "CORNELIUS NEPOS in his life of ATTICUS reckons it among the praises of that great man, Quod nemo fuit minus "emptor, nemo minus ÆDIFICATOR." That is, "No man "was less a purchaser, no man less a CASTLE-BUILDER." To which I answer (not to cavil at Mr. CATCHUP's licentious

tious translation) I have demonstrated from FONTENELLE, that he could not have been a great man, without having been a great CASTLE-BUILDER; besides ATTICUS was a person of a very doubtful character, a trimmer to the utmost notoriety; and was not on his friend CICERO's account, I would blot a page or two in bullying his Manes. But admitting the absurdity of ATTICUS's being a great man and yet no CASTLE BUILDER, shall one instance weigh against ten thousand? and shall we give up the whole *senatum populumque Romanum* for one citizen? It was by having the above-mention'd romantic, unattainable point of view ever before their eyes, that this glorious people became masters of the major part of the world, and by an ardent desire of doing impossibilities, they actually effected wonders; till at length having built their CASTLE too big for itself, they left what they intended a trophy of their triumphs, a melancholy monument of their mortality; from which event posterity may draw this inference, with the old Græcian,

Παντα γελως, κ' παντα κενος, κ' παντα το μηδεν.

“ That is (in a word) the whole world is a CASTLE IN “ THE AIR.” With which quotation I beg leave to conclude this chapter, having (as I imagine) fully performed the promise of my title, viz. have shewn the necessity of this science, and my undoubted skill as a wholesale QUOTATION-MONGER.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS,

Brother STUDENT,

King's College, ABERDEEN.

REMOVED as we are at the distance of so many miles, your performance has notwithstanding made its way to us. It has been read with pleasure, and received the approbation not only of our vulgar literati, but even of the professorial gentlemen themselves, not to mention the kind reception

tion it has met with among the ladies. I should have omitted this piece of news, could I have imagined it would rather serve to feed your vanity, than to excite your farther diligence to deserve the publick favour.

However, to be plain, the true motive of my writing was to convey to your hands the inclosed Eulogy on **EARLY RISING**. If you shall judge it worth the attention of your readers and fellow-students, 'tis at their service; as are several other speculations I have by me, which shall be sent you with the first opportunity by

Sir, yours, &c.

MATUTINUS.

EULOGY *on* **EARLY RISING**.

IF the practice of **RISING BETIMES** can be proved to be universally beneficial to mankind; if it can be shewn to have been always mentioned with the highest encomiums; and if it can be made out, that the greatest as well as best of men were **EARLY RISERS**, nothing farther needs to be said in recommendation of it.

Now that it contributes, and indeed universally, to the happiness of the world, will appear from the following considerations.

In the first place, is life itself a happiness, or, if you like the term better, a real enjoyment? this none will deny; and therefore as **EARLY RISING** is really an addition to life, I mean, to active and conscious life, it must be an additional enjoyment, which every one that pleases may, and which every **EARLY RISER** actually does enjoy.

Another argument to prove the advantage of **EARLY RISING** may be drawn from its contributing to the health, activity and vigour of animal life. It not only adds to, and in a manner lengthens the duration of life; but heightens, so to speak, its very degree and reality. All the powers of
human

human nature are thereby quickened, and made to perform their several functions with greater force and energy; the consequence of which is a considerable augmentation of actual enjoyment, that otherwise would have been lost.

Again, if we turn our thoughts to rational life, we shall find no small advantage resulting from **EARLY RISING**. What season so proper for performing the duties of religion and piety? are not our minds then composed, calm, and serene? does not the dawning and return of day naturally inspire us with exalted ideas of the great creator and governor of the world, who at first ordained and still preserves the delightful vicissitude of day and night, so admirably calculated to promote the happiness of all the inhabitants of this globe? is not every passion then hush'd, and the mind in the best frame imaginable for paying to the great God of nature that adoration, praise, and homage, which all his reasonable creatures owe him? in this respect then, the advantage of **EARLY RISING** is manifest.

With regard to social duties, what more necessary than **EARLY RISING**? is it possible for a man, who dozes away the morning on his downy bed, and spends one third of the day in the enervating embraces of death-like sleep, to discharge the duties either of private or publick life, like the man who gets up betimes, sedulous to mind his business, and careful not to lose the balmy influence of the most early rays of the sun? The latter has the pleasure to see the greater, the most essential part of his work done, before the other begins; the consequence of which is, that he has leisure to pursue new advantages, new schemes of utility both to himself and others: whereas the sluggard, by the too liberal indulgence of his beloved sleep, disables himself from performing even the indispensable duties of his station; instead of having time to look out for an addition to his happiness, he is not in condition to make the best of that which he already possesses. Besides, that excess of sleep, instead of nourishing and refreshing, serves only to enervate the whole human frame;

and

and actually disables those who indulge it, from acting with that spirit, resolution and vigour they would otherwise do.

As to improving the mind in knowledge, the advantage of RISING EARLY is no less evident. In the morning all the faculties of our soul are awake, fresh, and vigorous. What overnight defied our most diligent study to find out, now voluntarily submits itself to our view; we see, we comprehend what formerly was thought above the reach of human understanding. Now as EARLY RISING not only enables the mind to understand things more easily and better, but likewise affords time for setting about the study of them, it must be allowed to be highly conducive to the attainment of knowledge.

From the whole then, it appears, that EARLY RISING is universally beneficial to mankind, which was the first thing to be proved; the other two shall be discussed in a future *Miscellany*.

A PASSAGE in the first ODE of HORACE

E X P L A I N E D.

Trinity College, DUBLIN.

BROTHER STUDENT,

AS you did me the honour of inserting my little piece of criticism in your *Miscellany*, I have ventur'd to send you another, which, I presume, will be acceptable on account of its novelty, for new I am sure it is, but whether just or no must be submitted to you, and by you to the publick.

In the very first Ode of HORACE you have the following lines:

*Luſtantem Icaris fluctibus Africum
Mercator metuens, OTIUM & OPPIDI
Laudat RURA ſui.*——

Numb. VIII.

C o

Mr.

Mr. FRANCIS, my friend and countryman, translates this very calmly,

“ The merchant praises his retreat,

“ The quiet of his rural seat.”

And most of the other interpreters and commentators would have the OPPIDI RURA to mean *the intermingled trees and gardens, which are generally to be met with in country towns.* But Dr. BENTLEY, very sensible that there were no two words in the *Latin* language more opposite than OPPIDUM and RUS, alters the word RURA into TUTA, and by that means (according to custom) spoils one of the finest passages in the book.

It is notorious, that in HORACE's time the *Romans* had arrived to the highest pitch of extravagancy with regard to their buildings, especially their villas, which were so many little towns and peopled with innumerable slaves : nay the land was not sufficient, the very sea was encroach'd upon to contribute to the grandeur of their retirements ; as HORACE in another place observes :—*Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt.*

This being premised, we shall find the passage before us to contain perhaps as good an irony as any in HORACE, which irony is strongly heighten'd by the contrast of RURA and OPPIDI. It is not, I conceive, practicable to translate this passage literally :—But please to accept of this paraphrase.

The merchant, by his toil-bought wealth grown great,
Builds a *metropolis* for a retreat,
And, 'midst the *dust* of crouds and hum of men,
Praises the *stillness* of the rural scene.

July 16, 1750.

G. W.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE concerning the EXECUTIONER
of King CHARLES.

Communicated by Dr. RAWLINSON.

THE histories of England being altogether silent as to any discovery of the executioner who gave the fatal blow to the decollation of CHARLES I. (that glorious king and martyr) the following short account (undoubtedly true) must be highly acceptable to the publick.

RICHARD BRANDON, common executioner or hangman at that time, dyed upon *Wednesday, June 20, 1649* (within five months after the king's martyrdom.) The Sunday before BRANDON died, a young man of his acquaintance, being to visit him, ask'd him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head? BRANDON reply'd, yes, because he was at the king's trial, and heard the sentence denounced against him; which caused the said BRANDON to make this solemn vow or protestation, viz, wishing God to perish his body and soul, if ever he appear'd on the scaffold to do the act or lift up his hand against him. And he farther declared, that he was no sooner enter'd upon the scaffold (to do that wicked act) but immediately he fell a trembling, and hath (ever since) to his death continued in the like agony. He likewise confess'd that he had 30 l. for his pains, all paid him in half crowns, within an hour after the blow was struck: and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and an handkerchief out of the king's pocket. As soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, he was proffer'd 20 s. for that orange by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refus'd the same, but afterwards sold it for 10 s. in Rosemary-lane. About six o'clock that night he return'd home to his wife living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her the money, saying it was the dearest money that ever he earn'd in his life, which propheticall words were soon made manifest. About

three days before he died (as above mentioned) he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and in a most deplorable manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For his burial great store of wine was sent in by the sheriff of the city of *London*, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corps carried to the church-yard, some crying out, hang him, rogue, bury him in a dunghill, others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the king, insomuch that the church-wardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them; and with great difficulty he was at last carried to *White-chapel* church-yard, having a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin and on the top thereof, with a rope tied a-cross from one end to the other.

The man, that waited upon this executioner when he gave the fatal blow, was a ragman in *Rosemary-lane*.

H U N T I N G

An improper DIVERSION for the FAIR SEX.

*Unmanly courage, unbeseeming skill,
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed,
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of the sex is lost.*

THOMSON.

THE following letter will explain to my readers the reason of my handling a subject likely to gain me so many fair enemies: but when they consider I *censure only to amend*, their good sense, I doubt not, will readily pardon me.

“ S I R,

“ A S you have promis’d to take the LADIES into your
“ protection, I can no where apply myself so properly,
“ for the amendment of any abuse that regards the *fair sex*.
“ Unluckily

“ Unluckily for me, I am very short-sighted ; and have not
 “ yet arriv’d to the fashionable assurance of *wearing spectacles*.
 “ Happening t’other day to dine at a friend’s in the country,
 “ I sat opposite to a very smart spruce-looking young fellow.
 “ His hair was tied up behind ; his coat was adorn’d
 “ with a blue fatin cape and cuffs ; his waistcoat of the same ;
 “ in short, his whole dress and appearance exactly resembled
 “ that of our modern Beau-monde.—Upon my addressing
 “ him on some occasion with the appellation of “ *Sir*,” my
 “ young spark, I observ’d, applied a white handkerchief
 “ immediately to his face, while a sort of simpering or grin-
 “ ing went round the table. I did not then comprehend the
 “ mystery : but soon after wanting something that stood next
 “ my gentleman, I desir’d his help, concluding with
 “ *There’s enough Sir !—O Sir !—Sir, I thank you.*—This set the
 “ table into commotion ; the men at once burst into a loud
 “ horse-laugh ; the females titter’d ; and I—look’d serious.
 “ At length the good lady of the family, pitying my confu-
 “ sion, told me, she fancied the lady’s dress had deceiv’d me ;
 “ for she was just come from hunting.—My mistake, you
 “ may imagine, was the cause of much mirth and wit among
 “ the company. In truth I had reason to regret my being so
 “ near-sighted, or the pretty face of my fair huntress would
 “ have easily inform’d me of her sex. I determin’d however
 “ to write to your worship (whose advice, I find, is very
 “ much esteem’d by the LADIES) to desire your opinion of
 “ a dress, which in that sex appears to me highly prepos-
 “ terous and absurd. I am, Sir, your humble servant

TIMOTHY PURBLIND.

My correspondent is very unlucky, as he observes, in being
 so short-sighted ; or, I dare say, such a dress and appearance
 had been nothing new to him : for as to the face, that might
 not have been so infallible a mark, since so many of our de-
 licate-complexion’d *Petit-maitres* have encroach’d on that
 branch of the *female* prerogative.

I cannot

I cannot, indeed, but highly disapprove not only the habit, but also the cause of it. HUNTING is an exercise very improper for the *fair sex*. It makes them appear rough and manlike: it robs them of all the endearing softness, all the alluring tenderness, that so captivates and charms the heart. As pity and a certain degree of timorousness are essentially woven into their constitution, do they not pervert the very end of their creation, who daringly tempt the perils of the chase, or exult in the prosecution and death of a poor harmless animal? If the laws of *decency* are not broke thro' by such an unbecoming practice, I am sure, those of *delicacy* are, which above all things 'tis the business of the fair to keep up.

Miss PEGGY ATALL is the only child of an honest country 'squire in this neighbourhood, whom I sometimes visit. Her mother dying when she was young, her education was left solely to the care of her father, who being very fond of her, out of his particular affection, brought her up and inur'd her to all the laborious sports of the field. But HUNTING is her favourite diversion: she was reckon'd the boldest rider in the county: and as she is an heiress, many a young fox-hunter, whose love has been greater than his prudence, has hazarded his neck and cheaply come off with a dislocated limb or so, in following her thro' the various perils and hair-breadth 'scapes of the chase. Her whole conversation turns on that topick: I have often heard her charm a large circle of gaping fellow-sportsmen with a recapitulation of the feats of the day: she would descant a whole hour on the virtues of *Dreadnought*, her own horse, who had brought her in at the death of a stag, with *Tom* the huntsman, when every gentleman on the field was thrown out; concluding with the most exulting expressions of barbarous joy at seeing the poor beast torn to pieces, when, as Mr. THOMSON elegantly describes it,

The big round tears run down his dappled neck,
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack

Blood-

Blood-happy hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

But what was the consequence of this heroism! Happening one day to call at the house, I found the family in great confusion. Upon enquiry the father told me, *PEG has had a desperate fall, that's the truth on't, but, thank God, she has only broke her leg; 'twas a mercy 'twas n't her neck.* He then gave me a circumstantial account of the accident, concluding with lamenting, that the poor wench would certainly lose all the fine hunting season by it.—It were needless perhaps to inform my readers, that Miss PEGGY's fracture was at length with a great deal of difficulty and hazard reduced, but that she has continued a cripple ever since.

I shall not make any reflections on, or draw any inferences from this story, but leave it to the consideration of my fair hunting-readers, whom I would by all means advise to lay aside *the spirit of the chace*, together with *the cap, the whip*, and all *the masculine attire*: theirs ought to be a very different chace, their excellencies of a far more delicate nature, than that of *springing a fence*, or *reining a steed*.

Oh may their eyes no miserable sight
Save weeping lovers see! a nobler game
Thro' love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled
In chace ambiguous——
And fashion'd all to harmony alone
Know they to sieze the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And soften all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.

D.

On a SECT of ACADEMICAL PHILOSOPHERS.

Queen's Coll. OXON.

Aug. 4. 1750.

Brother STUDENT,

AS I have the honour of both Universities very much at heart; and as I am sensible, your labours have contributed more to that honour than many productions of our late controversialists, the S. T. P's, the L. L. D's, the F. R. S's, the C. M. L. S's, the &c. &c. &c. not excepted; I gladly embrace the opportunity of celebrating a very numerous sect of *Philosophers*, who are the greatest ornament and support of these learned societies.

You may remember, your predecessor the SPECTATOR has given us an account from a brother *Cantab.* of a very eminent sect of Philosophers styl'd *Lowngers*, whom he yet further dignifies with the appellation of *Peripateticks*; an appellation admirably adapted to the tenets they maintain, and expressive of the first principles of their philosophy.

Now the Philosophers I am speaking of, I would for the same reasons chuse to call *Quietists*; *Rest* being with these as fundamental a point in their system, as *Motion* is held to be by the above-mention'd *Peripateticks*.

Were we nicely to examine into the original rise of *Quietism*, we should find the first seeds of it among the most famous Σοφοί, or *Sophs*, of the ancients. ARISTOTLE was a *Wrangler*, consequently no *Quietist*; and SOCRATES was too much *tongue-baited*, XANTIPPE being, as indeed is every *female* Philosopher, a strong *Anti-Quietist*. Nor was PLATO any favourer of this Sect; but DIOGENES, who liv'd in a tub, and PYRRHO, who would give way to nothing, with many others equally famous, appear to have had a notion of our *Quietism*, particularly EPICURUS, who maintain'd that the Gods themselves were thorough-pac'd *Quietists*. (Vide STANLEY's *Lives of the Philosophers* throughout.) But to leave the ancients to themselves, it is very certain that *Qui-*
etism

ism was never thoroughly understood till our colleges were founded, as it should seem, for the encouragement of *Quietism*; many of our Professors, Heads of Houses, Fellows, Lecturers, Tutors, &c. having been remarkable *Quietists*.

Now the difference in opinion between this sect and that of the *Peripateticks* is as follows. The one maintain a *circular motion* to be *the most natural*; the other are fix'd advocates for an *absolute rest in the nature of things*. But both of them agree in admitting for their first and grand principle, that property inherent in all boies, which is call'd, the *vis inertiae*, or desire of *doing nothing*.

Our Universities, I may venture to say, have a numerous party in both of these sects. The *juniors* are observ'd to be chiefly inclin'd to *Lownging*, while the *senior* part fall naturally into the other system. It is further remarkable, that the greatest sticklers for *Peripateticism*, as they advance in the University gradually slacken and at length settle into a confirm'd *Quietism*.

I shall send you by and by a more particular account of these Philosophers; being myself, as it were, in a middle state at present between both: but (having fill'd my paper) I must now conclude myself, dear brother,

Yours very affectionately,

REGENT,

The HISTORY of a CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

In a LETTER from a LADY to her FRIEND.

DEAR MADAM,

I AM sorry that you are angry with me for not answering your letters as usual; which I should have done; for I am too sensible of your favours and friendship never willingly to give you the least offence. I know you expect, when I write, I should send you the news of the neighbourhood; and such an accident, such a misfortune has befallen one of

Numb. VIII.

P p

our

our particular acquaintance, as I am afraid will break your tender heart; when you hear it, as it has almost done mine. 'Tis poor *Sally Brown* I am speaking of, the only child of that good man, and your much valued friend, the Rev. Mr. *Brown* and his lady, to whom we have been endear'd by a thousand thousand acts of friendship. 'Tis of her I am going to write, who has been kill'd, most inhumanly murder'd by that worst of villians, that devil Sir *Thomas*.

I have often sat down to write this to you, and been as often interrupted. Whenever I attempt it, methinks I see that venerable good man the father, and that amiable dear woman the mother, standing before me with their unhappy offspring mangled and bloody, as if I had been privy to the horrid deed. Her mother gave me charge of her at her death, and all the care I could I took of her; but what could I do? I could not restrain the lawless lust of a designing villain.

The living of our parish, you know, is but small, not above 40 l. a year, yet as Mr. *Brown* was a pious good man, and greatly beloved by the gentry round about, he lived very well, and brought up his daughter in a genteel manner—ah poor *Sally*!—and would have done very well for her, had it pleased God to have spared his life a few years longer. But he died and left his dear widow and child with only about 60 l. after their debts were paid.

Mrs. *Brown*, after her husband's death, found herself greatly disappointed in the expectations she had formed of her friends; for now hardly any body took notice of the poor lady or her daughter, but Madam *Libb*, Mrs. *Johnson* and myself. Some of the great people, indeed, who had often been merry and familiar at their house in the husband's time, would stop their coaches, and ask after madam and miss; but then it was done in such a manner, as plainly shew'd it was only for form's sake.

Sixty pounds, you know, was no sum to maintain two people, and therefore some business was to be thought of for their support. As there were a good many children in the neighbourhood, and at that time nobody to teach them, Mrs.

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Brown set up a school and took in plain-work. This was like to do very well, but before she had been in this business two months, she was seized with a violent fever, which depriv'd her dear daughter of the best mother in the world, and you and me of the most sincere friend. She was too well instructed by her husband, and fraught with too much virtue and good sense to be at all disconcerted at the appearance of death. Her peace, however, was disturb'd whenever her daughter came in sight, then would the tears run plentifully down her cheeks. Just before she expired, taking me by the hand, "My dear Mrs. *Plumber*, said she, my old and my constant friend, have an eye to my daughter, and take her under your direction. She has virtuous, religious, and good dispositions; but this is a wide world and a wicked one. Her beauty too may help to ruin her; so, dear Mrs. *Plumber*, take care of her. God will bless you for it, and return it to your children an hundred fold." She then call'd her daughter, kiss'd and wept over her, and soon expired.

This illness, together with the apothecary's bill and funeral expences reduced her little stock to 30 l. which was all the money poor Miss *Sally* had to breed her up and maintain her. My husband, however, thinking to get some collection made for her among the gentry, sent her to a school at some distance; but failing in that intended collection, and hearing that Sir *Thomas's* housekeeper wanted a companion and assistant, she was by the advice of every body taken from school and sent thither.

Here she behaved in her usual engaging manner, and acquired the love and esteem of the whole family; and among the rest Sir *Thomas* himself, who was continually making her presents, and taking her to walk with him in the garden. Sir *Thomas* is indeed a young man; but as he had always caress'd and, to appearance, esteem'd the girl's father, this was considered by the family as no other than a kind remembrance of his virtues, a debt paid to a deceased friend. Time however soon discovered the true reason of his civi-

lities; for being with her one afternoon in the grotto, and thinking nobody near, he made a vile, tho' vain attempt on her virtue; for on her screaming out, the gardener, who was in the wilderness behind, came up and disconcerted his scheme. She, almost overcome with the surprise, was near fainting, when the gardener came in, and Sir *Thomas* to hide his villany said, she had been frightened by a snake which ran that moment from the side of the grotto. As they were afterwards walking home to the house, Sir *Thomas* desired that no notice might be taken of what had pass'd, and promis'd to behave quite otherwise for the future, at the same time making great protestations of his love; but these she could by no means think a security against any future attempts on her honour; she therefore left the house the same evening, and came down to me.

Sir *Thomas*, conscious of what he had done, sent his valet to desire her return; but she excused the matter to the servant by saying, that she was not well, and on that account rather chose to stay with me. This answer was far from being satisfactory; for Miss *Sally* had scarce finish'd the relation of what had passed in the garden, when the valet enter'd a second time with the following letter.

" My dear creature,

" **T**HE pain you give me, by misconstruing every thing
 " I say or do so much to my disadvantage, is inexpressible. What past between us last night was intended no
 " other than as a jest; for you can't think me fool enough to
 " attempt the virtue of one whom I intend to make my wife,
 " and hope to be happy with for ever. Your saying that I
 " take the advantage of your youth, inexperience and poverty, in order to seduce your virtue, is doing me the
 " the greatest injustice. Did not I know and esteem that
 " pious, good man your father? Was I not acquainted with
 " the virtues of that truly worthy woman your mother?
 " And would I not sooner marry one from that virtuous and
 " religious stock without a farthing, than any other with
 " large possessions? By heaven I would. Dismiss your fears,
 " my

“ my dear, and return to me this moment, I entreat you ;
 “ for I shall be in the utmost sollicitude till I have given you
 “ convincing proofs of my love and integrity. You know
 “ how expedient it is to keep our marriage a secret till my
 “ uncle’s death, and therefore I have sent for a clergyman in
 “ the neighbourhood, in whom I can confide. He is to be
 “ with me to-morrow night, and we will then fix the place
 “ and happy hour. I am, my dear angel, yours for ever,

I mean your happy husband,

*Thomas ******

This letter entirely removed the ill opinion I had conceived of Sir *Thomas*; for here was an honourable proposal of marriage with large professions of love to Miss *Brown* and of esteem and reverence to her parents. Besides he had often talk’d to her in this strain before, tho’ she always heard him with great indifference, as she had reason to suspect the sincerity of his intentions. This letter, however, was an explanation of what had, at other times, been insinuated in a more obscure manner; and as Sir *Thomas* had an agreeable person, and was a gentleman of great fortune; she, poor girl, in her situation, could not be displeased at the proposal; and, for my part, I advis’d her to return the next morning, and behave as was consistent with the character she bore in the family, till such time as their marriage could be solemniz’d, of which she was to inform me as soon as possible. Before she departed, I did not forget to give her a caution against all future adventures like that in the garden, and to read her a lesson on the inconstancy and perfidy of mankind.

Several days had pass’d, before I heard again from her: in which interim, you must imagine, my love and friendship for her fill’d me with a thousand fears. But they were all removed by the sight of one of Sir *Thomas*’s servants, who brought me word that Miss *Sally* had a pain in her head, and desired I would immediately come to her and bring with me the receipt I used on that occasion. This I perfectly understood: and posted away directly. She met me at the garden-gate which points next to our house, and with the greatest joy

joy told me that she had been privately married two days before: but as Sir *Thomas* desired to keep it a secret on account of his uncle, she was afraid to write to me about it for fear of a discovery. She then earnestly conjur'd me not to divulge it, but to consider her still as the same *Sally Brown*, a servant in Sir *Thomas's* family; for, said she, this is his will; you know, 'tis my duty to obey my husband, and I chearfully do it.

How uncertain are all earthly enjoyments! Here I left my friend in the possession of plenty, and as I thought under the protection of an indulgent husband, and placed, as it were, ever out of the power of fortune. Oh that villain, Sir *Thomas*!—But to go on—his uncle soon after dying, left him the bulk of his estate, and then his wife was in hope of being removed at least one degree above that of a servant. But this, he said, was not his will at present, and she chearfully submitted. At last however the time came, when no concealment could be any longer made; for she grew big with child, and in consequence of that, became the derision and daily sport of every fellow in the family. Insupportable situation! she now, on her knees, applied to Sir *Thomas*, and entreated him in the most tender and pathetick manner to save her reputation, and either to publish their marriage himself, or to permit her to do it. But the brute turn'd round on his heel, and told her he should never acknowledge any such thing; that he was never married, but by way of diversion, and that stood for nothing

'Tis easy to conceive what a dreadful effect this reply must have on one of so meek a disposition. Every faculty of her soul left her, and she lay as one dead, when he quitting the room sent in people to her assistance. 'Twas hardly within the power of medicine to recall her fleeting spirits; and when recovered she was continually raving about her child and Sir *Thomas* her husband, repeating what had just pass'd between him and her, and shew'd all the signs of a visible distraction. In this situation however, dark as it was, the infernal turn'd her out of doors, committed her to the rage of the merciless elements,
and

and the next day she was found by our neighbours, Oh shocking to mention ! in a ditch, with her breast naked and bloody, her hair torn from her head, and raving without the least dawn of reason. In this wretched state she was carried to a mad-house, about six miles from our parish.

Now was the time for envy and detraction. Some were wicked enough to throw reflections on the ashes of her poor father, and said, *the parson might have taught his daughter better. A pretty jade indeed,* another answered, *to get herself with child and then fudge a wedding upon Sir Thomas. Ah, commend me to the parson's daughter!* said the third. All the family deny'd that any clergyman had been in the house except Mr. *Robinson* the curate, who knew nothing of the matter; and Sir *Thomas* was so righteous as to affirm, that he never hinted any thing to her about marriage, or had any concern at all with her, so that the story of their being married was generally disbelieved.

But to shorten my story, I thought it my duty to show the knight's letter (as above) to every body; which coming to his ears, he sent the following to my husband.

"Farmer *Plumber*, your wife has shewn a letter to many people, which, she says was sent by me to the girl when at your house, tho' I deny it absolutely. If you value my friendship get the letter, and send it me: otherwise prepare to turn out of my farm. Yours *Thomas* *****.

To this my husband, greatly irritated, return'd the following answer.

"SIR, your menaces I despise; I am not yet your slave:
"I have an estate of my own of 200l. a year, honestly got;
"which will last longer than your 4000l. your farm I shall
"quit as soon as my term is expired; for I wou'd not breathe
"in the same air, or dwell in the same place with such a
"villian. The letters you shall never have, but a copy of
"each shall be nail'd on the yew tree in the church-yard
"next Sunday. Yours, RICHARD PLUMBER.

This was accordingly done, and read by all the parish; some shed tears, and others shook their heads and said there had

had been much foul play. But in the afternoon, when news was brought of her death, (which indeed I expected) they were enrag'd to the utmost degree: they even threaten'd to to stone that villian Sir *Thomas*, and pull down his house; and I believe he was in some dread of that sort, for that evening he set out privately for London.

Here our enquiries seem'd to end, and her marriage remain'd as uncertain as ever: but God, who knoweth all secrets brought this also to light. The day after *Sally's* death my husband was sent for by a gentleman about four miles off, who, 'twas said, could not die in peace 'till he had seen him; and who should this be but a steward of Sir *Thomas's*, who had drawn up an instrument, and got it witnessed, which he deliver'd to my husband. He accordingly went with two neighbours; and, as soon as he came in, the dying man address'd him in the following manner,

"SIR, I was uneasy 'till I saw you; for I as much honour you for vindicating the innocent Miss *Brown*, as I abhor myself for being concerned in her destruction: I am a steward to Sir *Thomas* in this county; about ten months ago I received his orders to bring him a clergyman's habit in a box, and say they were writings. When I came, he told me he had a girl in the house whom he intended to marry at his uncle's decease, and I would be glad, says he, to have her company in the mean time; but that cannot be done without the formal ceremony of marriage. You are therefore to go into my room at eight this evening and dress yourself like a clergyman. This I did; and soon after Sir *Thomas* return'd with the young lady, to whom I read over the marriage ceremony. This was done without the knowledge of any of the family, so that no witness could be produced of the marriage; and that wicked man wrote to me to keep it an inviolable secret. But good God, could I die with such a load upon my conscience?"

This is the story: I have no more room to add any more, than that I am, dear madam, your sincere and much afflicted friend,

ANN PLUMBER.

A NOON-PIECE;

Or the MOWERS at DINNER.

By Mr. SMART.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido

Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi

Dumeta Silvani, caretque

Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

HOR.

THE Sun is now too radiant to behold,
And vehement he sheds his rays of liquid gold;
No cloud appears thro' all the wide expanse;
And short, but yet distinct, and clear,
To the wanton whistling air
The mimic shadows dance.

Fat Mirth and Gallantry the gay,
And romping Ecstasy 'gin play.
Now myriads of young Cupids rise,
And open all their joy-bright eyes,
Filling with infant prate the grove,
And lisp in sweetly-fault'ring love.
In the middle of the ring,
Mad with May, and wild of wing,
Fire-ey'd Wantonneſs ſhall ſing.

}

By the rivulet on the ruſhes,
Beneath a canopy of buſhes,
Where the ever-faithful Tray
Guards the dumplings and the whey,
COLIN CLOUT and *Yorkſhire WILL*
From the leathern ſlaſket ſwill.

Their scythes upon the adverse bank
 Glitter 'mongst th' entangled trees,
 Where the hazles form a rank,
 And court'sy to the courting breeze.

Ah! HARRIOT, sovereign mistress of my heart,
 Could I thee to these meads decoy,
 New grace to each fair object thou'dst impart,
 And heighten every scene to perfect joy.

On a bank of fragrant thyme,
 Beneath yon shapely, shadowy pine,
 We'll with the well-disguised hook
 Cheat the tenants of the brook;
 Or where coy Daphne's thickest shade
 Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
 There read SIDNEY's high-wrought stories
 Of ladies charms, and heroes glories;
 Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
 And kiss the fiction into fact.

Or satiate with Nature's random scenes
 Let's to the garden's regulated greens,
 Where Taste and Elegance command
 Art to lend her dædal hand,
 Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
 To discipline are reconcil'd,
 And laws and order cultivate,
 Quite civiliz'd into a state.

From the sun and from the show'r,
 Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
 Secluded from the teizing pry
 Of Argus Curiosity:
 There while Phœbus' golden mean,
 The gay meridian is-seen,

E'er decays the lamp of light,
 And length'ning shades stretch out to night,—
 Seize, seize the hint——each hour improve,
 (This is morality in love)
 Lend, lend thine hand——O let me view
 Thy parting breasts, sweet avenue !
 Then,——then thy lips, the coral cell
 Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell !
 Let's every sultry noon employ
 In day-dreams of ecstatic joy.

H O R A C E, Book III. Ode 3.

THE man, whom sacred truth and justice sway,
 With calm and constant steps pursues his way ;
 Not the mad rage of faction's daring sons
 Can daunt his soul, or tyrant's awful frowns ;
 Not *Adriatick*, when the southern sky
 Pours all its storms, and rears her billows high;
 Nor vengeful bolts from Jove's dread thund'ring arm,
 That flash destruction, and the world alarm.

If the great Globe, dissolving Nature's tie,
 Should thro' the boundless *Æther* lawless fly ;
 Amidst o'erwhelming ruin, void of fear,
 He'd view the wreck, the dire confusion hear.

Taught by this heav'nly art, two sons of Jove,
 POLLUX and great ALCIDES bravely strove
 With toils and dangers of enormous size,
 And deify'd by virtue, reach'd the skies.

There too AUGUSTUS, on ætherial plains,
 Amidst the throned pow'rs, immortal reigns ;
 Or soft reclin'd in ever-blooming bow'rs,
 Thro' rosy lips the spicy nectar pours.

LYNÆUS, born amid celestial flame,
 When Jove to SEMELE in thunder came,

With tygers fierce his rapid chariots drove
Among the stars, and gain'd the realms above.

Great ROMULUS, to whom the God of war
Lent his own fiery steed and thund'ring car,
Rescu'd his martial fame from *Lethe's* wave,
And godlike person from a mortal grave.

FAR round OLYMPUS loud applauses broke
Amidst the gods, whom JUNO thus bespoke:

Ill omen'd *Troy*, that fatal PARIS bore,
And doubly curst, when HELEN reach'd thy shore!
That venal judge and that adult'rous dame
Thy walls have ras'd, and wrapt thy tow'rs in flame;
From that disastrous, inauspicious hour
When base LAOMEDON his vow forswore,
By JUNO and chaste PALLAS both abhor'd,
Thy haughty people and perfidious lord.

No more shall MENELAUS' treach'rous guest,
With *Spartan* queen, in guilty splendor feast,
Nor PRIAM's perjur'd house the *Greeks* alarm,
With all the boasted aid of HECTOR's arm.
At length we see that furious war aswag'd,
The strife of Gods, that ten long summers rag'd:
My wrath appeas'd with blood of faithless *Troy*,
To thee, great MARS, resigns thy *Phrygian* boy;
Let him ascend to these our bright abodes
And quaff the sparkling nectar of the gods,
In heav'ns great synod take his destin'd place,
And with his presence all our councils grace.

While raging seas shall roll their distant tide,
And *Rome* from *Troy* with jealous waves divide,
Her exil'd offspring shall uninjur'd stray
Thro' various lands, and peaceful scepters sway.
While herds and flocks prophane old PRIAM's dust,
And, hated PARIS, graze around thy bust;
Fierce monsters yell along thy dreary shores,
And fearless whelp in thy forsaken tow'rs;

So long shall *Rome* her conquests wide extend,
 And *Asia*'s lords beneath her yoke shall bend;
 Her dreaded name to earth's remotest bound,
 Fame shall extend, and in her trump shall sound,
 Where *Afric*'s fragrant gales enrich the air,
 And swelling *Nile* prevents the plowman's care.

Her valiant heroes bravely shall despise
 The guilty ore, that in dark embryo lies,
 In gloomy cavern hatching human woe,
 'Till lab'ring earth in pangs bring forth the foe.
 No lust of spoil shall rear her conq'ring arm,
 Nor ravish'd shrines th' avenging gods alarm.
 The vanquish'd world her legions shall o'erspread,
 And frown revolt and opposition dead;
 Thro' scorching climes ambitious urge their way,
 And where eternal fogs obstruct the day.

To *Rome* these honours have the fates assign'd,
 But let this needful caution guard her mind.—
 Should filial love or regal pride inspire,
 To rear from out the dust her prostrate sire;
 With inauspicious fate and adverse skies,
 If, phoenix-like, a second *Troy* should rise;
 JUNO shall head her conq'ring troops again,
 And deep-enrag'd repeat the tragick scene,
 Thrice let APOLLO build her walls of brass,
 Thrice o'er the ruins shall my *Grecians* pass;
 Her captive queen shall thrice in tears deplore
 Old PRIAM slain, and HECTOR drag'd in gore.

Here cease, rash muse, nor dare in wanton verse
 The solemn speeches of the Gods rehearse;
 Prophane not heav'nly themes with trifling song;
 To words celestial loftier notes belong.

July 31, 1750,

T. N.

The

The DISTRESS'D DAMSEL. A BALLAD.

By * Miss NELLY PENTWEAZLE, a young lady of fifteen.

I.

O F all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid !

II.

Ye Heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'rys to love, yet unmindful of me,
 You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,
 Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid !

III.

Ye Lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue
 Can do what you please, or with right or with wrong,
 Can it be or by law or by equity said,
 That a buxom young girl ought to dye an old maid ?

IV.

Ye learned Physicians, whose excellent skill
 Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.

V.

You, Fops, I invoke not to list to my song,
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
 Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade,—
 For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

* Only daughter to EBENEZER PENTWEAZLE of *Truro* in the County of *Cornwall*, Esq; who lately obliged the publick with that excellent work, *The HORATIAN CANONS OF FRIENDSHIP*.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTIONS *on an ÆOLIAN HARP.*

On one end.] Partem aliquam, O venti, divum referatis ad aures!

On one side.] Salve, quæ fingis proprio modulamine carmen,

Salve, Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!

Dulcè O divinumque sonas sine pollicis ictu,

Dives naturæ simplicis, artis inops!

Talia, quæ incultæ dant mellea labra puellæ,

Talia sunt, faciles quæ modulantur aves.

On the other side.] Hail heav'nly harp, where *Memnon's* skill is shewn,
That charm'ft the ear with musick all thine own!

Which, tho' untouch'd, canst rapt'rous strains impart,

O rich of genuine nature, free from art!

Such the wild warblings of the sylvan throng,

So simply sweet the untaught virgin's song.

On the other end.] CHRISTOPHERUS SMART HENRICO BELL
Armigero.

The HAPPINESS of a good ASSURANCE.

HORACE, Book I. Ode 22. Imitated and moderniz'd.

W Hoe'er with frontless *phys* is blest,
Still in a blue or scarlet vest

May saunter thro' the town,

Or strut, regardless of the *rules*,

Ev'n to St. *Mary's* or the *Schools*

In hat or poplin gown.

A dog he unconcern'd maintains,

And seeks with gun the sportful plains

Which ancient *Cam* divides;

Or to the hills on horse-back strays,

(Unask'd his Tutor) or his chaise

To fam'd *New-Market* guides.

For

For in his sight (whose brow severe
 Each morn the coffee-houses fear,
 Each night the taverns dread ;
 To whom the tatter'd *Sophs* bend low,
 To whom the gilded toffils bow,
 And Graduates nod the head ;)

Ev'n in the *Proctor's* awful sight,
 On *Regent-walk* at twelve last night
 Unheeding I came ;
 And tho', with *WHISH's* claret fir'd,
 I brush'd his side, he ne'er enquir'd
 My college or my name.

Were I oblig'd whole terms to keep,
 And haste to chapel, rouz'd from sleep,
 At five each frosty morning ;
 Or for a riot should my ear
 Of hated rustication hear
 The first or second warning ;

Ev'n tho' my friends with careless looks
 Beheld unpitying all my books
 At *THURLBOURN's* auction selling ;
 Or (of all evils most severe !)
 Were I at *Barnwell* for a year
 Condemn'd to fix my dwelling ;

Yet there I never would repine,
 But, *HORACE*-like, with generous wine
 Be mirthful still and jolly ;
 And still in *uncorrupted* lays
 Thro' *Barnwell's* grove resound the praise
 Of distant, virtuous *POLLY*.

CAMBRIDGE,
 August 1, 1750.

SOPHISTA.

An EPISTLE to Mr. SPENCE,

In imitation of HORACE. Epist. x. Book I.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

HEALTH from the bard who loves the rural sport,
To the more noble bard that haunts the court:

In every other point of life we chime,
Like two soft lines when coupled into rhyme.

I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
You a close garret full five stories high;

I revel here in nature's varied sweets,
You in the nobler scents of *London* streets.

I left the court, and here at ease reclin'd,
Am happier than the king who staid behind:

Twelve stifling dishes I could scarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.

Where would a man of judgment chuse a seat,
But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat?

Where hills adorn the mansion they defend?

Where could he better answer nature's end?

Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,

Unbind the snow, and warm the wintry skies:

Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,

And softly breathing cool the sultry day.

How free from cares, from dangers and affright,

In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night!

Does not the variegated marble yeild

To the gay colours of the flow'ry field?

Can the *New-River*'s artificial streams,

Or the thick waters of the troubled *Thames*,

In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,

Or dash'd and broken down a deep cascade,

Numb: VIII.

R r

With

With our clear silver streams in sweetness vie,
 That in eternal rills run bubbling by;
 In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
 Glide o'er the sands, or glitter thro' the grass?
 And yet in town the country prospects please,
 Where stately colonnades are flank'd with trees:
 On a whole country looks the master down
 With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
 Yet nature tho' repell'd maintains her part,
 And in her turn she triumphs over art;
 The hand-maid now may prejudice our taste,
 But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
 That man must smart at last, whose puzzled sight
 Mistakes in life false colours for the right;
 As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
 Who takes a Pinchbeck guinea for a true.
 The wretch, whose frantick pride kind fortune crowns,
 Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns;
 As he, who rises when his head turns round,
 Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
 Then love not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse;
 The more the love, the harder the divorce.
 We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
 Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors or kings.
 The stag expell'd the courser from the plain;——
 What can he do?——he begs the aid of man;
 He takes the bit and proudly bears away
 His new ally,——he fights and wins the day:
 But ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
 To quit his master and the curb again.
 So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
 But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty;
 To their imperious passions they submit,
 Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
 'Tis with your fortune, SPENCE, as with your shoe,
 A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe.

Then

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The S T U D E N T. 315

Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
Not every man is born to be a dean.
I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one.
Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
But oftner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
To pay my doctor's, or my lawyer's bill.
From *Encombe's* soft romantick scenes I write,
Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure and delight:
Yet, tho' her gen'rous lord himself is here,
'Twould be one pleasure more, could you appear.

The I N V I T A T I O N.

An EPISTLE *to a* FRIEND *at* COURT.

By the same.

IF you can leave for books the crouded court,
And generous Bourdeaux for a glass of Port,
To these sweet solitudes without delay
Break from the world's impertinence away.
Soon as the sun the face of nature gilds,
For health and pleasure will we range the fields;
O'er her gay scenes and op'ning beauties run,
While all the vast creation is our own.
But when his golden globe with faded light
Yields to the solemn empire of the night;
And in her sober majesty the moon
With milder glories mounts her silver throne;
Amidst ten thousand orbs with splendour crown'd,
That pour their tributary beams around;
Thro' the long levell'd tube our strengthen'd sight
Shall mark distinct the spangles of the night;

From world to world shall dart the boundless eye,
And stretch from star to star, from sky to sky.

The buzzing insect families appear,
When suns unbind the rigour of the year;
Quick glance the myriads round the ev'ning bow'r,
Hosts of a day, or nations of an hour.
Astonish'd we shall see th' unfolding race,
Stretch'd out in bulk, within the polish'd glass;
Thro' whose small convex a new world we spy,
Ne'er seen before, but by a Seraph's eye!
So long in darkness shut from human kind
Lay half God's wonders to a point confin'd!
But in one peopled drop we now survey
In pride of pow'r some little monster play;
Oe'r tribes invisible he reigns alone,
And struts a tyrant of a world his own.

Now will we study HOMER's awful page,
Now warm our souls with PINDAR's noble rage:
To *English* lays shall FLACCUS' lyre be strung,
And lofty VIRGIL speak the *British* tongue.
Immortal VIRGIL! at thy sacred name
I tremble now, and now I pant for fame;
With eager hopes this moment I aspire
To catch or emulate thy glorious fire;
The next pursue the rash attempt no more,
But drop the quill, bow, wonder, and adore;
By thy strong genius overcome and aw'd!
That fire from heav'n! that spirit of a God!
Pleas'd and transported with thy name I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend;
And from my first design by rapture led,
Neglect the living poet for the dead.

P S A L M XXIX. *Paraphras'd.*

WITH meek humility and fear
The mighty name of GOD revere,
Ye monarchs brave and wise :
His be all honour, glory, praise ;
To him let ev'ry altar blaze ;
To him all incense rise.

Where'er his voice in dreadful strain
Extends, the wild tempestuous main
Repeats the horrid sound ;
In rattling peals loud thunders break,
(If but the great JEHOVAH speak)
And shake the ocean round.

Majestick, solemn, deep, and full,
His mighty thund'rings mingled roll,
And rend the rocky brow ;
Each cedar strong, each lofty pine,
At once their riven trunks recline,
And stoop their honours low.

Thine, Libanus, king of mountains tall,
And Sirion's craggy summits fall,
Shook to their bases wide ;
Their deep foundations loosen'd hop,
Light as the herds that graze their top,
Or range their cavern'd side.

Keen light'nings flash in livid blaze ;
Trembles the savage wilderness ;
Loud roars each haunted den ;
The cattle teem in mute surprize ;
The heart in humbled horror lies
Of all the sons of men.

God

God is our king : in him distrest
 His people find untroubled rest,
 Their ease no harms annoy;
 From him sweet plenty, health, and peace,
 In sure succession still increase,
 And never-fading joy.

T. E. P.

On a W A T C H.

ALL men, like watches, various periods share,
 From thirty hours unto threescore year:
 And which more true or good, 'tis hard to say,
 An horoscope of gold, or one of clay.
 False and imperfect both alike we find;
 In that the spring's in fault, in this the mind:
 In their mechanic powers both agree;
 Reason's a ballance, wisdom a fusee:
 But if in either the main springs should fail
 Or over-act, these powers nought avail.
 Thus if the will be strong, the fabrick weak,
 The constitution then of course must break:
 Or if the passions move or high or low,
 The animal machine's too fast or slow.
 But when its active springs are duely coil'd,
 And not an appetite or sense is spoil'd;
 When all life's movements mutually agree,
 And soul with body acts in harmony;
 This human trinket then may go as true,
 As any such like kindred trinkets do.
 And when at length each hath run out their chain,
 Quite silent and inactive they remain,
 And with this difference revive again:
 An human hand shall those awhile restore,
 These one almighty, and for evermore.

N R M P H E

NYMPHÆ SPECULUM,

The LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Translated from PRIOR by Mr. LOVELING.

ME nuper socio tumulos peragravit arenæ
 CELIA, quâ liquidi marmoris arva patent.

Littora inauravit decedens lumine Titan

Integro, at flammâ languidiore nitens :

Summa leves tantùm strinxerunt æquora venti,

Et vix, & nè vix abfuit alta quies.

Naturæ vultum referebat Nympha serenum,

Tranquillùm ridens, & sine nube micans.

Molliter e roseo ceciderunt ore loquellæ,

Mollius haud nemorum ventilat aura comas.

Dicentem audiui tacitâ dulcedine lætus,

(Et memini voces, & meminisse juvat,)

“ Nulla dies iret, quâ non frueretur amæno

“ Prospectu pelagi, deliciisque viæ.”

Vertitur at rerum facies ! cava flamina surgunt,

Nubilaque involvunt jam ruitura Jovem ;

Fulgura crebra volant, tonitruque remugit Olympus,

Littus & attonitum verberat unda tumens.

Non tulit hanc speciem perculsa timore Puella,

Sed caput avertit, præcipitatque fugam :

Intremit, atque actæ haud iterum stat credere plantas ;

Haud iterum ad falsas lumina flectet aquas.

Siste gradus saltem, dixi, vultumque retorque ;

Hoc patet in SPECULO vera figura tui.

Mens ubi composita est, placidâque in fronte renidet,

Et leni ratio te ditione regit ;

Æquoris

Æquoris affulgens sopitæ Cynthus undæ
 Non oculis rutilo certet honore tuis.
 Tunc juvat immensum Veneris lustrare profundum;
 Lætus ago remios, vinculaque ipsa placent;
 Exultans pelagum teneo, oblitusque meorum
 Auferor, & sordet littora quicquid habent.

Ast ubi delirum id pectus; mihi pectus amatum;
 Fluctuat in dubio, nec ratione timet;
 Labra ubi turgescunt, & stantia lumina guttis
 Omina venturi dant manifesta mali;
 Tunc furis impatiens, ponti intractabilis instar,
 Quem pulsant imbres, exagitantque Noti;
 Et me nauta miser (quem non sua numina sævis
 Fluctibus objiciunt) vix graviora subit.

Naufragus incassum nitor comprehendere terram;
 Usque tamen prohibent Parca Venusque solo:
 Victus lege tuâ succumbere cogor amor;
 Te primum objurgo, mox data jussa sequor.
 Te queror absente, & gliscunt, præsentem, dolores;
 Hei mihi! vel tecum, vel sine te pereor.

1747-8.

END of the eighth number.

THE
STUDENT,
OR THE
OXFORD
AND
CAMBRIDGE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

NUMBER IX. *September* 16, 1750.

EXCURSION *of an OXONIAN into the Country.*

*O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua nôrint,
Agricolas! ————— VIRGIL.*

Brother STUDENT,

I Am one of those odd sort of people, who are greatly enamour'd with the country, and fond of nature in her original dress. The rustic plainness, and downright simplicity of a company of clowns afford me more entertainment than a masquerade at *Ranelagh*, a ridotto, or the most brilliant assembly. In the one you see the real operations of nature without disguise, in the other the various distortions and cozenage of art. And a man who can reduce himself to their level, talk in their stile, and join with them in their

Numb. IX.

S f

exercises

exercifes and diverfions, may depend upon being carefs'd by them, and at the fame time agreeably entertain'd.

In my laft journey to my uncle's, I accidentally faw feveral young men with their hair comb'd ftrait and powder'd, each with a lafs in his hand neatly drefs'd, crossing the road for the next village. Hence I concluded that fome mirth was going forward, and call'd to one of 'em to know what was to be done there. *La! fir, quoth the young fellow, a huge deal of fun will be there indeed. 'Tis fair-day, and there will be rope-dancing, and tumbling, the doctor and the merry Andrew, and a many fine things.*

As it was vacation time, and upon mature confideration, finding I had full as much bufinefs at the fair, as at my uncle Sir Richard's, I turned my horfe and accompanied the young people, who were wonderfully pleas'd with my condefcenfion, and before we came to the village, gave me an invitation to dance with them in the evening, affuring me at the fame time, that they were the beft dancers in all thofe parts.

The *Mountebank*, with the affiftance of his *Andrew*, gave the people great delight, and they in return bought numbers of the doctor's packets; fo both parties feem'd pleas'd. How well they were fatisfy'd who took the phyfick, I don't know, nor is it my bufinefs to conjecture. The tumbler was fo exceeding clever, that an old man near me, after looking at him thro' his fpectacles full an hour, turn'd round and told me *he was a comical dog, indeed!* and, tho' he was near feventy years old, he had not feen his equal. As this arch fellow fo much exceeded every body in that character, I enquir'd after his country, education, &c. and was inform'd by himfelf, that he was educated at *Sadlers-wells*, under thofe great mafters of the fcience, *Meff. Roftomon and Hough*.

The doctor himfelf, while I was treating his tumbler with a glafs at the next booth, did me the mighty favour to take me by the hand and drink my health, and then laying afide
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the farce of his physick, sat down and entertain'd us with a history of his packets and patients. He soon learn'd from my conversation that I came from *Oxford*, and pulling one of his printed papers out of his pocket, desir'd the favour of me to give him half a line of Latin to put under the King's-arms, which I did, and thereby so oblig'd the doctor and his people, that I was complimented with their company, till the time appointed by my friends the dancers was expir'd, and then I was oblig'd to withdraw.

When I came to the place, I found the lads and lasses were all met, and waited only for the fidler, who soon after enter'd, to the great joy of the assembly, and then every man look'd about for his partner. As for my part I chose the prettiest, I assure you, who happen'd also to be a good dancer, and on that account I thought myself happy; but after going down the first dance, she stept aside to whisper a young man, who lower'd very much in his countenance, and stood in a melancholy posture. I enquir'd what this secret might be, and was inform'd that the young man was an acquaintance of hers, whom she had promis'd to go down a dance with bye and bye. But *William* (for that was the young man's name) more fully explained the matter, when I came down the second time; for making up to me with his hat off, and scratching his head, *I wish, sir, says he, you would take another partner; because this is my sweetheart, and we are to be married next week indeed.*—There was something so pitiful und affecting in poor *William's* countenance at the time he spoke to me, that I was really concerned to think I had been the unhappy instrument of giving him so much pain. And tho' I know there are many in our college who would have refused the request, and rejoiced in the triumph, yet as they were so closely connected, I willingly relinquish'd my partner; for I always lay it down as a rule, that *no man has a right to rob another of his peace.* 'Tis impossible to express the joy that appear'd in *William's* countenance on this occasion; nor indeed was *Dolly* displeas'd; for to do her

justice, I must own, she did not lend me any part of that love, which was due only to *William*. No, she danc'd with the gentleman in the gold-lac'd waistcoat, because she did not care any one else should have that honour. This was her motive, and she would have been much better pleas'd, if *William* and I had agreed to take her by turns, so that I might have done without another partner.

It has been a maxim amongst the wisest of all nations, *That a man should never do any thing to make even the meanest person his enemy, if it can possibly be avoided*, and for this reason; because every man, let his circumstances be what they will, may have it in his power, to do a good office or an injury to those who are infinitely his superiors. The use of this maxim I found afterwards verif'd in the case of my friend *William*. One night, when it was extremely dark, wet and cold, I happen'd to lose my way on a large heath, and rode many hours without being able to procure any shelter, or to get intelligence of my road. At length I chanc'd to find a farm house: the people were in bed and unwilling to rise: I call'd and knock'd at the gate a good while before I could get any answer: at last an old fellow popt his head out of a window, and mutter'd something, to which I made a passionate reply. At that very instant, who should come to open the door but my friend *William*, who, it seems, knew my voice, and immediately came to my assistance. We shook hands most heartily, and *William* returned my former civility by taking care of my horse, providing me with a supper, and then placing me in his warm bed, while he cook'd up a fire to dry my clothes.

I cannot take leave of the country-people without admiring their modesty and strong propensity to virtue, and have often thought, if this did not prevail more in the country than in town, the frequent opportunities they have to be naught would fill every family with feuds. 'Tis true, sometimes an accident will happen; but then it rather proceeds from plain downright simplicity and indiscretion, than from
any

any inclination to be vicious, as will appear from the following letter, which was sent by a young girl to her sweetheart, with whom she had begun to marry without the parson. I would have given it you in the original spelling, but was afraid half your readers would not understand it. The most remarkable part of it I have preserved.

“ Dear *Tommy* my love

“ **I**T is jost as I tould you I am with chile so pray mak
 “ haste and com and marry me and mak me a oneff
 “ woman The parson will be at home to morow and I
 “ sent to ax him to marry us and so he says he wooll so
 “ beshure com in the mornin time enow Our *Nan* nose
 “ ont and calls me hore but she need not call me so for
 “ she'd ha' been a hore her self if so be she had not meskarid
 “ so no more at present from

“ Yor losing wife tell death

“ *Molly Rouse*

Thomas was now grown indifferent, very indifferent indeed ! a common case, I am told, with young fellows, when accidents of this sort happen. But this singular letter being shewn to my uncle Sir *Richard*, who takes pleasure in making every body happy, and he being also inform'd that they were to have been married the very day this slip was made, had the minister been at home, he sent for the young fellow, and talk'd him into a much better temper ; and now they are married, live comfortably and honestly, and have every year since strengthen'd the nation with a sturdy boy or girl. As a reward for *Thomas's* singular honesty, my uncle has, at the birth of every child, presented him with a good fat hog, agreeable to a promise made him before marriage, which is such encouragement, that all the young fellows in the neighbourhood have offer'd Sir *Richard* to marry on the same terms.

My

My uncle, like a good commonwealth's man, highly honours the marriage-state, and has often express'd the utmost dissatisfaction to me, at young gentlemen's deferring their nuptials 'till they are debauch'd and infirm, which, he says, should be some how consider'd and prevented by the legislature. In the mean time he endeavours to couple his kinsfolks and acquaintance as fast as he can. And as all the people in the neighbourhood dine with him at *Christmas*, he takes care to place those who are married at the upper end of the table near himself, and to provide them each with a silver spoon to eat his plumb-porridge, which is generally very good, while the batchelors and maidens, at the lower end of the table, are furnished only with wooden spoons, and have their plumb-porridge serv'd up in a wooden bowl. After dinner is over, and the good knight has said grace, he himself sings a song of his own composing in praise of matrimony. This scheme, he assures me, has so alter'd the disposition of his neighbours, who, before he came among them, laugh'd at the marriage-state, that he has every year, before *Christmas*, been oblig'd to encrease the number of his silver spoons, people are so ambitious of getting to the upper end of the table. But then the good knight has the pleasure to find, that the expence he was at for wooden spoons decreases in an adequate proportion. He has also the satisfaction to see a great number of christenings at his church, and to be called godfather by all the children in the parish, for he piques himself on performing that friendly office.

I could add many more particulars of my uncle's oddities, which, as they all tend to some good end he has constantly in view, may be consider'd as so many virtues; but, I believe, your readers are by this time sufficiently tired, and glad that I conclude myself,

Dear brother, yours for ever, &c.

LETTER

LETTER VI. *in defence of* RELIGION.

[The subject continued from Number VIII.]

BUT the necessity of religion appears no where greater, nor indeed so conspicuous, as in the seasonable and salutary influences it is seen by all to have upon a virtuous and vicious disposition. Human laws, as we have already observ'd, were notoriously defective in those two points; they neither suited the punishment to the transgression, nor could they, supposing them to have actually assigned and proportioned the penalty to the pernicious quality of each immoral act, be always indifferently and uprightly executed. Because the effects of justice would frequently be suspended, or, which is still worse, its course diverted out of the proper channel; and diverted by those very persons, whose situation in society, at the same time it gave them opportunities of doing this, laid them under the strongest and most pressing obligation to direct it equally, and to distribute it impartially. Now the instances that daily occur, and which, if we will but open our eyes and look about, we cannot but take notice of, must convince us, that some have gone such amazing lengths in vice, and are become so habituated, or (if I may thus speak) naturalized to it, that they seem to have spirits capable of undertaking any villany, tho' the effects thence ensuing, be as severe and horrible, as they are unavoidable. And nothing can effectually work a reformation in them that deride the magistrate's threats and defy his power, but the producing those awful and tremendous sentiments of another life, by placing the torments of it in such a light, or grounding the certainty of them upon such reasons, as will necessarily strike terror into those who have scornfully slighted, or audaciously and insolently oppugned the unchangeable laws of truth and righteousness. This conception of another state, and the apprehensions of a being who will execute the full

full severity of his wrath upon such harden'd disolute wretches, may not miss of a good effect. A serious attention to the torments of hell, such as an *unquenchable fire*, the *worm that never dieth*, &c. has been sufficient to frighten and drive the most abandoned into the paths of duty and obedience, when axes, halters, and the like scourges of an earthly tribunal were not able to lay hold on them. For in wholly taking up mens thoughts (which it must do, if it is once suffered to seize and take possession of their minds) it draws both their desires and pursuits from other objects to itself, and by degrees absorbs them all.

When, virtue, which should gain and secure us the favour of others, particularly of those with whom we have any correspondence and dealings, is, by the crafty and insidious (and such ever lie in wait to deceive) made the engine to work our own destruction by, it naturally produces great anxiety of mind, as well as a distrust of providence, and in room of the easy good-natur'd principle, that keeps gradually losing strength, succeeds fretfulness of temper, or a certain suspicious captious turn of mind, that, if it ends not in an insuperable aversion, at least it does in a perfect indifferency, to every thing substantially good and commendable amongst men. But the only proper remedy to raise such low desponding spirits, is the sense of an infinitely intelligent and all-powerful governor, under whose administration virtue and vice shall be visibly distinguished, and essentially differenced, or their respective tendencies to ripen into action shall neither be superseded nor obstructed by any of those lets, which (thro' the ignorance or perversity of man) now lie in the way and retard their course of operation, or else entirely change it, that is, make them go against themselves. For when religion, which brings along with it the comfortable doctrine of a righteous adjustment of events to particular moral agents, either here or hereafter, appears seasonably in aid of morality; all the difficulties and embarrassments that attend the *good* and *pious* liver immediately cease, on the commencement of

the

the belief of such a principle. The mind can, with a sort of inflexible firmness, endure evils, tho', for the present, ever so grievous and hard of digestion, that *she is assured* will draw after them an happiness transcendently excellent in its kind, and of eternal duration. From all which we gather how necessary the full persuasion of *another* world is to the order and good government of *this*; to support and advance the interests of virtue, as also to excite and preserve a brisk, lively, and durable relish for moral performances in every state of persecution, or approaching danger of suffering for them. And this shews the reasonableness of such institutions, as are fitted to recall and disengage men from a too close attachment and devotion to the things of this life, and to raise their minds up to, and fix their affections on, an infinitely more interesting one, had they only human authority to enforce them.

From the intimate dependence which religion and human happiness have on each other arises the right civil governors are vested with to constrain all within their jurisdiction to resort to church, or some other religious society founded on general consent, and tolerated by publick authority, there to give an open testimony of their belief of the three great truths above-mentioned; and to hear their respective duties, to God, to their fellow-creatures, and to themselves, with the grounds of their obligation, or the reasons ordaining them, fully explained and affectionately recommended. Hence appears the absurdity of such arguments as would deprive the supreme magistrate of all power in religious matters, from a pretence that civil peace is the proper object and legitimate end of all his pursuits. Since his relation to society ties him to all such acts and appointments as tend to its greater security and emolument; and how religion acquires this tendency, and improves it to the service of the state, has been largely shewn above.

In the room of those kindly beneficent consequences describ'd above, some would substitute a principle of honour as

of greater activity and more determin'd force in stemming that torrent of evils which flow from lawless tyranny and licentious faction. What these persons mean by honour, whence its rise, and how it came to be introduc'd into man's frame, and to make one of his supreme governing principles, I probably may give some account of, at another time and place. At present, the only reply shall be in the words of the author of the poem entitled *Creation*. "If honour lays
 " a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any ac-
 " tion, then it is evident, honour is a law or rule, and
 " the transgression of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to
 " punishment. And if it be a law, it must be the declara-
 " tion of some legislator's will. For this is the definition of
 " a law, that it regulates the manners of a moral agent.
 " Now I would ask a man of honour, who denies reli-
 " gion, what or whose law he breaks, if he deviates from
 " what he imagines to be a point of honour? 'Tis plain
 " there can be no transgression where there is no law,
 " no regularity where there is no rule, nor can a man do a
 " base or dishonourable thing, if he is under no obligation
 " to the contrary. Honour therefore abstracted from the
 " notion of religion which enjoins it, is a mere chimera,
 " which can have little power over any man that does not
 " believe a divine legislator, whose authority must enforce
 " it."

The following truths flow in the nature of consecrations from what has been said.

1. That as mankind can have no dependence upon, nor consequently safely place any confidence in, the words and declarations of an atheist, it greatly concerns them to avoid all manner of commerce with him. Accordingly Mr. LOCKE, in his incomparable *Letters concerning Toleration*, says, "they
 " who deny the existence of a God should not be tolerated;
 " because promises, contracts, oaths, and faith, which are
 " the principle bonds of society, are no tie upon an atheist
 " to keep his word; and because, should the belief of a

" deity

“ deity be banished the world, nothidg but a general confusion and disorder must inevitably be introduced.

2. Whoever propagates notions against the reality of religion, such as those which represent it to be the invention of priests, the more easily to enslave and bring others under their power, or that it was the trick of some artful projecting statesman, to supply the defects of laws, and to take in such things as human policy was oblig'd to pass by, and could make no provision for; whoever, I say, advances such doctrines as these *ipso facto* affects the vitals of magistracy, and, in this view, ought to be treated as one of the greatest pests to its peace and happiness, in short, as the common enemy of mankind.

3. Since the state of a community depends on the notions its members entertain of an over-ruling providence, the juster and more agreeable to truth those are, the higher is its credit, and the more extensive conveniencies it abounds with. And whoever looks into the accounts history gives us of the condition of mankind in every age of the world, will find fact fully and incontestibly confirming our reasoning above.

And if civil benefits do result from religious impressions, and hold proportion with the nature, quality, and intenseness of them, it is evident, the entire absence of all religion must be the privation of each kind and degree of happiness, or pure absolute misery.

[*To be continued.*]

R——*.

A new SYSTEM of CASTLE-BUILDING.

CHAP. III.

Wherein is shewn that this science, tho' of a comic nature in general, may have very serious effects, and be subservient to the purposes of humanity and good-nature.

Whoever is a CASTLE-BUILDER of any sort of eminence, is possess'd of a *Talisman*, by virtue of which he may transform himself into what shape, size, or condition

tion he pleases. If he has but *wit* enough to *forget* himself, he may be considered as a ductile piece of matter, which his imagination can mould and diversify, as much, and as often as she listeth. Hence it is that I account for my having often met a self-created monarch in rags; and I have seen a **PANTILE-PEG-MAKER** at work with an air of as much importance, as if the administration of *Europe* had depended upon every individual peg he made—and with reason might he assume this air; for tho' his *outward-man* was at work for *Billy Tiplington*, the dust-man, at the third house of your *thumb-hand* in *Blow-Bladder-Street*, yet his mind doubtless was busied in erecting fabricks more superb than those of *Venice*, and furnishing them with laws very little inferior to those of *Solon* or *Lycurgus*.

I have often heard a story of a taylor, who by the use of the abovemention'd *Talisman* imagined himself a great general, and actually engaged with his yard-wand a very numerous and formidable army of nettles, menacing devastation to both horse and foot, and by turns making use of all the terms of the art military; and it is most certain he would have put his threats in execution, had not a flight of geese (like the ancient defenders of the *Roman* capitol) deterr'd him from his enterprize, and saved the major part of the stinging vegetables from destruction.

I do not know how it is with the readers of romances in general, but for my own part I declare, I have killed many a giant; on the perusal of an action I have been in the midst of it, and always complimented myself with being the hero of the day.—But let me not run away too far from my thesis, which promises to shew, that **CASTLE-BUILDING** may be apply'd to the purposes of humanity. If then, by this art, one may lift one's self above one's degree in life, and enjoy superior dignities by the forgeries of the imagination, we may *a fortiori* sink ourselves to an humbler condition; for to go down stairs is much easier than to ascend. I would have therefore, those people, who are in
affluence,

affluence, and whom providence has appointed the treasurers of the poor, conceive for a few moments, that they are distress'd themselves, and level their Castle to the humility of the Cottage. This is the only infallible method of making them observe that best of rules, viz. *of doing as they would be done by*; and by putting themselves to a short imaginary pain, they will be induced, if not enforc'd, to do a great deal of *real* good.

Let the *pension'd driveler* that struts in the *Mall*, and enjoys the unmerited freedom of the air, imagine that he is confin'd in *Newgate*, devoid, not only of the comforts, but the necessities of life, and if he then does not go and immediately relieve some of the worthier felons, and infinitely more innocent debtors, I shall not, for the future, hear with patience his long-winded periods on a *free nation* and *Christian country*.

Lastly, let the *well-fed pluralists*, that batten in the sunshine of prosperity, and indulge in the luxury of Cathedral magnificence, on some fast-day or other reflect on the miseries and hardships of the inferiour Clergy, on their sons who are reduced to beggary to avoid theft, and on their daughters who must submit to prostitution to keep them from starving; let them weigh well these calamities, let them make (as is vulgarly said) the case their own, or consider it may be the case of their own flesh and blood, and then most certainly they will readily concur with the generous, noble, and Christian scheme, communicated to the publick in the *fourth number* of this work, and the pious endeavours of a set of great and good men, who with incredible diligence, and considerable expence, have united their efforts to promote it.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

ANECDOTE

A N E C D O T E

Communicated by Dr. RAWLINSON,

Concerning a most remarkable dream of Mr. HERBERT, afterwards Sir THOMAS HERBERT, groom of the bedchamber to King CHARLES I. the night before the martyrdom of that prince, mentioned by Mr. WOOD in the Athen. Oxon.

AS the anecdote contained in the following letter, communicated to us by Dr. RAWLINSON, will supply an omission in the Oxford Historiographer, and render more complete the account he has given us of the last days of King CHARLES I. of ever-blessed memory, it cannot prove unacceptable to the curious. Our readers, therefore, will think themselves highly obliged to us, for preserving so valuable a piece, not elsewhere to be met with, by allowing it a place in this collection.

Copy of a letter from Sir THOMAS HERBERT to Dr. SAMWAYS, and by him sent to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Dr. SANDCROFT, referr'd to in page 524, line 73, of Vol. II. of Athenæ Oxonienses, Edit. 1692; and in page 701, line 39, of the same volume, Edit. 1721; found in a copy of that book, lately in the hands of the Lord Viscount PRESTON.

S I R,

AFTER his late majesty's remove from *Windsor* to *St. James's*, albeit according to the duty of my place, I lay in the next room to the bed-chamber, the king then commanded me to bring my pallate into his chamber, which I accordingly did, the night before that sorrowful day. He ordered what cloaths he would wear, intending that day to be as neat as could be, it being (as he called it) his wedding-day.

day. And having a great work to do (meaning his preparation to eternity) said, he would be stirring much earlier than he used.

For some hours his majesty slept very soundly : for my part, I was so full of anguish and grief, that I took little rest. The king, some hours before day, drew his bed-curtain to awaken me, and could by the light of a wax-lamp perceive me troubled in my sleep ; the king rose forthwith, and as I was making him ready, HERBERT (said the king) I would know why you were disquieted in your sleep ? I replied, may it please your majesty, I was in a dream. What was your dream, said the king, I would hear it ? May it please your majesty, said I, I dreamed, that as you were making ready, one knock'd at the bed-chamber-door, which your majesty took no notice of, nor was I willing to acquaint you with it, apprehending it might be Colonel HACKER. But knocking the second time, your majesty ask'd me, if I heard it not ? I said, I did ; but did not use to go without his order. Why then go, know who it is, and his business. Whereupon I opened the door, and perceived that it was the lord archbishop of *Canterbury*, Dr. LAWD, in his pontifical habit, as worn at court ; I knew him, having seen him often. The archbishop desired he might enter, having something to say to the king. I acquainted your majesty with his desire ; so you bad me let him in ; being in, he made his obeysance to your majesty in the middle of the room, doing the like also when he came near your person, and falling on his knees, your majesty gave him your hand to kiss, and took him aside to the window, where some discourse pass'd between your majesty and him, and I kept a becoming distance, not hearing any thing that was said, yet could perceive your majesty pensive by your looks, and that the archbishop gave a sigh ; who after a short stay, again kissing your hand, returned, but with face all the way towards your majesty, and making his usual reverences, the third being so submissive, as he fell prostrate on his face on the ground, and I immediately slept

stept to him to help him up, which I was then acting, when your majesty saw me troubled in my sleep. The impression was so lively, that I look'd about, verily thinking it was no dream.

The king said, my dream was remarkable, but he is dead; yet had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well) I should have said something to him, might have occasioned his sigh.

Soon after I had told my dream, Dr. JUXON, then Bishop of London, came to the king, as I relate in that narrative I sent Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE, which I have a transcript of here, nor know whether it rests with his grace the archbishop of Canterbury, or Sir WILLIAM, or be disposed of in Sir JOHN COTTON's library near *Westminster-Hall*; but wish you had the perusal of it, before you return into the North. And this being not communicated to any but your self, you may shew it to his grace and none else, as you promised.

S I R,

Your very affectioned friend and servant,

Y^r[ork] 28. Aug. 80.

THO. HERBERT.

On the PLEASURES *and* ADVANTAGES *of*
ASTRONOMICAL STUDIES.

In a letter to the STUDENT.

*Os homini sublime dedit; cælumque tueri
Fussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

OVID.

IN my opinion there is no science more useful, and at the same time more delightful than astronomy. It fills the soul with beautiful as well as magnificent ideas. It has a certain tendency to open and enlarge every avenue of knowledge;

ledge, and puts our nobler part upon exerting its highest powers. It has an admirable efficacy to fix the attention, and enable the mind to sustain the fatigue of laborious studies. It likewise gives us the most exalted conceptions of that infinite power and wisdom, which are so gloriously exhibited throughout the whole creation. It raises in us the highest, and consequently the worthiest, notions of the great author of nature. The soul of man is naturally delighted with what is grand and sublime. She hates restraint, and loves an enlarged sphere of action. Here then she is at full liberty to expatiate. Here she may elegantly employ her noblest faculties. Unbounded space surrounds her, and a scene of infinite wisdom is displayed before her. He can never want a companion who has cultivated an acquaintance with those glorious objects, which adorn the canopy of heaven. Neither can he stand in need of a book to fill up the vacant space of his leisure hours, when the magnificent volume of nature is always open to his view. Nor is he ever at a loss for profitable, as well as pleasing, topics of conversation, who has furnished his mind with that rich variety of ideas, which this noble science affords.

And as it inspires us with the most exalted sentiments of the deity, so at the same time it suggests to us the most becoming notions of ourselves. For as it most clearly discovers the perfection of the creator, so it as evidently demonstrates the imperfection of the creature; I mean in point of intrinsic worth, and real excellency, when compared with the first, greatest and best of beings. And therefore it has a natural tendency to mortify pride, and extinguish every spark of arrogance and self-conceit. For tho' the astronomer's knowledge is vastly more extensive than another's, yet he is, upon that very account, more sensible of his ignorance and imperfection.

The contemplation also of these sublime and heavenly objects lifts up the soul above every thing that is human. *Erigimur*, says TULLY; *altiores fieri videmur; humana despiciamus; cogitantesque supra atque cœlestia, hæc nostra, ut exigua & minuta,*

minuta, contemnimus. Whilst she is employed in these sublime exercises, she looks with an eye of contempt upon all sublunary things. All earthly objects seem beneath her notice. Their vanity and emptiness are conspicuously display'd: nay, they almost vanish and disappear upon the comparison. She pities the turbulent princes of this earth, whose restless and ambitious souls are continually waging war for an inconsiderable part of this little ball, when the whole bears no proportion to the objects of her meditation.

It must be a noble entertainment, indeed, and something wonderfully engaging to the human mind, to contemplate the glorious theatre of nature; where the divine geometer, as PLATO calls him, has observed the exactest rules of symmetry and proportion. The regular vicissitudes of the seasons, and the constant and invariable returns of day and night; the revolutions of the planetary orbs, and the various phænomena of the heavens must be beautiful spectacles indeed; but to know the causes of these appearances is something inexpressibly agreeable to the mind of man; as it, in some measure, satisfies that restless desire of knowledge, which is inherent in human nature.

The advantages which arise from this noble science are too many to be here enumerated. Every one knows that navigation and geography are indebted to astronomy for all the valuable improvements that have been lately made in those useful sciences. What an high opinion the ancients had of astronomy may be learnt from PLATO, STRABO, CICERO, PLUTARCH, and others. CICERO himself had no small skill in this divine science; as we may learn from all his philosophical works, but more particularly from his second book of the nature of the gods. HOMER had some acquaintance with it: and VIRGIL, if I am not mistaken, a much greater. It is with inimitable beauty and propriety, he introduces the astronomer JOPAS, at that elegant entertainment prepared by DIDO for ÆNEAS, making known the principles of his art.

— Cithera

— Citharâ crinitus Jopas
 Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas,
 Hic canit errantem lunam, solisque labores
 Unde hominum genus, & pecudes : unde imber, & ignes :
 Arcturum, pluviasque hyadas, geminosque triones :
 Quid tantum oceano properent se tingere soles
 Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet. *Æn. i.*

It is generally, I think, agreed that the *Egyptians* and *Babylonians*, by their constant observations, laid the first foundations of astronomy ; and that the *Greeks* improved them into a science, by the application of geometry. This was, indeed, the infancy of astronomy. Then it just began to dawn : but now it is arrived at its meridian glory, by the exquisite sagacity, and unwearied diligence of *NEWTON*, *FLAMSTEAD*, *HALLEY*, *BRADLEY*, and other exalted geniuses, who have done honour to the *British* nation : men, who will enjoy a kind of immortality upon earth, and be reading lectures to future generations !

I could wish our country 'squires, and other rural gentlemen, would employ a little of their time in adorning their minds with studies of this kind. Rural conversation would then be a little diversified ; five-bar gates, deep ditches, and high walls would be no longer its constant topics. But the principal design of this essay is to recommend astronomical studies to the younger part of my fellow-students of the universities. In my opinion, it is no small additional ornament to the other branches of polite literature. And, I believe, there is none amongst them all more entertaining. I fancy they will find it no inelegant transition from a chapter in *SMIGLETIUS* to a lecture in *KEIL*.

What I have advanced here is by way of exhortation only. I may possibly, in a future number, insert something in the astronomical way, in order to excite in my fellow-students a spirit of emulation. I assure you, I should be infinitely

better pleased with a few ingenious rivals, than with a crowd of mere admirers. In the mean time I would acquaint my studious readers, whose curiosity leads them to know the origin of this divine science, and what progress was made in it by the ancients; that they may see this subject handled in a very learned and ingenious manner, by Mr. COSTARD, fellow of *Wadham college, Oxon* in two letters to MARTIN FOLKES, Esq; which, in my humble opinion, are well worth the careful perusal of every lover of ancient learning.

I am yours, &c.

— Coll. Camb.

PHILO-ASTRON.

On the MEMBRANA PUPILLARIS.

Mr. STUDENT,

UPON reading Dr. HALLER's essay in your seventh number, it brought to my mind that somewhat adequate to this meaning lay scatter'd among my loose anatomical papers; upon revising them, I found as I conjectur'd, some observations upon the *Membrana Pupillaris*, for so I term'd it in my writings; and tho' it may be as the doctor observes, that this *membrane* does not properly appertain to dogs, &c. yet may it be found in sink calves, which were the subject my observations were extracted from, and that without any previous injection or preparation besides an artful dissection. This *membrane* was discover'd in *England*, if not before the doctor's first dissections in 1743, yet long before his essay was sent to the academy; so that there is hardly an anatomist amongst us but what knows it, tho' I do not remember to have seen any where any inferences, or applications drawn from the discovery; which I cannot but wonder at, because I think with great propriety it may be applied to adjust the difference which has been so eagerly contended for

between

between a *glaucoma* and a *cataract*, tho' indeed latterly the contest has been less virulent. In which dispute the moderns seem to triumph, tho' perhaps they have been too hasty in concluding the terms and disorders as synonymous. I from hence have no design to espouse the dispute so far as to believe *membranous cataracts* frequent, but only to insist upon a possibility of such a disorder; which when the doctrine of this *membrane* comes impartially under consideration, I believe few will be hardy enough to contradict. For I am now firmly of opinion, that the only cause of this grand dispute arose from their ignorance of any such *membrane*; and, indeed, well might they dispute it, since without such a *membrane* it would be as absurd from the anatomy of the eye to suppose such a disorder, as to suppose me capable of distinguishing light even in the most profound darkness. If therefore, there be any anatomist that has seen and does allow this to be a proper *membrane* of the eye, and at the same time disallows the disorder in question, I would propose that through their great skill in determining, they would give a solution to a question, which will naturally arise from such a denial. *What is become of the membrane?* If it should be answered, *obliterated*; then *at what time of life, or by what means does it become so?* Again, I would ask, where the absurdity of such doctrine would be, to suppose such a *membrane* to exist to the end of life, even in adults, (which I own I suppose to be the fact) only become so extremely diaphanous as to prove no molestation to the rays of light in performing vision; to which I expect the practical anatomist will answer, *could such a membrane pass undiscovered in the multitude of eyes that I have dissected?* But that cannot amount to a proof, because we know multitudes of *fætus's* have been diligently dissected and examin'd, before such a membrane was thought of. If upon dissections of the eye, no facts appear to contradict the notion of this *membrane* being to be found existing in *adults*, but the *membrane* itself discovered, then the doctrine of the *filamentous cataract* will become as familiar as any

establish'd theory amongst us, only by supposing this, like all other *membranes*, thicken'd and become opaque by disorders.

This, sir, I beg to see in your next number, because the anatomical season is now advancing, and we may from thence expect to have what doubts at present exist soon clear'd up by the curious in their researches. I am your well-wisher,

R. B. Philomed.

To the STUDENT.

An attempt to restore the true reading of a passage in the book of GENESIS.

SIR,

THE passage under consideration in our English version runs thus. *And LOT lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where, before the LORD destroyed Sodom and Gomorrha, even as the garden of the LORD, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto ZOAR.* GEN. xiii. 10. The sacred historian here manifestly compares the plain of *Jordan*, before the destruction of the cities erected on it, and the formation of the sea of *Sodom*, for its fertility, beauty, and the streams with which it was refreshed, to that part of the land of *Egypt* bordering upon *ZOAR*. But no such part of *Egypt* occurs, either in sacred or profane history; no such place as *ZOAR*, within the limits of *Egypt*, is mentioned by any ancient author. The city of *ZOAR* was not situated in *Egypt*, but on the lake *Asphaltites*, or the sea of *Sodom*; as most clearly appears from *MOSES* himself, *JOSEPHUS*, *STEPHANUS BYZANTIUS*, and others. *

The word *ZOAR*, however, stood in the text, as at present, before the existence of any of our present copies of the Septuagint version; all of which, in conformity to the original Hebrew, here exhibit *ZOAR*. With them those of the Samaritan pentateuch, of the Samaritan, Arabic, and Vul-

* Gen. xiv. 2, 8. xix. 22. Joseph. de bel. Judaic. lib. iv. c. 27. Steph. Byzant. de urb. in voc. Ζόαζα. Vid. Christ. Cellas. géogr. antiqu. lib. iii. c. 13. gate

gate Latin versions, as well as of the Targum of Onkelos, do likewise agree.

But notwithstanding this, I cannot help suspecting, that MOSES wrote ZOAN, and not ZOAR. For, ZOAN, or *Tanis*, the head of a nome, was a most ancient and famous city of the *Delta*, as, from its figure, it was afterwards call'd by the *Greeks*, or *Scripture Egypt*, a † delicious country watered by the *Nile*, or rather the various branches of that noble river, and consequently in this respect resembling the plain of *Jordan*. MOSES was perfectly well acquainted both with this city, where, during his abode in *Egypt*, PHARAOH is supposed to have resided, and the nome, district, or province belonging to it, as may be collected from PSALM lxxviii. 12. *Marvellous things did he in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of ZOAN.* And again, ver. 43. *How he had wrought his signs in Egypt, and his wonders in the field of ZOAN.* These circumstances, exclusive of others that might be produced, seem to render it extremely probable, that the original word here penn'd by MOSES was ZOAN; and that, by the ignorance, carelessness, or inattention of some transcriber, its last letter *Nun* was converted into a *Resch*.

What is here advanced will the more easily gain our assent, if we consider, that no small affinity may be observed between the Phœnician, or old Hebrew, *Nun* and *Resch*, as they § sometimes appear upon ancient coins. The former (q) differs from the latter (q) only in this, that its head does not form a perfect semicircle, but is open at the top: the least inadvertency, therefore, or inattention, if the upper part of the *Nun*, by any accident, or celerity of the writer, approached a semicircle, might occasion a copist's mistaking that letter for the other.

And that in fact such a mistake as this has happened, after what has been said, we have little reason to doubt; especi-

† Christ. Cellar. ubi sup. l. iv. c. 1. § Hadr. Reland. de num. vet. Hebr. tab. ix. num. 5. Montfauc. palæogr. Græc. p. 123, 125. Honor. Arigon. Mus. num. Phœnic. tab. i. num. 3. et fidei. Judaic. tab. vii. num. 4. Tarvisii, 1745. ally.

ally, if it be farther considered, that the word ZOAN is still preserved in this passage by the Syriac version. 'Tis also worthy observation, that the Syriac form of the *Nun* is not unlike that of the same letter exhibited by the coins just referred to; which gives some countenance to my preceding conjecture. It must, therefore, be allowed highly probable, that in one instance, at least, our present copies of the original Hebrew text may be emended by those of the Syriac version, supported by good authors, and ancient coins, bearing Phœnician, or old Hebrew, characters upon them.

It may, however, be alledged by some, who would adhere to the present reading, that a considerable part of the verse now in view is a parenthesis, and that therefore the former part of it, *And LOT lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered every where;* is connected with the latter, *as thou comest unto, ZOAR.* Which if we admit, ZOAR must be understood here to belong to the plain of *Jordan*, as it really did, and not to the land of *Egypt*. But from this supposition it will follow, that MOSES asserted *all the plain of Jordan every where to have been well watered;* and at the same time confined to one part of this plain, in the neighbourhood of, or *as thou comest unto, ZOAR;* his irrigations. This will render our historian inconsistent with himself, and consequently prove destructive of his authority. Besides, it is repugnant to the true turn and genius of the whole passage; as will evidently appear at first sight to every sagacious and intelligent reader. The parenthesis, therefore, here supposed will not remove the difficulty with which the present reading is clogged, nor in the least contribute to a satisfactory solution of it.

I could offer several other reasons, in support of the emendation here submitted to the judgment of the learned, would the limits of your collection at present permit; but as they will not, I must now beg leave to subscribe myself,

Sir, your humble servant,

Ch. Ch. Oxon.
Sept. 11, 1750.

CRIT. SAC.

An EPISTLE to Mr. SPENCE,

When Tutor to Lord MIDDLESEX.

In imitation of HORACE, Book I. Epist. 18.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SPENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay :

You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.

'Tis true you rallied every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound :

Unlike the paultry poets of the town,
Rogues who expose themselves for half a crown ;

And still impose on ev'ry soul they meet

Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit :

Who, tho' half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,

Repeat their rhymes, tho' dinner stays for grace :

And as their poverty their dresses fit,

They think of course a sloven is a wit :

But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect,)

Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step still lower, if you can, descend,
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend ;

That moving shade, that pendant at his ear,

That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the peer.

Studying his looks, and watching at the board,

He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord ;

And tickled to the soul at ev'ry joke,

Like a press'd watch, repeats what t'other spoke :

Echo to nonsense ! such a scene to hear !

'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd,

You'll think the world depends on ev'ry word.—

Numb.

X x

What,

What, is not ev'ry mortal free to speak ?
 I'll give my reasons, tho' I break my neck—
 And what's the question?—if it shines or rains,
 Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

The wretch reduc'd to rags by ev'ry vice,
 Pride, projects, races, mistresses and dice,
 The rich rogue shuns, tho' full as bad as he,
 And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.

'Tis strange, cries Peter, you are out of pelf,
 I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;
 Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late,
 Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate,
 I can advance the sum,—'tis best for both,—
 But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
 Shall give his foe a paultry place at court.
 The dupe for ev'ry royal birth-day buys
 New horses, coaches, cloaths and liveries;
 Plies at the levee, and distinguish'd there
 Lives on the royal whisper for a year;
 His wenches shine in Bruffells and brocade;
 And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
 Draws on his banker, mortgages and fails,
 Then to the country runs away from jails:
 There ruin'd by the court he sells a vote
 To the next burghers, as of old he bought;
 Rubs down the steeds which once his chariot bore,
 Or sweeps the town, which once he serv'd before.

BUT, by this roving meteor led, I tend
 Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
 Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
 When good lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.

Their humour check'd, or inclination crost,
 Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost.
 Unless call'd out to wench, be sure comply,
 Hunt when he hunts, and lay the fathers by:

For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the best ven'son and the best French wine,
Nor to lord ***** make the observation,
How the twelve peers have answer'd their creation,
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your trust,
Be silent still, and obstinately just :
Explore no secrets, draw no characters,
For Echo will repeat, and walls have ears :
Nor let a busy fool a secret know,
A secret gripes him till he lets it go :
Words are like bullets, and we wish in vain,
When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

* * * * *

Defend, dear SPENCE, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a rascal——that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the same time protects and guards his own.
For as with houses 'tis with people's names,
A shed may set a palace all on flames ;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at last into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know ;
I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
He gives his word——then all your hopes are gone :
He gives his honour——then you're quite undone.
His and some women's love the same are found,
You rashly board a fireship and are drown'd.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a temper diff'ring from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
And formalists pronounce the witty mad :
The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glass.
Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
Comply with ev'ry humour that you can.

POPE will instruct you how to pass away
 Your time like him, and never lose a day ;
 From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
 To all mankind as to yourself a friend,
 And sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
 To lead a life with morals like his own.

WHEN to delicious *Pimperne* I retire,
 What greater bliss, my SPENCE, can I desire ?
 Contented there my easy hours I spend
 With maps, globes, books, my bottle and a friend.
 There can I live upon my income still,
 E'en though the house should pass the quakers bill :
 Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
 I think myself of size to fill a stall.
 For life or wealth let heav'n my lot assign,
 A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

On taking a BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

In allusion to HORACE, Book iii. Ode 30.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.

'TIS done :—I tow'r to that degree,
 And catch such heav'nly fire,
 That HORACE nee'r could rant like me,
 Nor is (a) *King's-chapel* higher.
 My name in sure recording page
 (b) Shall time itself o'erpow'r,
 If no rude mice with envious rage
 The buttery books devour.

(a) *Regali situ pyramidum altius*—

(b) *Quod non innumerabilis
 Annorum series, &c.*

A * title too, with added grace,
 My name shall now attend,
 (c) Till to the church with silent pace
 A nymph and priest ascend.
 Ev'n in the schools I now rejoice,
 Where late I shook with fear,
 Nor heed the (d) *Moderator's* voice
 Loud thund'ring in my ear.
 Then with (e) *Æolian* flute I blow
 A soft *Italian* lay,
 Or where (f) *Cam's* scanty waters flow,
 Releas'd from lectures, stray.
 Meanwhile, friend † *BANKS*, my merits claim
 Their just reward from you,
 For *HORACE* bids us (g) challenge fame,
 When once that fame's our due.
 Invest me with a graduate's gown,
 Midst shouts of all beholders,
 (b) My head with ample square-cap crown,
 And deck with hood my shoulders.

Cambridge.

B. A.

* BATCHELOR.

† A celebrated taylor.

(c) — *dum Capitolium*
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.

(d) — *quâ violens*
Obstrepat Aufidus —

(e) — *Æolium carmen ad Italos*
Deduxisse modos.

(f) — *quâ pauper aquæ Daunus, &c.*

(g) — *Sume superbiam*

Quæsitam meritis —

(h) — *mibi Delphicâ*
Lauro cinge volens — comam.

CHORUS

C H O R U S

In the SECOND Act of the

M E D E A of S E N E C A.

TOO bold the man, whom thirst of gain
 First mov'd to plough th' unfurrow'd main;
 Who left the lessening shores behind,
 And dar'd to trust the faithless wind.
 Nor yet the *use* of signs was known
 Each star with useless splendour shone;
 Th' *Olenian* goat gave no alarm
 Nor stormy *Hyads* big with harm;
 And old *Bootes*, sluggish swain,
 Unheeded drove his northern wain;
Boreas was yet unknown to fame
 And *Zephir* blew without a name.
 Yet *Typhis* dares his sails display,
 And bid the boisterous winds obey:
 Now cuts the wave with upright prow
 And takes in all the winds that blow:
 And now becalm'd with oblique sail
 Effays t'invite the southern gale;
 Whil'st every sailor, fond of gain,
 Sollicits all the gods in vain.

But better times our fathers shar'd
 Nor aught of fraud or rapine heard;
 The son contented liv'd of yore
 Where'er the father liv'd before;
 His native soil his wants supply'd,
 And there, when full of years, he dy'd.

Theffalia's pine, with daring beak,
 Did first the world's partitions break;

Sea

Sea felt the oar, and human care
Was taught t' extend beyond her sphere :
Yet punishments such guilt await,
Her toils were long, her dangers great,
When adverse met each *Pontic* rock,
And loud as thunder seem'd the shock.

Ev'n *Typhis* then grew pale with fear,
His fault'ring hands forgot to steer ;
Whilst sadly silent *Orpheus* fate ;
Nor *Argo's* self foretold her fate.
Lo ! when the maid, whose waist furrounds
A lincture of outrageous hounds ;——
When she her horrid jaws extends,
With fear oppress'd, the boldest bends :
Or when with soft melodious strain
The *Sirens* sooth th' *Ausonian* main ;
Sirens, whom *Orpheus*, such his pow'r,
Could with his magick musick lure.
His voice he rais'd, he struck the lyre,
The silent nymphs, tho' loth, admire ;
And they, whose notes could ships retain,
Now yielded to a sweeter strain.

But say the prize these sailors brought ?
A fleece of gold their vessel fraught :
Medea too, more fell than sea,
Worthy both the freight to be.

Now yields to man the watry god,
And patient bears the pressing load ;
Nor *Argo*, by the artful hand
Of *Pallas* fram'd, by heroes mann'd,
Longer complains, that only she
With sail extended braves the sea ;

No pinnace light but joys to stray
 Where'er extends the watry way.
 No more the ancient boundary stands,
 Our cities rise in distant lands.
 The *Persian* drinks the stream of *Rhine*,
 The *Indian*, swift *Araxes*, thine.

And days shall come, when man no more
 The ocean shall restrain;
 When this whole world shall pervious lie,
 And court the greedy swain;
 When some bold *Typhis* shall new realms explore,
 Nor thine, O *Thule*, be the utmost shore.

A.

SONNET *from the* ITALIAN.

CHLOE's the subject: artist, worthy *Greece*,
 Call forth thy skill, compose a finish'd piece:
 Thy eagle-eye alone unhurt can trace
 Her features in the sunshine of her face:
 Thy steady eye resists this ardent blaze;
 But tell me, artist, hast thou steel'd thy heart?
 Who boldly dares on so much beauty gaze,
 Should well be proof against love's keenest dart.

Favours from her desire not to obtain,
 So rich a prize thy pencil cannot gain:
 Tho' thou *APELLE*'s art, I have no claim
 To deck myself with *ALEXANDER*'s name:
 His fair one's charms the heroe did resign;
 CHLOE's excelling form such hopes remove:
 The heroe's act had merit, so has mine;
 In courtesy he triumph'd, I in love.

A NIGHT-

A NIGHT-PIECE.

Or MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

By Mr. SMART.

Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque nœniâ.

HOR.

'T WAS when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth ev'ry glittering star,
And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host had led.

Night with all her negroe train
Took possession of the plain :
In an hearse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind :
Close to her with printless feet
Crept Stillness in a winding-sheet.

Next to her deaf Silence was seen,
Treading on tip-toes over the green ;
Softly, lightly, gently she trips,
Still holding her finger seal'd to her lips.

Then came Sleep serene and bland,
Bearing a death-watch in his hand ;
In fluid air around him swims
A tribe grotesque of mimic dreams.

You could not see a sight,
You could not hear a sound ;
But all confess'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.

Beneath a plantain's melancholy shade
 SOPHRON the wise was laid,
 And to the answering wood these sounds convey'd.

While others toil within the town
 And to fortune smile or frown,
 Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
 And married to that woman, Noise ;
 Sacred Wisdom be my care,
 And fairest Virtue, Wisdom's heir.

His speculations thus the sage begun,
 When lo ! the neighbouring bell
 In solemn sound struck one :——
 He starts——and recollects——he was engag'd to Nell.

Then up he sprang nimble and light,
 And rapp'd at fair Elenor's door ;
 He laid aside Virtue that night,
 And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

The sympathetic LOADSTONES

From STRADA's Prolusions, Book ii. Prol. 6. *

Magnesi genus est lapidis mirabile, &c.

WITH magic virtues fraught, of sov'reign use,
Magnesia's mines a wond'rous stone produce :
 To this apply few slender bars of steel,
 Sudden new motion and new life they feel :
 Nor to the Bear alone, whose splendours burn
 Around the freezing pole, instinctive turn ;
 But each fond needle mutual motion proves,
 Each to the rest in sure direction moves.

* We refer the English reader to the GUARDIAN, N^o 119.

Thus,

Thus, if at *Rome* thy hand the steel applies,
Tho' seas may roll between, or mountains rise,
To this some sister needle will incline,
Such nature's mystic pow'r, and dark design !

Thus, to thy distant friend if fate denies
To breath in missive intercourse thy sighs ;
Mindful, a flat and spacious orb provide,
And let thy ready pencil on the side
Th' expressive elements of childhood trace,
And in due rank each order'd letter place.
In the mid orb, thy needle next be shewn,
Strong with magnetic force, and virtue not it's own.
Which quivering still, in changeful turnings toft,
May touch the letter, which shall please thee most.
Emblem of this a second orb compose,
Alike with letters grac'd, in order'd rows :
Next place the steel, to thy first pattern true,
From the same stone whose pow'r attractive grew.
This faithful instrument of love sincere,
To distant climes thy parting friend shall bear,
At first inform'd on what peculiar day,
To mark th' instructive steel, and point its varied way.

If to your distant friend, due terms agreed,
You long the secrets of your soul to speed ;
The letters mark successive as they stand,
The ready needle move with meaning hand ;
And as just thought requires, not wanton chance,
Now here now there direct the slender lance ;
To each the motion of thy steel dispense,
Lo, letters leap obedient into sense !
Meantime thy distant friend with conscious eye,
Perceives the fond spontaneous sympathy ;
While his own steel in like rotation flies,
And bids the gradual syllables arise :
Each word he marks to full perfection brought,
And eyes th' expressive point, interpreter of thought.

He too, when rests unmov'd his potent spell,
 Each sentiment responsive can reveal;
 Rouses alike *his* letters from their rest,
 And in return unloads his grateful breast.

Oh! that this tale would grow to lasting fame,
 And practice authorise the letter'd frame!
 Then might the kind epistle safely stray,
 Nor fear the frowning thief, nor watry way:
 Princes might deign to form the gay device,
 While we dull scribes from fable seas arise,
 Wash'd from our ink, nor doom'd to write again,
 Place on *Magnesia's* shores the votive pen.

ΜΙΣΟΓΡΑΦΟΕ.

E P I T A P H

On AMBROSE PHILLIPS, *Esq;*

By Mr. ROLT.

YE lovers of the muse! oh thou whose breast
 Glows with her raptures, be thy joys supprest!
 Here PHILLIPS lies!—Mute is the charming lyre,
 That harmoniz'd the tender *Sapphic* fire:
 Ah! silent is the *Theocritian* reed,
 That ev'n the pipe of MARO could exceed!
 For ever mute!—Lo! *Britain's* genius weeps!
 MELPOMONE sits pensive where her PHILLIPS sleeps!
 Who now shall the brave hero's deeds rehearse,
 In all the solemn pomp of tragic verse?
 Ah! few, too few, adorn the *British* shore,
 Since SHAKESPEARE, ROWE, and PHILLIPS are no more.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM *extempore on a* COLD POET.

By EBENEZER PENTWEAZLE, of Truro
in the County of Cornwall, Esq;

FRIGIDIO's muse, from ardour free,
Whene'er he tunes his lyre,
Gives him a *leaden policy*
T' insure his works from fire.

On an ORANGE - TREE

In the Window of FLAVIA's Bed-chamber,

IN *Paphos* and *Idalium*, poets sing,
Luxuriant nature look'd perpetual spring:
The blushing rose, for ever fresh in bloom,
Breath'd round *Calypso's* grot a glad perfume:
Lo! such the joyful spring where FLAVIA smiles,
Fresher than *Eden*, or th' *Hesperian* isles.

See where yon ORANGE does its fruit unfold
Of lively green and vegetable gold:
Charm'd by the beams of her enlivening eyes,
Mark how the plants before her windows rise;
Pure as her breath, or an *Arabian* gale,
Ten thousand sweets the fragrant flow'rs exhale.

Thrice happy plant, t' enjoy this heav'nly place!
What youth but would * PHILEMON's fate embrace?
Sure 'tis the tree of life;—what soul comes here
Senseless of new-born life, when FLAVIA's near?

Now as of old each goddess claims her tree,
VENUS her myrtle boasts, and FLAVIA thee:
Thrice happy plant! by this protection known,
Wide shall thy fame extend as her renown:

Rais'd

Rais'd in her chamber, an *Elysian* seat,
Mankind shall own thy magic virtue great ;
A sprig from thee shall young admirers love,
As NOAH did the burthen of the dove.

MINERVA's olive aw'd the world to peace ;
The SIBYL's branch made *Stygian* fury cease :
These could the passions of the fierce controul,
And charm to rest the tumults of the soul :
Thy pow'r, superior, raptures can impart,
With joy, and love, and FLAVIA fill each heart.

On † *Ida*'s brow when JOVE enjoy'd his queen,
The teeming earth, t' improve the wanton scene,
From FLORA's lap pour'd forth a vernal bed,
And for the god a couch of vi'lets spread :
Yet for this orange-bow'r sure JOVE would now
Forfake his heav'nly queen and *Ida*'s brow.

Trin. Hall.

Part of the first CANTO of HUDIBRAS

Translated into LATIN DOGGREL.

*When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out they knew not why, &c.*

CUM arsit civica phrenesis,
Pacis hominibus pertæsis ;
Nec cuiquam nota fuit causa,
Tam dira quæ produxit ausa ;
Cum tristes iræ, & furores,
Multum elicerent cruoris ;
Et, velut qui sunt mente capti,
Præ mero ire parum apti ;
Sic hi pugnabant, dum pro more
Religio cuique est in ore ;

Hanc

† Hom. *Iliad*. L. xiv. V. 347.

Hanc coluit quisque nomen tenus,
Sed nemo novit quodnam genus :
Cum præco altâ e testudine,
Auritâ stante multitudine,
Hanc dedit exhortationem,
Ut foveant seditionem ;
Et manu tufum ecclesiasticâ
Pulvinar movit vi elasticâ :
Tunc ivit foras noster Heros,
Ut vinceret gigantes feros.

Aspectum si quis observaret,
Hunc florem equitum juraret ;
Nam nusquam genu flexum dedit,
Nisi cum titulum accepit ;
Nec ictum æquâ tulit mente,
Nisi ab honorario ente.
Duplicem scivit usum chartæ,
Tantâ, ut nullus alter, arte,
Mercurio doctus tam, quam Marte.
Clarus in bello, in pace quoque,
Et jure Cæsar ex utroque.

(Sic victum sorices, ut ferunt,
Utroque elemento quærunť)
Sed multus author litem gerat,
An fortior, an prudentior erat,
Hi illud, illi hoc defendant ;
Sed, licet acriter contendant,
Tam parva fuit differentia,
Vix, & ne vix vicit prudentia.
Hinc habuerunt illum multi
Aptum perfungi vice stulti.
Nam sic MONTAGNUS vacans otio,
Omniq̃ue liber a negotio,
Dum lusit molliter cum fele,
Fudisse fertur hoc querelæ ;

“ Quis

“ Quis scit, quin felis hæc (proh facinus!)

“ Si putat, putat quod sum alius.”

Sed quid mehercule censeret,

Thrasonem nostrum si videret,

(Nam sic se noster appellavit,

In martem siquis provocavit)

Sed sic qui putant, putant male,

Nam noster erat nihil tale.

Quid, si ingenio fuit lautus,

De usu fuit perquam cautus.

Perrarò quidem secum ferat,

Nam metuit, ne forsan terat,

Sic multi pictas induunt vestes,

Nonnisi in diebus festis.

The CHOICE DIVERS at the Cyder-Cellar in Maiden-Lane are desired to translate the following lines for the benefit of the WIDOW.

EPIGRAMMA.

Surripui teneræ ludens duo basia * nymphæ:

Non impune tuli; me mihi surripuit.

Nec lusisse piget, sed talem incidere ludum;

Plus lusisse juvat, quàm periisse piget.

* MISS GUMMING.



END of the ninth number.

S U P P L E M E N T
 TO THE
 S T U D E N T,
 OR THE
 O X F O R D
 A N D
 C A M B R I D G E

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

WIT *and* BEAUTY. *An ALLEGORY.*

Humbly address'd to the LADIES of *Great-Britain.*

An allegory should be like a veil over a beautiful face, so fine and transparent as to shew the very charms it covers.

POPE.

IN that infancy of the world, which the poets have styled the golden age; when every meadow wore a perpetual verdure, and honey dropped from every oak; when the language of each swain was constancy and love, and the eyes of his shepherdess spoke nothing but compliance; when, like the trees under which they sat, the blossoms of benevolence budded in all their looks, and at the same time the fruits of it ripened in all their actions; the Gods themselves would often

condescend to visit the earth, and share with mankind that happiness which they gave them. **APOLLO** then would have thought it no punishment to tend the herds of **ADMETUS**, nor would **VULCAN**, tho' banish'd from heaven, have regretted any thing but his lameness. One evening, as the former of these deities was wandering thro' *Cyprus*, he met by chance with the Goddess of the place; when, the season and the country inspiring him with love, he eloquently urged his amorous suit. She, being under no engagements to the latter, heard him not undelighted; and, as she was utterly unacquainted with the artful coyness and reluctant delays of the moderns,

———— to a myrtle bower
He led her nothing loth.

MILTON.

The fruits of this interview were two girls; the eldest of whom, inheriting the vivacity, sprightliness and sense of **APOLLO**, was called **WIT**. When the youngest grew up, the resemblance she bore to **VENUS** was so striking, that it was difficult to distinguish them; and her bloom was so fresh, her complexion so clear, and all her features so completely regular, that in a full assembly of the Gods it was unanimously agreed to call her **BEAUTY**. After what has been said, it may be needless to add, that **WIT** was the father's favourite, and **BEAUTY** the mother's. **WIT** by her ready jokes and innocent pleasantry would frequently extort a smile from **JUPITER** himself; not but that she would sometimes carelessly play with her father's arrows, to the no small hazard of wounding herself and those that were near her. This joined to a mischievous disposition, made her narrowly watched by her parents, and **VENUS** was often obliged to confine her to her own dressing room; which however was no great punishment to her, as she there enjoyed the company of **BEAUTY**, these sisters being no less twins by inclination than by birth: for it was observed that **BEAUTY** was always most agreeable

and

and shone to greatest advantage, when WIT was by; and WIT herself found her pleasantry much more relished, when it was uttered in the presence of BEAUTY. The latter (as we hinted before) was always in waiting at her mothers toilet, as none of her attendants were so skill'd in the fashions, or knew so well what head-dress suited her best, or where a patch would be most becoming. WIT, on the contrary, was so entirely ignorant of all these essentials, as sometimes to appear in a gown of her great-grandmother CYBELE's; was in short a very sloven, and had so little regard to the female *minutiae* or delicacies of dress, that VENUS used often to tell her, NATURE had mistaken her sex.

Thus BEAUTY and WIT led for many years a life of tranquillity and happiness among the GOD's; not but that sometimes the charms of a mortal would induce them to visit the earth. But at last BEAUTY grew so vain and conceited of her own charms, as openly to jeer at the other Goddesses, and once proceeded so far as to call DIANA a homely prude. WIT too was so flippant with her tongue, as to transgress the bounds which PALLAS (who had taken a sort of fancy to the girl) had often prescribed her; nor was she a scrupulous observer of truth, being prevailed on by a female friend called SLANDER, to insinuate to JUPITER an unlikely story of a blind GRECIAN (in reality a gallant of her own) who, she told him, was intimate with all the MUSES. Many other complaints of this kind being daily made, he at length banished them both from Olympus.

Being sentenced to dwell for ever on the earth, long they wandered about, uncertain where they should settle. At last, thro' some misunderstanding, the sisters parted. WIT lived for some time very happily in Greece, till the fruitfulness of the soil and mildness of the climate invited her over to Italy. There too she dwelt, still pleased and pleasing, 'till the irruption of the Goths and the desire of seeing her sister obliged her to remove. After travelling long in search of BEAUTY,

she arrived at an ISLAND IN THE NORTH, where, agreeably to her wishes, at length she found her. She found her indeed, but in a situation she by no means approved of, surrounded by a crowd of admirers; and being taken with a splendid outside, of all the addressees she seemed most to encourage those of a glittering coxcomb, called WEALTH. In spite of her sister's remonstrances, she married him. But tho' they were as unhappy as WIT had foreseen they would be, yet, as they had a numerous progeny, she consented to undertake the care of the sons, while BEAUTY had an eye to the education of the daughters. But she, being desirous of marrying them to some sons that WEALTH had by his former wife VANITY, attended only to their dress, their shape, and their air, and withal grew so fond of them that they would certainly have been spoil'd, if she had not prevail'd on her sister to undertake their management too. She, leaving to BEAUTY their outward accomplishments, applied herself to the improvement of their minds; to BEAUTY they owed their natural endowments, to WIT their acquired ones; to the former they were indebted for the symmetry of their features, to the latter (assisted by PALLAS) for the delicacy of their tastes. And even in their old age, when their mother had entirely abandoned them, WIT still continued to render them amiable by the help of her handmaid, GOOD-HUMOUR, who smoothed every wrinkle, diffused over their faces a youthful bloom, and made them beloved, even in the decline of life, for sweetness of temper and affability of manners, enlivened with easy cheerfulness and innocent mirth.

GRANTICOLA.

LETTER.

LETTER VII. *in defence of* RELIGION.

[The subject continued from Number IX.]

IN contradiction to what has been said it will probably be urged, that we have a principle of right, as well as one of self-love, implanted in our nature, and growing up together with it; a moral sense or conscience, which we cannot violate or go against, without great remorse and compunction, that is, without being self-condemn'd. This causes us to approve virtuous actions and characters, and to disapprove the contrary independently on all consideration of their being means of happiness and misery to us; approbation and disapprobation ever imply pleasure and pain, complacency and dissatisfaction, in those who are the subjects of them. This then is an intended seasonable check upon the other part of our nature, and will necessarily prevent any such excesses as have been complain'd of and descanted on above. In giving an answer to this objection one is naturally led to enquire into the nature and origin of the human appetites. But tho' such an enquiry, when properly begun, and judiciously prosecuted, will remove this and every other objection that can be brought, yet is it not proper to be now entered upon. I therefore choose to consider it in some future separate letters, desiring the reader would now give credit to what I hope shall be then demonstrated to his satisfaction, viz. that this moral sentiment or feeling is of our own creating and fashioning, generally begot or grounded upon the notion of an all-observing Deity, who obliges to such particular actions as by frequent repetitions will, with the concurrence of other causes, produce the above-mention'd taste or disposition, which most, forgetting how it was first acquired, are apt to look upon as the necessary and immediate effect of our constitution, or a part of it. Consequently this sense will be but imperfectly generated, if
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the belief of a God has not obtain'd an establishment in the world: and all arguments drawn from, or objections urg'd upon, its suppos'd innateness are manifestly inconclusive, and what will never bear the test of a strict and impartial scrutiny.

But granting the benevolent disposition to be natural, and consequently universal, we must conclude the same of all the other appetites man is possess'd of, which as they are stronger or weaker will be more or less craving and importunate for their respective objects. Therefore to suppose mankind as much under the influence of the benevolent principle as they are of those which stand oppos'd to it, we are oblig'd to make a further supposition, viz. that it is not only of equal strength and efficacy with every other appetite of the contrary sort, but likewise exceeds all the rest in the means of gratification, just as they surpass it in number, *i. e.* as those other do unity. Both which suppositions are contrary to what we every day see and feel. If we coolly and dispassionately survey the actions of the body of mankind (and from thence our estimate, if we would have a right one, must be taken) we shall find this principle greatly over-match'd by those of a contrary tendency; its effects on some are scarce discernible, and when compar'd with other acting appetites it operates very feebly and languidly; and in the best of men it is scarce sufficient, even with the additional aid of religion, to keep them constantly within the boundaries of virtue. What then could it do, or what in reason is to be expected from it, without the assistance of this powerful ally? But, without injuring truth, I may safely affirm, that the human mind, upon enquiry into its nature, and manner of picking up its present furniture, will appear to be as much a mere *rasa tabula*, in respect of implanted affections, as it is with regard to innate truths.

This and the preceding letters were intended to shew the usefulness, in those that follow I shall endeavour to shew the reality of religion.

R——*

To the STUDENT.

SIR,

SOME historians relate, that the people of *Kent*, by surprizing WILLIAM the CONQUEROR in his march with boughs in their hands, which made them appear at a distance like a moving forest, extorted some concessions from that prince. However, as WILLIAM of POITIERS makes no mention of this event, RAPIN suspects it to be fabulous. But as WILLIAM of POITIERS was a foreigner, and had probably no great regard for the *English* nation, as is * partly allowed by RAPIN himself, why might he not designedly pass over in silence the abovemention'd adventure, as in some respect glorious to them, and (in his opinion, tho' not in reality) disadvantageous to his hero? Be that as it will, since the *Kentish* men even at this day enjoy some extraordinary privileges, peculiar to themselves, and ascribe their enjoyment of them to the preceding memorable event, the account of it handed down to us seems not to be entirely without foundation; and therefore the following speech of STIGAND cannot be deem'd altogether unworthy the attention of the curious.

ORATIO STIGANDI

CANTIORUM DUCTORIS

Ad GULIELMUM, qui dictus est VICTOR.

Translated by a gentleman of *Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.*

Occurrunt tibi, dux inclyte, Cantii, amici & tuæ ditioni parituri, si æquissimis eorum POSTULATIS concesseris; ut qui libertatem a majoribus acceptam & leges & consuetudines patrias retinere CONTENDUNT, nec in

* Histoire d'Angleter. par Mons. De Rapin Thoyras, tom. ii. liv. vi. p. 27. A la Haye, 1724.

fervitutum

servitutem inexpertam redigi, aut nova jura tolerare VOLUNT; regiam enim potestatem, non dominatum ferre possunt.

Illibatâque itaque libertate, reservatisque moribus legibusque pristinis, recipe *Cantios*, non *servos*, sed fide & amore in te affectos subditos.

Sin libertatem legumque immunitatem auferre niteris, *una & vitam auferes*.

Malint enim in certo Marte tecum dimicare, & sub certis hostibus in acie succumbere, quam in foro sub incertis legibus.

Nam quamquam cæteri servire Angli servitutem possunt; CANTIORUM tamen propria est LIBERTAS.

The Genuine SPEECH of STIGAND

At the Head of the Men of KENT,

To WILLIAM the CONQUEROR.

YOU are accosted, illustrious general, by the men of *Kent*, who are ready to submit to your government, provided you shall make proper concessions to their most equitable demands, being such sort of men as are determined to retain that liberty they have received from their ancestors, together with the laws and customs of their country; neither WILL they be reduced to a state of servitude, which they never experienced, or endure a new legislature; for they can bear with a *regal*, but not a *tyrannical* authority.

With their liberty therefore unassailed, and their ancient laws and customs reserved to them, receive the *men of Kent*, not as a parcel of *slaves*, but *subjects* attach'd to you in loyalty and love.

But if you shall attempt to deprive them of their freedom and the immunity of their laws, you shall deprive them of their lives also.

For

S U P P L E M E N T. 369

For they had rather engage with you in a determined battle, and fall under *certain* enemies, than in a court of justice under uncertain laws.

For tho' the rest of the *English* can suffer slavery, *to be free is the property of the men of Kent.*

To the L A D I E S in and about St. J A M E S ' S.

The Petition of JOHN JONES, Citizen and Cordwainer,

Most humbly sheweth,

THAT your petitioner hath bred up a family of seven children, six whereof are daughters, and lived in credit and reputation in this city, paying and discharging all just debts, till your ladyships thought proper to introduce the custom of wearing these enormous hoops; and since that time your poor petitioner hath been so reduced, that his goods, household furniture, and utensils of trade, even to his end and his awl, have been seiz'd by his landlord for rent, and he himself deprived of the common benefit of breathing the fresh air for some months past, except on a Sunday. And the cause of these many and great hardships, may it please your ladyships, is center'd in the seven abominable hoops which your poor petitioner, for the sake of peace and quietness, hath been obliged to maintain: for every fashion broach'd at St. *James's* flies like ill fame round the island, with incredible speed.

It has been my custom to give my wife (or rather her custom to demand of me) once a year a gown and petticoat of a silk of twenty shillings a yard value, for that, I think, is the price of what you wear at St. *James's*: (however if yours should be more, I beg it may be kept a secret from her) now, ladies, before these hoops came in vogue, twelve yards of such silk was sufficient for a gown and petti-

A a a

coat;

coat; but since they have been in fashion, she has always had twenty-two, which is ten extraordinary. And, may it please your ladyships to observe,

Ten yards of silk extraordinary, at twenty shillings per yard, is

l. s. d.

10 0 0

And,

Ten yards a piece for each of my six daughters (for they are now grown as big as their mother, and she will have them cloath'd in the same manner) makes sixty yards at twenty shillings per yard, which is

60 0 0

And again,

Before these hoops were in fashion, no aprons were worn, or if at any time a lady did put on one, it was very small. I am therefore to reckon forty shillings a piece extraordinary upon seven aprons, which is

14 0 0

And then,

Gowns, petticoats and aprons, as well as under-petticoats and stockings, are sooner wore out with hoops than without them; for which I may reasonably reckon thirty shillings to each person, which is

10 10 0

And besides,

I am to consider the casualties which will arise from large hoops banging against new painted posts, chimney-sweepers sacks, shoe-blackers stools and brushes, lamp-lighters oil kettles, &c. &c. at forty shillings each (for silks, when stain'd and dirty, must be scower'd) and seven times forty shillings is

14 0 0

And let it be remember'd, that

Formerly a woman's time was of some value to a man in trade, and I am sure a great deal of

108 10 0

SUPPLEMENT. 371

Brought over 108 10 0

time is wasted on account of these hoops, which it would be an ill compliment to the fair sex to suppose of less value than twenty shillings per year each, and that is ——— 7 0 0

And,

'Tis impossible either for madam or miss, when surrounded with a huge hoop, to walk any distance, unless the weather be very fair, and the streets extremely clean, which so seldom happens in *London*, that I can't (considering our acquaintance, and the number of visits we have had to make) reckon less than three pounds per annum each for coaches, chairs, &c. and three times seven is ——— 21 0 0

136 10 0

I might here also reckon the spoiling my own cloaths, when walking with my wife, or daughters; for with these great hoops a man is always thrust against the posts, or into the kennel; but as this only happen'd when I had my liberty, and could walk abroad with safety, I shall omit that in the account; for I would not have any thing appear like an exaggeration: besides, ladies, upon casting up the other articles, which are no more than what are common and consequent to the hoops, you'll find the annual sum of 136 *l.* 10 *s.* a sum too large to be expected from a manufacturer of boots and shoes!

My creditors, when provoked, have often cry'd, why don't you marry your daughters? Why so I would, if I could; but I can't. What young fellow in his senses, do you think, would marry a girl trick'd out in this manner, who has not a penny to support it?

For heaven's sake, ladies, or for my sake, or (if neither of these will prevail) for the sake of your own sex, drop this

A a a 2

ridiculous

ridiculous fashion; for while a man sees he is to be at such expence, 'twill be impossible for me to get my daughters dispos'd of, and they, you must imagine, tho' citizens, want husbands as well as you ladies at court.

Ladies, I humbly rely on your great goodness and mercy, and rest assur'd that your softness, sweetness, clemency, and good nature will induce you to weigh well and consider, and pity a poor old man's misfortunes, and remove the immediate cause of his ruin.

And your poor petitioner, as in duty bound,

Shall for ever pray, &c.

P. S. To my petition it may perhaps be objected, that large hoops and other extravagancies of this kind encourage trade. But I say, no, ladies, no; and to justify this truth, I shall produce the certificates of some considerable traders in and about *London*, which, I doubt not, will weigh with your wisdom, and have the desired effect.

WE whose names are hereunto subscribed do certify, that tho', upon examining our respective books, it appears, that we have sold twice the quantity of goods since the large hoop came in vogue that we did before, yet, to our great misfortune and mortification, it also appears, that we have not cleared so much money as when our trade was not half so considerable. And this we apprehend is due and owing to the great number of bad debts which we have contracted. And the cause of these bad debts we also apprehend is owing to the extravagancy of the times. And we do agree, and allow, and acknowledge, and lay it down as a maxim, that 'tis better for us, and more to our emolument and advantage, to sell (as heretofore) twelve yards of silk and be paid ready money for it, than to sell twenty-two yards of
the

the same silk and never be paid at all. Wherefore we hope your ladyships will in your abundant goodness take our case also into your consideration.

J. STAMP,
G. LAWRENCE,
S. JENNINGS,
R. GROVES, } Mercers.

THE above case is exactly similar to ours, and we do acknowledge, agree, and allow the above maxim to be orthodox, just, and good; and we do also pray for redress.

R. GOLDING,
J. KING.
T. THOMPSON, } Linnen Drapers.

The PROTECTOR'S ADVICE
TO ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Communicated by Dr. RAWLINSON.

THE following curious anecdote was found indorsed on a paper sign'd ALG. SIDNEY.

The PROTECTOR's advice to me, when I went from him to the king of Sweden in Poland; which I writ from his own dictating, and the alteration in the second particular is his own hand.

I. If you would not miscarry in this business, know first, that all publique businesses, and private too, prosper and succeed only as God is pleased to determine them.

that
II. And — therefore the greatest wisdom in them that are employed about business lies in this, that they seek

seek to be accepted with God, which noe man is, but by Jesus Christ.

III. That there be a deniall of a man's owne abilities, and that worke be undertaken with humility and meekness of spirit, and that one be swift to heare, and slow to speake, well understanding before he answer.

IV. That a man in his conversations, as he would have a blessing, abstaine from all manner of evil, and doe constantly, with all earnestness and truth of heart, crye to God for a blessing, seeing he disposes the issue of all businesses as he pleases.

A passage in SHAKESPEARE corrected.

*The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I Hermia saw;
But LIKE A SICKNESS did I loath this food;
Yet AS IN HEALTH come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it.*

Label MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Act iv. Scene 2.

DEMETRIUS in the beginning of this play is represented as entirely devoted to HELENA; but by the charms of fairies he is made to slight his former love, and to be as much enamour'd of HERMIA. These charms being removed, he returns to his former mistress, as we learn by his declaration in the above-quoted speech. But the latter part is certainly corrupt; *the allusion is plainly to a sick man's appetite being depraved, and therefore loathing that very food which in health he was fond of.* We must therefore undoubtedly read,

*But like IN sickness did I loath this food;
Yet as in health come to my natural taste, &c.*

That

That is, *like as I were in sickness did I loath, &c.*

This will preserve the allusion, which is otherwise destroyed. Indeed it is little better than nonsense to make DEMETRIUS say, (as all the editions have hitherto done) *that he loathed the food like as he loathed a sickness*; nor can any other construction be put on the passage, as it now stands, but what will be forc'd and unnatural.

To the S T U D E N T.

S I R,

AS we have never had any particular account of the *Pietra di Cobra* publish'd in our language, the following detail of the wonderful virtues of that celebrated stone cannot prove unacceptable to your curious readers. That some of the salutary qualities there ascribed to it are real, and not imaginary, I myself have had ocular demonstration; and have also been assured by Sig. TIBERIO SCALA, a very skilful and eminent apothecary in *Leghorn*, who had a most noble collection of natural curiosities, from his own knowledge and experience, that several others of them might be absolutely depended upon. Sig. TIBERIO died in the year 1733, and what became of the abovementioned collection, I never was yet informed. But as this stone is doubtless to be met with in several of our *English* repositories of natural rarities, and may possibly be hereafter introduced into many others; it may not be improper for the owners of those collections to know what a treasure they are in possession of. Besides, the following little piece may be justly considered as an additional, and even most curious, article in natural history, hitherto omitted by all our *English* naturalists. But I shall not offer any thing farther, by way of apology for sending you the enclos'd; but only beg
leave

leave to assure you, that you are at liberty to make what use of it you please, and that I am, with great truth,

S I R,

Your humble servant,

Ch. Ch. Oxon.
Sept. 24. 1750.

PHYSICUS.

The wonderful VIRTUES *of the* STONE *call'd*
LA PIETRA DI COBRA.

THIS stone, call'd by the *Italians*, LA PIETRA DI COBRA, and by the *Portuguese* LA PIEDRA DE COBRA, is the produce of several parts of the *East Indies*, and particularly of the province of *Quamsi*, or *Quang si*, in *China*. In those countries there is found a species of most venomous serpents, denominated, from the hair growing on their heads, by the *Italian* missionaries, *serpi capelluti*, i. e. *hairy serpents*. These creatures are taken in great numbers by the hermits, or anchorets, called *Jogues*, who are a sort of priests, or philosophers, held in the highest veneration and esteem by the idolatrous nations settled in those distant regions. In the head of this animal grows that celebrated stone, some of whose excellent virtues we shall here beg leave to enumerate.

The PIETRA DI COBRA is for the most part of a blackish colour, tho' sometimes it is interspers'd with cineritious, ash colour'd, or pale grayish spots. In order to know whether it be genuine or not, it is to be applied to the lip; and if it sticks pretty closely to that part, it may be pronounced undoubtedly genuine.

1. If this stone be applied to the puncture, or wound, made by the bite of any venomous animal, it will immediately adhere to that wound so closely as not to be very easily separated from it; and, after it has imbibed the poison, will of
itself

itself fall off from the part affected, and leave it perfectly cured. After it has thus disengaged itself, it must be thrown into some wine, water or milk, where it will soon discharge all the poison imbibed; and, after it has been thoroughly washed, may be reserved for another occasion.

2. If the pain still continues in the wounded part, after the stone falls from it, which sometimes happens, the same stone, after having been thoroughly cleansed, as before directed, must be again applied to that part. And this must be repeated, after the proper discharges made into milk, water, or wine, in the manner above mentioned, 'till the stone will no longer stick to the part affected. When this happens, the pain will be intirely removed; for the stone will not fail adhering to the wound, or puncture, as long as any poison remains.

3. If the wound, or puncture, should happen to be extremely small, or quite closed up, it must be opened with the point of a penknife, bodkin, or some such like instrument; that the stone may attract the more strongly, and consequently suck out the malignant matter the sooner.

4. This invaluable stone cures the bite of a mad dog, a viper, a scorpion, a spider, a wasp, or any other venomous animal, in a very short time.

5. It likewise immediately heals all scrofulous eruptions, pestilential bubo's, malignant humours, and all similar disorders; but a small incision must be first made, that it may the more effectually and expeditiously imbibe the morbid matter occasioning them.

6. If the PIETRA DI COBRA be pulveriz'd, and drunk either in a little wine, or water, it certainly expels the poison introduced into the more noble and interior parts of the

body, by the bite of any of the preceding venomous animals.

7. It has likewise been used, with good success, for the cure of ulcers, wounds, and other inward disorders occasioned by the venereal distemper. But it has been observed to be the most efficacious in strengthening the yard, when by weakness of nature it has been render'd incapable of an erection, a small incision being first made on the *glans*, that the stone may be thereby enabled to exert itself with the greater vigour.

8. All kinds of swellings and tumours, occasioned by the pricking of thorns, or a concourse of the most malignant humours, are cured by the continued application of this stone, in the manner above related.

9. The same stone pulveriz'd is good for all wounds and scrofulous eruptions.

10. It has likewise been found to be a sovereign remedy for the bite of a tarantula, in an incredible short time. Many people in *Puglia*, or *Apulia*, a province of the kingdom of *Naples*, have lately experienced this, and been immediately delivered by our stone from the racking pain caused by the poison of that animal.

11. 'Tis to be observed, that after the stone has disengaged itself from the wounded part, it is to be put into warm milk, water, or wine, and suffered to remain there for the space of three or four hours, according to the quality of the poison to be discharged; that it may, by this means, be thoroughly washed and cleansed. As for the milk, water, or wine impregnated with the poisonous matter, it must be immediately thrown away; lest any creature, by drinking it, should be destroyed, or greatly hurt, according to the noxious quality of the venom imbibed by the stone.

12. As soon as the *Indians* and *Chinese* find themselves attacked by a malignant fever, or any other acute violent distemper, they presently make an incision in some part of the body ; and, upon the application of the *PIETRA DI COBRA* thereto, they soon recover their former health.

13. In fine, the virtues of this inestimable stone are infinite, and therefore cannot be enumerated here. But, for a fuller account of them, our curious readers may have recourse to the Fathers *ATHANASIUS KIRCHER*, *MICHAEL BOIM*, *VALENTINE STANZEL*, and *GIUSEPPE PIETRUCCI*, who have favoured the learned world with copious descriptions of them. Many surprizing experiments have been made of the singular efficacy of this stone, in *Asia*, *America*, *Europe*, and particularly in *Italy*.

Done from the Italian original publish'd at Bologna, and Foligno, by NICOLÒ CAMPITELLI, in 1732.

A new SYSTEM of CASTLE-BUILDING.

C H A P. IV.

Of the service CASTLE-BUILDING is to geniuses, and the advantages of an ideal above a real estate.

IT is usual to compliment such young gentlemen, who have spent their health and fortunes in riotous living, with the title of geniuses ; not that it requires any very great understanding to be extravagant, (for prodigality is no more a science, than it is a cardinal virtue) but because such is the courtesy of the kingdom, and the propriety of the language.——Now it is not to this sort of *geniuses* I am addressing myself, who have no other *virtues* than their *vices*, but to men of real merit and good understandings, who have nevertheless play'd the fool, and brought upon themselves that

worst of diseases, poverty, to which I would beg leave to apply the infallible remedy of CASTLE-BUILDING.—I doubt not but every individual, who is capable of reading this book, has often met with the following most exquisite lines, the moral of which can never be sufficiently admired; and let me add the truth too, for if they had not been true, no one ever would have seen this chapter.

“ WHEN HOUSE AND LAND IS GONE AND SPENT,
“ THEN LEARNING IS MOST EXCELLENT.

When a man has made away with all his *temporal* estate, 'tis high time to have recourse to his *mental* one; and when he has sold all his tenements made of perishable brick and stone, he may have leisure enough to build CASTLES IN THE AIR, whose nothingness will secure them from destruction.

Besides this, there are many and singular advantages, which an *ideal* estate has above a real one, too many indeed to be recounted, but some of the principal ones are as follows. The parish and the parson, tythes and taxes, tenants and repairs, wind and weather, murrains and lawyers are eternal incumbrances of wealth and INDEPENDENCY. The villainy of stewards, the impudence of servants, the danger of riding in a coach, the precariousness of life under the conduct of *eminent physicians*, and profuseness of expensive viands are insurmountable objections to riches and honour. On the contrary, the sparest diet, perpetual exercise, (unless the party be in prison) no servants, no danglers, none of the inconveniences of fortune attend an *ideal* estate, which you may create, alter, or encrease, as your judgment, whim, or pleasure prompts you.

It must be own'd indeed, that meat, drink, washing and lodging are not always *absolutely* unnecessary, and are no parts of an *ideal* estate; I therefore would advise my genius to secure those, for while the imagination is link'd to this *muddy vesture* of decay, as that most incomparable CASTLE-

BUILDER,

BUILDER, SHAKESPEARE, expresses it, she must now and then condescend to partake the carnality of a beef-stake, or mutton-chop.

Moreover it is the opinion of several great men, that the trifling requisites of meat and drink are so many spurs to make men excel; the poorer a man is kept, the more he'll endeavour to merit the publick favour; and out of necessity (if not out of *gratitude*) must do something for the common utility. Those therefore that encourage learning least are in fact the greatest MÆCENAS's, upon which principle our N——ty are all POLLIO's and MESSALA's, LEO's and SYDNEY's, and sing *Io triumphæ*, WE LIVE IN AN AUGUSTAN AGE.

CHIMÆRICUS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

On the diversity of S T Y L E S.

OUR common conversation, or, what amounts to the same thing, our writings, are the mark or characteristic of our souls: our passions, our humours, our inclinations are expressly painted in our words: in short, every one without thinking or design suits his style and manner of conversing to his natural disposition. Hence arises the difficulty of disguising our real sentiments, and giving a contrary direction to our tongue, which is properly the index of our heart. But we may carry this matter yet further: we may not only learn the humours of a person from his style, but his very country. Every climate has a style peculiar to itself. The *Asiatics*, whose imaginations are warm, fertile, and full of images, converse by allusions, by similies, by metaphors, by allegories: their style is therefore dark and unintelligible to those, whose imagination is less lively, and less quick. The more northern nations, who have less fire and think slowly, are much more simple in their sentiments and expressions. It is

is very well known, that the *Spaniards*, and the *Italians* are very different in their manner of composition ; nor would you expect to find the easy gaiety of a *French* critic in the laborious *Dutch* commentator.

The ancient Rhetoricians divided the styles, which people from different inclinations are induced to make use of, into three classes. The first is the *Asiatic*, lofty, founding, and magnificent: the natives of *Asia* have ever been proud and ambitious: their life is a life of luxury and cost; their discourses therefore are images of their tempers, and their language is enrich'd with many vain ornaments, which minds of a more severe and serious cast cannot relish. The second is the *Attic* style: the *Athenians* were more regular and correct in their manner of living: they were therefore more exact, and, I may say too, more modest in their language. The third and last, is the *Rhodian*: the people of *Rhodes* had much ambition in their tempers, but their passions were equally inclined to the luxury of the *Asiatics*, and the modesty of the *Athenians*. This is expressed in their style, which keeps a due medium between the licentious extravagancy of the *Asiatic*, and the reserved closeness of the *Attic*.

But the diversity of styles proceeds also from another cause, and that is, from the favourable prejudices we have entertained of that particular manner in which we delight to speak or write. When we have conceived a more than ordinary esteem for any way of writing, we draw to ourselves a model to which we endeavour to conform. The style that is in present use or fashion is follow'd by every body; but as modes alter, and those who have invented them, upon their becoming common, invent new ones to distinguish themselves from the common, a perpetual change must ensue, and it thence happens, that every age has its particular modes. discerning criticks will from hence point out the very time in which an author wrote, from his manner only. By the style of each age we may also learn the inclinations of those who

who lived in that age, as we can tell the country of a person very often from his pronounciation. Thus the style for the most part is close, and austere, and without any ornament, in those ages wherein the people were serious, and observed a regular way of living: for we find that luxury, during the irregular degeneracy of particular republicks, introduced itself into their languages, as well as their dress, their tables, and their buildings.

F.

Mr. EDMUND SMITH's *Burlesque on his own*
O D E *on the Death of Dr. POCOCKE.*

After the death of the famous Dr. POCOCKE, Mr. JOHN URRY, Student of Christ Church, Oxford, prevailed on Mr. SMITH to write that excellent Ode, which is printed in his works, and which we beg our readers to consult, or the exquisite humour of the following letter will be lost. As soon as finish'd, Mr. SMITH sent it to Mr. URRY with this very droll epistle.

O Pusculum hoc, * halberdarie amplissime, in lucem proferre haecenus distuli, iudicii tui acumen subveritus magis quàm bipennis. Tandem aliquandò oden hanc ad te mitto sublimem, teneram, flebilem, suavem, qualem demùm divinus (si musis vacaret) scripisset Gastrillus: adeò scilicet sublimem, ut inter legendum dormire, adeò flebilem, ut ridere velis. Cujus elegantiam ut melius inspicias, versûs ordinem & materiam breviter retexam.—Ius. versus de duobus præliis decantatis. 2us & 3us de Lotharingio, cuni-

* It is to be noted, that Mr. URRY had enlisted himself in the Oxford regiment raised at the time of the Monmouth rebellion.

culis

culis subterraneis, faxis, ponto, hostibus, & Asia. 4us & 5us de catenis, subibus uncis, draconibus, tigribus, & crocodilis. 6us. 7us. 8us. 9us. de Gomorrhâ, de Babylone, Babele, & quodam domi suæ peregrino. 10us. aliquid de quodam Pocockio. 11us. 12us. de Syriâ, Solymâ. 13us. 14us. de Hoseâ, & quercu, & de juvene quodam valdè sene. 15us. 16us. de Ætnâ, et quodmodo Ætna Pocockio fit valdè similis. 17us. 18us. de tubâ, astro, umbrâ, flammis, rotis, Pocockio non neglecto.—Cætera de Xtianis, Ottomanis, Babyloniiis, Arabibus, & gravissimâ agrorum melancholiâ; de Cæsare, Glaveo, Nestore, & miserando juvenis cujusdam fato, anno ætatis suæ centesimo præmaturè abrepti. Quæ omnia cùm accuratè expenderis, necesse est ut Oden hanc meam admirandâ planè veritate constare fatearis: citò ad Batavos proficiscor lauro ab illis donandus: priùs verò Pembrochienses voco ad certamen poeticum. Vale,

Illustrissima tua deosculor crura,

E. SMITH.

ODE to JOHN PITT, Esq;

*Advising him to build a BANQUETING-HOUSE on a HILL
that overlooks the SEA.*

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

FROM this tall promontory's brow
You look majestic down,
And see extended wide below
Th' horizon all your own.

With growing piles the vales are crown'd,
Here hills peep over hills;
There the vast sky, and sea profound
Th' increasing prospect fills.

Oh bid, my friend, a structure rise,
And this huge round command;
Then shall this little point comprise
The ocean and the land.

Then you, like ÆOLUS, on high,
From your aerial tow'r,
Shall see secure the billows fly,
And hear the whirlwinds roar.

You with a smile their rage despise,
'Till some sad wreck appears,
And call from your relenting eyes
The sympathizing tears.

Thus may you view with proud delight,
While winds the deep deform,
(Till human woes your grief excite)
All nature in a storm.

C c c

Majestic

Majestic, awful scene! when hurl'd,
On surges, surges rise,
And all the heaving watry world
Tumultuous mounts the skies.

The seas and thunder roar by turns,
By turns the peals expire;
The billows flash, and Æther burns
With momentary fire.

But lo! the furious tempests cease
The mighty rage subsides;
Old ocean hush'd, in solemn peace,
Has still'd the murm'ring tides.

Spread wide abroad, the glassy plain,
In various colours gay,
Reflects the glorious sun again,
And doubly gilds the day.

Th' Horizon glows from side to side,
And flames with glancing Rays;
The floating, trembling, silver tide,
Is one continual blaze.

Your Eyes the prospect now command,
All uncontroul'd and free;
Fly like a thought from land to land,
And dart from sea to sea.

Thus while above the clouds we sit,
And innocently gay
Pass in amusements, wine, or wit,
The sultry hours away.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, with pity, or disdain,
In thought a glance we throw
Down on the poor, the proud, the vain,
In yonder world below.

We see from this exalted seat
(How shrunk, reduc'd, confin'd!)
The little person of the great,
As little as his mind.

See there——amidst the crouds our view
Some scatter'd virtues strike;
But those so throng'd, and these so few,
The world looks all alike.

Yet thro' this cloud of human kind
The TALBOTS we survey,
The PITTS, the YORKS, the SECKERS find,
Who shine in open day.

By the same, to the same, on the same.

O'ER curious models as you rove
The vales with piles to crown,
And great PALLADIO's plans improve
With nobler of your own;

O bid a structure o'er the floods
From this high mountain rise,
Where we may sit enthron'd like Gods,
And revel in the skies.

Th' ascending breeze at each repast
Shall breathe an air divine,
Give a new brightness to the taste,
New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The lux'ry of the mind.

PLATO, or BOYLE's, or NEWTON's page
Our tow'ring thoughts shall raise,
Or HOMER's fire, or PINDAR's rage,
Or VIRGIL's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts the sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all
The furious surges run,
To urge their predecessor's fall,
Tho' follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
Engag'd in dark dispute,
The skuttles cast their ink around,
To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive,
Like lawyers, rob at will ;
Where flying-fish, like trimmers, live ;
Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where

Where on the less the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal whales succeed,
And all at once devour.

Thus in the moral world we now
Too truly understand,
Each monster of the sea below
Is match'd by one at land.

HORACE, ODE XIV. Book ii. imitated,

To M. W. Esq;

SEE, see, my friend, the fleeting years
How swift they glide away;
Nor virtue, piety, nor tears
Their rapid course can stay.

In vain we wish, in vain we crave
T' extend our short-liv'd doom;
Since die we must; the king, the slave
Must fill alike the tomb.

What tho' we shun the stormy sea,
Or autumn's sickly breath?
What tho', where thundering cannons play,
The coward sculks from death?

In vain—for death, a subtle foe,
Pursues where'er he flies;
And, where he least expects the blow,
In bed the dastard dies.

Then

Then must we leave those social joys,
Which form'd our bliss before;
Our tender wife, our prattling boys,
Must greet us then no more.

Naked we left our parents womb,
And naked must return;
Cyprus alone shall grace our tomb,
And deck it's owner's urn.

While some new lord, with wanton mirth,
Shall reap those joys we leave;
And, as we moulder into earth,
Shall riot o'er our grave.

C. J.

The LATIN EPIGRAM in our last translated.

I Stole from sweet GUMMING two kisses in play,
But she from myself stole myself quite away;
I grieve not I play'd, tho' so cruel the sport;
I'm more pleas'd with the play, than griev'd at the hurt.

T. T.

Imitation of the sixty-second Ode of ANACREON.

O VENUS, queen of smiles and joy,
Thou fairest regent of the sky,
And LOVE, that every bosom fires,
And HYMEN, warm with chaste desires,
Of mutual bliss the sacred fence,
Life's hope, and joy of innocence,

For

For you I wake the sounding lyre,
 'Tis you the amorous song inspire,
 Hot-glowing LOVE, with purest flame,
 Gay HYMEN, softer friendship's name,
 And VENUS, laughter-loving dame.

}

Haste, happy youth, thy bliss invade,
 And seize the blooming beauteous maid;
 The queen of loves has kindly shed
 Her choicest influence on thy head:
 See, how the fair one, sweetly coy,
 All soft confusion, meets thy joy,
 Blooming as health, fresh as May-flow'rs,
 And bright as radiant noon-tide hours.

Amidst ten thousand sweets the *Rose*
 In far superior sweetness grows;
 Supreme MYRILLA's charms appear,
 Fairest amidst ten thousand fair;
 In one bright blaze of beauty drest,
 Of all her sex the *Rose* confest.

TE TUA, ME DELECTENT MEA.

In imitation of the seventh Ode of HORACE, Book I.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, &c.

LET mercenary souls, with endless pain,
 To poles the hop's precarious foliage train;
 Men of this taste, thee (a) *Farnham*, hover round,
 Whose rising turrets mitred lords have crown'd.
 Others *Wintonia*'s stately streets admire,
 Where the deep organ fills the sounding quire.
 May the rough tar (b) at *Portsmouth* still reside,
 Where fervent toil resounds on ev'ry side:

(a) *Baccho Thebas.*

(b) *Eimaris Corinthus.*

Or bleak *Brighthelmstone* be the fisher's joy,
 Where glitt'ring sholes his sweeping nets employ.
 Some (c) *Anglesey*, the *Druids'* isle, detains;
 And some admire the smooth *Dorsetian* plains: (d)
 (e) *Oxonian* halls deep-searching fages praise;
 'Squires at (f) *New-Market* only spend their days.
 For noise and show the nymph has ever pray'd,
 And hopes her scene of life in (g) *London* laid:
 Those *Worldham* pleases, once the seat of kings;
 These *Basingstoke*, whence *POPE's* *Loddona* springs.

Me far above the rest (h) *Selbournian* scenes,
 Her pendent forests, and her mountain greens,
 Strike with delight: what tho' no boundless view
 Fades by degrees, 'till lost in misty blue?
 Here nature hangs her sloopy woods to fight,
 Rills purl between, and dart a wavy light.
 Whilst in full vigour this poor frame remains,
 Whilst sprightly youth flows fervent in these veins,
 Nor frost, nor storm imprison me at home;
 Her hollow hangers shall the spaniel roam,
 The gun thick-thund'ring shall my joy proclaim,
 Glanc'd at the feather'd, or the footed game.

(c) *Apolline Delphos insignis.*

(d) *Theffala Tempe.*

(e) *Intactæ Palladis arces*

Carmine perpetuo celebrare,

(f) *Aptum equis Argos.*

(g) *Dites Mycenæ.*

(h) *Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus optimæ,*

Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,

Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, & uda

Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

VERSES *by Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Knt.**

I.

G O E, foul, the bodyes guesſe,
 Upon a thankleſs arrante,
 Fear not to touche the beſte,
 The truth ſhall be thy warranté.
 Goe, ſince I needs muſt dye,
 And give them all the lye.

II.

Goe, tell the court it glowſe,
 And ſhines like painted wood;
 Goe, tell the church it ſhowes
 What's good, but does no good.
 If court and church replye,
 Give court and church the lye.

III.

Tell potentates, they live
 Actinge, but oh! there actions
 Not lov'd, unleſs they give;
 Nor ſtrong, but by there factions.
 If potentates replye,
 Give potentates the lye.

IV.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of ſtate,
 There purpoſe is ambition;
 There practice only hate.
 And if they do replye,
 Then give them all the lye.

* *As theſe are from a MS. of Sir WALTER's, the ortho-
 graphy is carefully preſerv'd:—We may conjecture them to*

V.

Tell those that brave it moſte,
 They begge for more by ſpendinge;
 Who in there greateſt coſte
 Seek nothinge but commendinge.
 And if they make replye,
 Spare not to give the lye.

VI.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
 Tell love it is but luſte;
 Tell time it is but motion;
 Tell fleſh it is but duſte.
 And wiſh them not replye,
 For thou muſt give the lye.

VII.

Tell age it daileye waſteth;
 Tell honour how it alters;
 Tell beawtye that it blaſteth;
 Tell favour that ſhe falters.
 And as they do replye,
 Give every one the lye.

VIII.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In fickle pointes of niceneſs;
 Tell wiſdom ſhe intangles
 Herſelf in over-wiſeneſs.
 And if they do replye,
 Then give them both the lye.

have been written at Winchester, in 1603, when Sir WALTER was under ſentence of death, and expected it, (as appears in a letter to his wife, printed in his Remains) the very night before the day appointed for his execution.

Tell

IX.

Tell phisick of her bouldness ;
 Tell skill it is pretension ;
 Tell charity of couldness ;
 Tell law it is contention.
 And if they yield replye,
 Then give them still the lye.

X.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell nature of decay ;
 Tell friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell justice of delay.
 And if they do replye,
 Then give them all the lye.

XI.

Tell artes they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell skollers lack profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If artes and skooles replye,
 Give artes and skooles the lye.

XII.

Tell faith it's fled the cittye ;
 Tell how the country errethe ;
 Tell manhood shakes off pyttie ;
 Tell virtue least preferreth.
 And if they doe replye,
 Spare not to give the lye.

XIII.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;
 Although to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Yet stab at the whose will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

An EPISTLE to Lord COBHAM,

In allusion to HORACE, Book I. Epist. 4.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

Sincerest critick of my prose or rhyme,
 Tell how thy pleasing *Stow* employs thy time:
 Say, COBHAM, what amuses thy retreat?
 Or schemes of war, or stratagems of state?
 Dost thou recall to mind, with joy or grief,
 Great MARLBRO's actions, that immortal chief,
 Whose slightest trophies, rais'd in each campaign,
 More than suffic'd to signalize a reign?
 Doth thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
 With glories past, where thou thyself hadst part?
 Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
 The fruitless end of all thy victory;
 To see th' audacious foe, so late subdued,
 Dispute those terms, for which so long they sued?
 As if *Britannia* now were sunk so low,
 To beg that peace she wonted to bestow.
 Be far that guilt, be never known such shame,
 That *England* should retract her rightful claim,
 Or, ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
 Stain with the pen the lustre of the sword!
 Or dost thou fix thy mind on rural scenes,
 To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains;

To

To raise the creeping rills from humble beds ;
And force the latent springs to lift their heads ;
On wat'ry columns capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air ?
Or dost thou weary grown these works neglect,
No temples, statues, obelisks erect ;
But seek the morning breeze from fragrant meads,
Or shun the noontide sun in wholesome shades ;
Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's great and good ?
For nature bountiful in thee hath join'd
A pleasing person with a worthy mind ;
Nor giv'n thee form alone, but means and art
To draw the eye, and to allure the heart.
Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
Yet want the means to use that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd,
Graceful in form, and winning in address,
While well you think what aptly you express,
While health, with honour, with a fair estate,
A table free and elegantly neat,
What can be added more of mortal bliss ?
What can he want who stands possessor of this ?
What can the fondest wishing mother more
Of heaven attentive for her son implore ?
And yet an happiness remains unknown,
Or to philosophy reveal'd alone ;
A precept, which unpractis'd renders vain
Thy glowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain,
Should hope or fear thy breast alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care ;
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(And where's the mind that passions ne'er molest ?)
Amid the pangs of such intestine strife
Still think the present day the last of life.

Defer

Defer not 'till to-morrow to be wise :
 To-morrows sun to thee may never rise.
 Or should to-morrow chance to chear thy fight
 With her enliv'ning and unlook'd for light,
 How grateful will appear her dawning rays,
 As favours unexpected doubly please !
 Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
 Content may keep his life, or calmly lose.
 Of this a proof thou mayst thyself receive ;
 When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
 Come see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
 Forgetting cares, or trying to forget ;
 In easy contemplation soothing time
 With morals much, and now and then with rhyme ;
 Not so robust in body as in mind,
 And always undejected, tho' declin'd ;
 Not wond'ring at the world's new wicked ways,
 Compar'd with those of our forefather's days :
 For virtue now is neither more nor less,
 And vice is only varied in the dress.
 Believe it, men have ever been the same,
 And all the golden age is but a dream.

*Spoken to Queen CAROLINE in
 her BED-CHAMBER,*

By Mr. FREIND, Son to the late Dr. JOHN FREIND.

COULD all that passes in my breast be seen,
 Whilst thus I bow before a gracious queen,
 What gratitude would here, what joy appear,
 What sense of honour mixt with awful fear !
 'Tis from your grace desire of merit flows,
 And as my years encrease, the ardour grows.

So the young plant on which your honour'd name
 My father grav'd, and bid me mark that tree,
 Extends its branches, and aspires to fame,
 And year by year advancing calls on me :
 For well he knew what duty, love, and fire
 Your sacred name, your *presence* can inspire.

The WIDOW's Resolution. A CANTATA.

By Mr. L U N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

SYLVIA, the most contented of her kind,
 Remain'd in joyless widowhood resign'd :
 In vain to gain her ev'ry shepherd strove,
 Each passion ebb'd, but grief, which drowned love.

A I R.

Away, the cry'd, ye swains, be mute,
 Nor with your odious fruitless suit
 My loyal thoughts controul;
 My grief on Resolution's rock
 Is built, nor can Temptation shock
 The purpose of my soul.

Tho' blithe Content with jocund air
 May ballance comfort against care,
 And make me life sustain;
 Yet ev'ry joy has wing'd its flight,
 Except that pensive dear delight,
 That takes its rise from pain.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She said:—A youth approach'd of manly grace,
 A son of MARS and of th' *Hibernian* race:—
 In flow'ry rhetoric he no time employ'd,
 He came,——he woo'd,——he wedded and enjoy'd.

AIR.

A I R.

Dido thus of old protested,
 Ne'er to know a second flame ;
 But alas! she found she jested,
 When the stately *Trojan* came.

Nature a disguise may borrow,
 Yet this maxim true will prove ;
 Spite of pride, and spite of sorrow,
 She that has an heart must love.

What on earth is so enchanting,
 As beauty weeping on her weeds?
 Thro' flowing eyes on bosom panting
 What a rapturous ray proceeds?

Since from death there's no returning,
 When th' old lover bids adieu,
 All the pomp and farce of mourning
 Are but signals for a new.



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